THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE JUDGES OF THE WORLD COURT IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AT THE HAGUE

In the foreground from the reader's left to right may be seen Yorozu Oda, Japan; John Bassett Moore, United States; Dionisio Anzilotti, Italy; Rafael Altamira y Crevea, Spain; Didrik Galtrup Gjedde Nyholm, Denmark; Hans Max Huber, president, Switzerland; Charles Andre Weiss, vice-president, France; Barnard Cornelis Johannes Loder, the Netherlands; Robert Bannatyne, Viscount Finlay, Great Britain. The remaining two judges, Sanchez de Bustamente, Cuba, and da Silva Pessoa, Brazil, may be seen, with the registrar, partially hidden, in the background.

WHERE WILL THE WORLD COURT LEAD US?

A LONGER ROAD THAN APPEARS to the eye is visioned by some observers as we take the route to The Hague. Our entrance into the World Court is viewed by many in this country—both friends and opponents—as a first step toward the League of Nations. One Washington correspondent says Democrats "declare the recognition given to the League by America's entry into the World Court is a sign that the United States simply can't stay out of the League." And another finds the view strongly held among important Republican party leaders in Washington that "America is headed inevitably toward membership in the League of Nations." "How soon will the United States slip through the World Court into the League of Nations, and what will be the cost of the slip?" That is the big question that interests the country in connection with the Senate's vote in favor of conditional acceptance of the World Court protocol, insists Arthur Brisbane in the Hearst papers. The Syracuse *Herald*, friendly to the League, is glad to reflect that the path leading to the World Court "is a path that may lengthen and broaden in due time." And the anti-League Chicago *Tribune* fears that "the League push for the World Court will carry the ball at least half-way down the field." And "it will not stop there." Yet it should not be forgotten that in the course of the Senate debates advocates of adhesion to the Court insisted that we would be in no way involved with the League and such a pro-Court, anti-League paper as the Grand Rapids *Herald* strenuously denies that our adhesion "involves any element of that dangerous internationalism which rightfully keeps us out of the League."

At any rate, it is reported from Washington that "the irreconcilables" have by no means given up their fight against "entanglement" with Europe. Just now, writes Charles Michelson in the New York *World*, they "are full of the holy fire of devotion and are determined to reverse the verdict by an appeal to the country; to carry the fight into the elections, and ultimately to bring to the Senate men who will undo what has been done at this session." But "lost causes generally stay lost," in the opinion of this Washington correspondent, who predicts that:

> "The sacred flame will die down as other issues and other complications of politics come onto the screen, and before long the membership of the United States in the World Court will be as unconsidered a commonplace as its membership in the Hague arbitration organization is to-day."

Another correspondent, David Lawrence, is of the opinion that the Court issue will now die down as a political factor. For—

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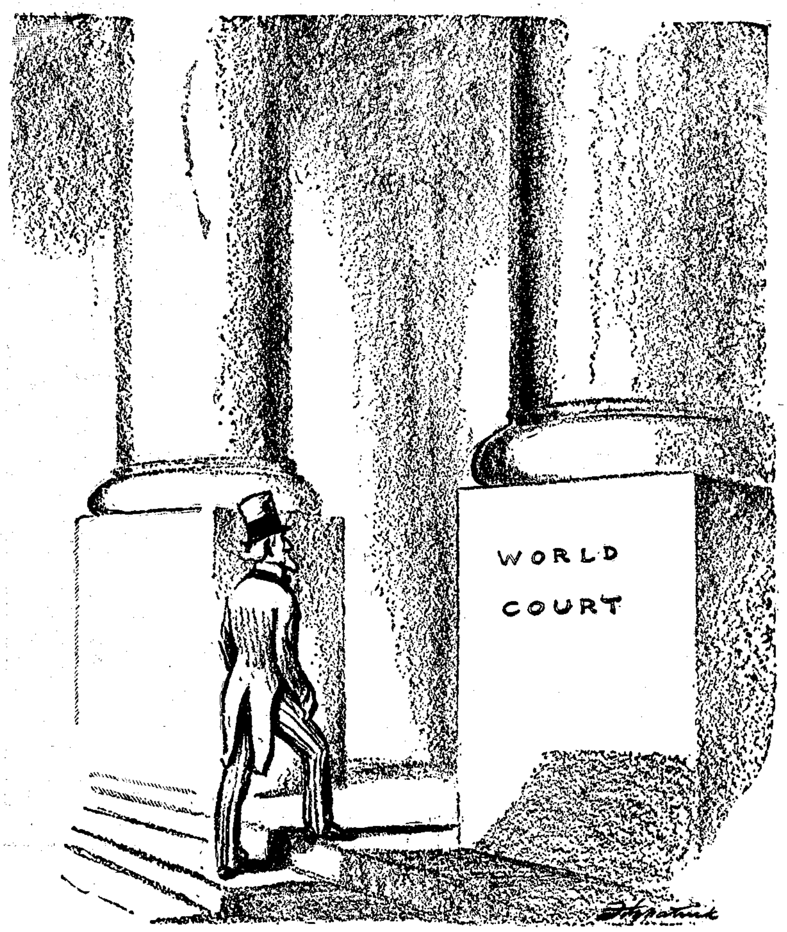
"Once America has entered, the subject will be academic until a dispute arises. Since none is likely to arise soon, the World Court issue may well be forgotten by the time the Congressional elections are at hand in November.

"Should, however, the issue be followed by any other controversy involving the League of Nations, the opponents of foreign affiliation will do everything in their power to keep such a row alive in the hope of using it in the Congressional campaign."



"IT WOULD BE THE BEGINNING OF A NEW WORLD SPIRIT"—*President Coolidge*

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

At present both the exultation of the winners and the regrets of the losers are tempered by the reservations upon which our adherence to the World Court is based. True, the Washington *Post* calls our joining the Court "as insane an adventure as the United States could embark upon." The headline "Senate Shackles Self to Join World Court at Bankers' Behest" aptly sums up the letter from William Randolph Hearst appearing on the front page of his newspapers. The reservations mean little to the New York *Sun*, and it says:

"These reservations mean very little to the American mind. They will never mean anything to the mind of Europe. That will be seen as soon as the United States moves to take advantage of any reservation in a way displeasing to Europe. We shall be assailed as quibblers, just as we are now assailed as 'money-lenders.'

"The presence of America in the League Court is more likely to result in international friction than in that ideal and eternal peace of which the visionaries talk. Instead of settling our disputes and misunderstandings with other nations around a small table, we shall have these questions thrust into a tribunal created by forty-odd nations; a tribunal where, considering its composition and the mental attitude of Europe toward America, it will be impossible for the United States to obtain a perfect balance of the scales."

The reservations accompanying the Swanson resolution adopted on January 27 go much farther than the Hughes-Harding-Coolidge reservations. As briefly summed up by the New York *Times*, they provide:

"That the United States shall not be involved in any legal relation to the League of Nations; that it shall have an equal voice with other countries in the election of World-Court Judges; that it will pay a fair share of the Court's expenses; that it may withdraw from the Court at any time; that the statute for the Court may not be amended without the United States' consent; that the Court shall not entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching this country without the latter's consent; that the United States shall not sign the protocol until the other Powers have accepted the reservations; that recourse to the Court for settlement of differences between the United States and any other State shall be had only by agreement between the parties in dispute [involving the Senate's power of ratification], and that American adherence to the protocol shall not be construed to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of non-interference in the affairs of any foreign State."

Well, this is "a harmless Court," remarks *The Wall Street Journal;* it "seems a mediocre imitation of The Hague Tribunal"; it is "rendered innocuous by the limitations we have imposed." The strongly anti-Court Chicago *Tribune* smiles to think that we are "backing out going in"; that "the reservations are intended to crawfish out of the Court before getting into it." But it concludes that:

"The distrust the reservations express is justified. We do not believe that any reservations can protect from all the possible consequences of this attachment, but they serve to strengthen the position hereafter of nationalists in the Senate and to make it difficult for internationalists to surrender American interest to intrigue or false altruism. To this extent the opposition won its fight."

In the much larger group of newspapers which favor Court membership, we find a wide difference of opinion about the effect of the reservations. The New York *Journal of Commerce* actually hopes "that some of the nations now adhering to the Court will have the self-respect and courage to refuse to assent to the accompanying conditions. Certainly those countries which desire to advance the cause of world peace by increasing the power of the Court will not care to add to their number a nation whose chief aim appears to be to convert membership into a meaningless formula calculated to bring the Court into contempt." It is "a lame and impotent conclusion," in the opinion of the Boston *Herald.* As the Brooklyn *Eagle* sees it, "we are going into the Court, not with the confidence of a great nation able to lead and protect itself, but with obvious timidity and fear that our future associates mean to use stacked cards against us if they can." These papers have especially in mind the reservation requiring the drawing up of special treaties in the case of dispute arising between the United States and another country. This means a two-thirds vote in the Senate to secure its "advice and consent." The Springfield *Republican* calls this "the time-honored game of Senatorial thimblerig."

But other friends of the Court are more cheerful. While adherence is in some respects "an empty gesture, it is far better than no adherence," in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.* It is at least, says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal,* "a formal if hesitant acknowledgment of our duties and responsibilities in the world at large."

The judgment of the Los Angeles *Times* is that "our Government expresses its willingness to accept membership, providing it can do so without sacrificing its traditional independence." The New York *World* tells "the friends of international cooperation" that they "need have no doubts about the victory they have won," and considers the first four reservations perfectly harmless. The fifth deals with advisory opinions. It provides that the existing Court rules under which advisory opinions are rendered publicly must be retained. This *The World* considers highly desirable. The further provision that without our consent no advisory opinion shall be rendered which shall concern the United States merely places us, in the opinion of *The World* and of Senator Walsh, on an equality with League members. The provision that the United States shall not join the Court until the other Powers have accepted the reservations merely "involves the writing of about one hundred letters." Then come the two reservations which were presented by Senator Swanson as part of his resolution. The one insisting that submission of a dispute to the Court shall be through a treaty is considered simply another case of the Senate's insistence on the control of foreign affairs. This "was to be expected." And *The World* feels that by its very vote of adherence, the Senate has "put itself under a moral obligation to submit justiciable questions to the Court."

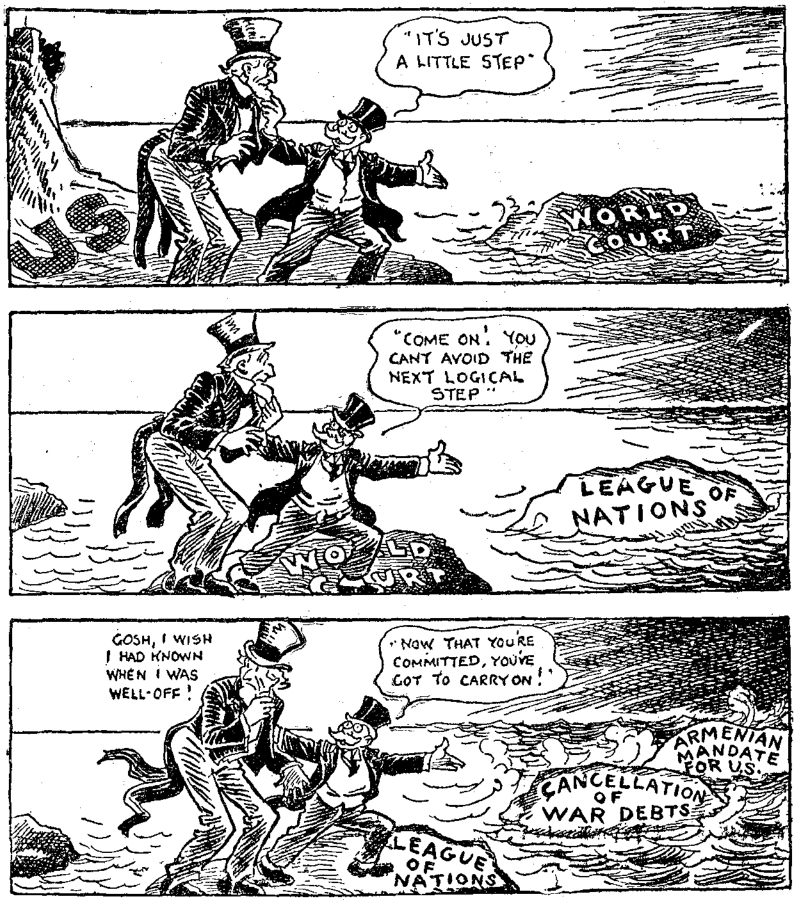
But how account for the striking change which has come over the Senate? As the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* answers its own question:

> "Working the transformation was the concentrated force of public opinion, which has never been seen operating in such effective manner as in this matter of World Court participation by the United States as the one great gain from the World War. The movement began at the top in the university and college and in church circles, and spread downward to the great multitude; and the politicians, with their antennæ always spread, soon began to sense the change."

Still further West the San Diego *Union* reports that the wide-spread sentiment in favor of the World Court has in recent months, for the first time, "been given a semblance of organization." But the Boston *Post* doesn't believe there has been any prevailing sentiment favoring the Court, and remarks succinctly: "the power of propaganda in behalf of a sentiment which is confined to a select circle of enthusiasts has never been more strikingly illustrated than in this matter of the World Court." Speaking of the many organizations which have sent petitions or representatives to Washington to influence Senators toward voting in favor of adhesion to the Court, *The Nation* says that "in the main this demonstration is the result of most intensive public propaganda by societies such as the American Peace Foundation of Mr. Bok, and various other organizations, for putting us into the League of Nations as well as the World Court." This fire, directed upon Congress, has come, we are reminded, from women's clubs, church organizations, colleges, societies of every description.

The Senate's vote for adhesion to the Court comes at the end of a long and eventful history. The New York *World* reminds us that the permanent Court of International Justice was established in 1920 by forty-eight nations. It consists of eleven regular and four deputy judges elected for nine-year terms by the League Council and Assembly. The Court sits at The Hague and acts on issues submitted to it, also rendering advisory opinions at the request of the League Council. There are no provisions for enforcing the Court's decisions. According to *The World*, "from June, 1922, when the Court met to consider its first case, to December, 1925, it held ten sessions and handed down eighteen judgments and opinions." The chief events connecting the United States with the World Court are summed up briefly by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "February 12, 1920. Elihu Root was named a member of a committee of jurists set up to draft the statute of the Court.
>
> "September 14, 1921. John Bassett Moore was elected a judge of the Court.
>
> "February 17, 1923. Secretary Hughes addrest a letter to President Harding, recommending that the Senate be asked to advise and consent to the adhesion by the United States to the protocol of signature of the Court on four conditions.
>
> "February 24, 1923. President Harding asked the Senate to advise and consent to the adhesion by the United States.
>
> "December 6, 1923. President Coolidge commended President Harding's proposal to the favorable consideration of the Senate.
>
> "March 3, 1925. The House of Representatives, by vote of 302 to 28, passed a resolution expressing cordial approval of the Court.
>
> "March 13, 1925. The Senate adopted a resolution setting December 17, 1925, as the date for consideration of Senator Swanson's resolution providing for adhesion to the Court protocol, with the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations."


"IT'S JUST A LITTLE STEP"
U.S.
WORLD COURT
"COME ON! YOU CAN'T AVOID THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP"
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
WORLD COURT
GOSH, I WISH I HAD KNOWN WHEN I WAS WELL-OFF!
"NOW THAT YOU'RE COMMITTED, YOU'VE GOT TO CARRY ON!"
ARMENIAN MANDATE FOR U.S.
CANCELLATION OF WAR DEBTS
LEAGUE OF NATIONS

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WHEN ONE STEP LEADS TO ANOTHER

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

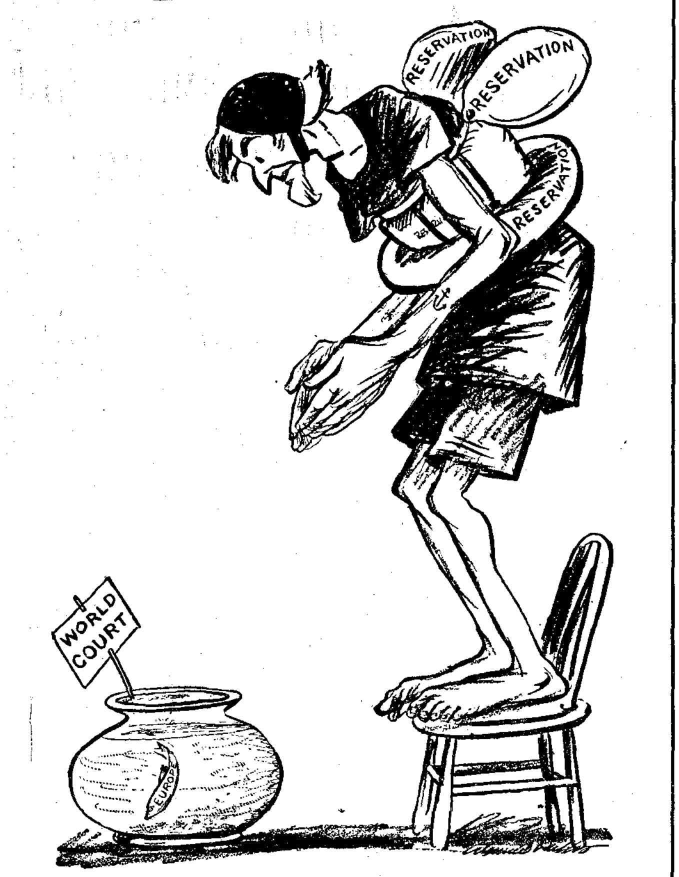
The final debate began on December 17 with a speech by Senator Swanson (Dem.), who led the fight for the World Court as the ranking pro-Court member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Borah, Chairman of the Committee, led the opposition. As the press dispatches remind us, when the debate was renewed after the Christmas holidays, opponents of the Court began to filibuster. The Administration leaders then invoked the cloture rule. On January 27, by more than the requisite two-thirds—76 to 17—the Senate agreed to American membership in the World Court. Various reservations were defeated, but those offered by Senator Swanson were accepted almost unanimously before the final vote was taken. The text of these reservations follows:

"1. That such adherence shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations, or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Treaty of Versailles.

"2. That the United States shall be permitted to participate, through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other States, members, respectively, of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in any and all proceedings of either the Council or the Assembly for the election of Judges or Deputy Judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice, or for the filling of vacancies.

"3. That the United States will pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court, as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States.

"4. That the United States may at any time withdraw its adherence to the said protocol, and that the statute for the Court adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.



UNCLE SAM, DAREDEVIL!

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

"5. That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion, except publicly after due notice to all States adhering to the Court, and to all interested States, and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given to any State concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

"6. The signature of the United States to the said protocol shall not be affixt until the Powers signatory to such protocol shall have indicated . . . their acceptance of the foregoing reservations and understandings as a part and a condition of adherence by the United States to the said protocol.

"Resolved, further, as a part of this act of ratification: That the United States approve the protocol and statute hereinabove mentioned, with the understanding that recourse to the Court for the settlement of differences between the United States and any other State or States can be had only by agreement thereto through general or special treaties . . . . and,

"Resolved, further, That adherence to the said protocol and statute hereby approved shall not be so construed as to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of not . . . . entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign State; nor shall adherence to the said protocol and statute be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions."

A WORLD'S RECORD RAILWAY MERGER

BANKERS HAVE ARRANGED A MARRIAGE between the Rock Island and the St. Louis and San Francisco railroads, lightly remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, "but the two roads, which will form the largest in the world in mileage, with combined assets of almost a billion dollars, must live apart until the Interstate Commerce Commission has blest the union." Here we have the second important move toward the voluntary consolidation of the country's railroads, as envisioned by the Transportation Act of 1920. Like the Van Sweringens, officials and bankers of the 'Frisco and Rock Island lines did not wait for the Interstate Commerce Commission' plan, which contemplates the merger of the country's two thousand railway lines, large and small, into nineteen systems. They took Wall Street completely by surprize. Wall Street, says the New York *Times*, believed the Rock Island would go to the Southern Pacific as soon as the Commission sanctioned one consolidation without approving the plan which provides for grouping all the railroads. Furthermore, predicts the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, the Commission may abandon its ambitious scheme to bring about consolidation, now that two powerful railroad combinations—the Van Sweringen "Nickel Plate" and the 'Frisco-Rock Island—have been effected. The present attitude of the Federal body, we are told, leaves the field open to all the roads to work out the most desirable combinations from their own view-point.

"This new move on the railroad chessboard," points out the Boston *News Bureau*, "means that the 'Frisco has acquired enough Rock Island stock to give it representation on the Rock Island board and a 'working control' of the road." Through its banking affiliations, points out the New York *Herald Tribune*, the 'Frisco can at any time obtain sufficient additional stock to make its position secure. But, since one railroad can not acquire another without the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is expected that several months will elapse before the merger of the two properties is consummated. Meanwhile, three 'Frisco representatives and a representative of the 'Frisco road's bankers have been elected to the Rock Island board. Says the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* of the proposed merger:

> "It is too soon to form an intelligent opinion as to its merits. The matter is too complicated for summary judgment. But this much may be said now—that at first glance the consolidation of the 'Frisco with the Rock Island would seem to be logical and beneficial. The merged railroads, forming the largest railroad system in the world, would embrace a territory extending from Pensacola, Florida, at the southeast, to Chicago at the northeast, to Minneapolis and St. Paul at the north, to Denver at the west, and to Fort Worth at the southwest. This is a widely diversified territory, with various products. The geographical and traffic range of the area would seem to make for stability and for excellence of service.
>
> "Every element of society whose attitude toward our railways could have any weight in the development of our transportation policy is agreed that progress lies in the direction of larger units. Size alone is not a benefit, but size is a benefit when the railroad of great size serves a diversified territory, with every part of it generally prosperous, and with every main division of the railroad capable of bearing its own share of the burden and of producing its own share of profits. This has proved to be the case with great railroads of to-day.
>
> "If two railroads, having equal strength in management and financial structure and traffic opportunities, are engaged in serving adjoining territories, it is often true that a consolidation would lead to greater economies and increased opportunities for service. And even when one of the railroads is distinctly weaker than the other, it is frequently possible for the deficiencies of the one to be supplied by the other, without a dissipation of the latter's strength.
>
> "During the next few years we may expect to see a regrouping of many railroads in carefully planned consolidations. If the arguments advanced in support of the consolidation of the 'Frisco with the Rock Island should prove sufficiently weighty to win the assent of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the suc-

cessful consummation of this merger will stimulate other railroad systems to further efforts in the same direction."

Kansas City, like Chicago and St. Louis, is keenly interested in the 'Frisco-Rock Island merger. According to the Washington correspondent of the Kansas City *Star:*

> "The 'Frisco is a road of tremendously high earning power, especially under the new management, but with a proportionately small physical valuation allowed it by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Rock Island, on the other hand, is without especially large earning power in proportion to the investment, but with a high physical valuation. From a financial standpoint, the two roads more or less complement each other and make an effective combination."

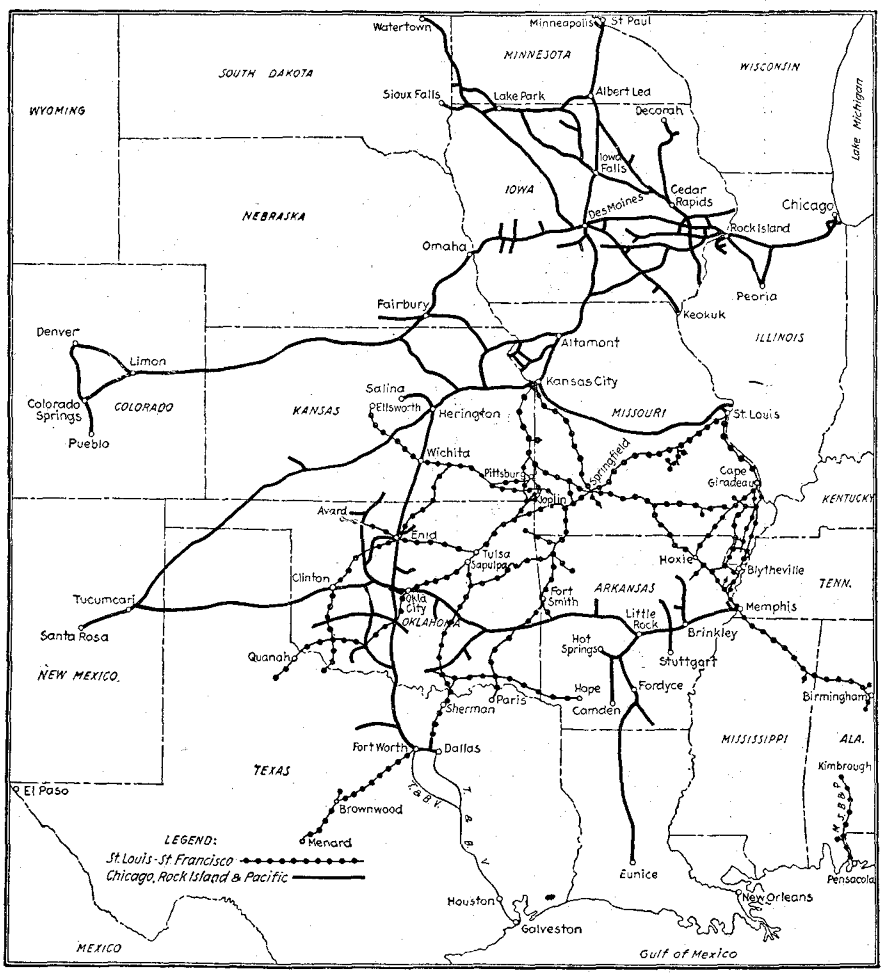
The proposed union of the 'Frisco and Rock Island, we are reminded, will be in the nature of a reunion, as the two properties were merged and divorced about twenty years ago. In an Associated Press dispatch we learn that—

> "The two roads have a combined trackage of 13,585 miles, and aggregate assets of $875,000,000.
>
> "The combination is considered a move on the part of the 'Frisco to enable it to compete favorably with the Southern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and the recent consolidation of the Kansas City Southern, 'Katy,' and St. Louis-Southwestern, sponsored by L. F. Loree.
>
> "The Rock Island main line extends from Chicago to Denver, and is connected by other branches with Santa Rosa (N. M.), Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Paul. The two main lines of the 'Frisco, which cross one another at right angles at Springfield, Missouri, penetrate Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas in one southerly direction, and link Kansas City to Birmingham in the other. The road also recently acquired direct access to Florida by purchasing the Muscle Shoals, Birmingham and Pensacola Railroad."

"It is expected," says a statement by the chairman of the board of the 'Frisco, "that material operating economies will be obtained in such a unification, benefiting both roads. With a position in Rock Island, 'Frisco directors have taken a protective step to strengthen the road's competitive traffic situation in the Southwest, giving it a Gulf outlet at Galveston and a Mexican frontier connection at El Paso."

"It is obvious," observes the Chicago *Evening Post*, "that any merging plan which makes for economies in operation and efficiency in service is in the public interest. These are the aims which the Coolidge Administration seeks in its consolidation policy, and they are the aims which must be kept in view in considering the proposed merger of the 'Frisco and Rock Island." President Coolidge, adds John Edwin Nevin, in a Washington *Post* article, "on several occasions has let it be known that he favors railway mergers as the only possible way in which freight and passenger rates can be reduced." Furthermore, adds the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "The railroads, according to Senator Cummins, can not reduce their rates, nor can they meet the growing demands of the nation for extensions and improvements, while they remain unconsolidated. If organized into a few great systems, he asserts, they could reduce rates, pay fair dividends, remove grievances, and obtain all the capital needed for steady and orderly expansion.
>
> "All this is true and scarcely open to dispute. Voluntary consolidation of railroads should be urged in every possible way, but nothing is to be gained by setting an arbitrary period for the accomplishment of a task that bristles with legal and financial difficulties."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M. S. B. & P.
Brownwood
LEGEND:
St. Louis-St. Francisco
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific
Menard
Eunice
Pensacola
Houston
New Orleans
Galveston
MEXICO
Gulf of Mexico

13,000-MILE RAIL SYSTEM FORMED BY 'FRISCO-ROCK ISLAND MERGER

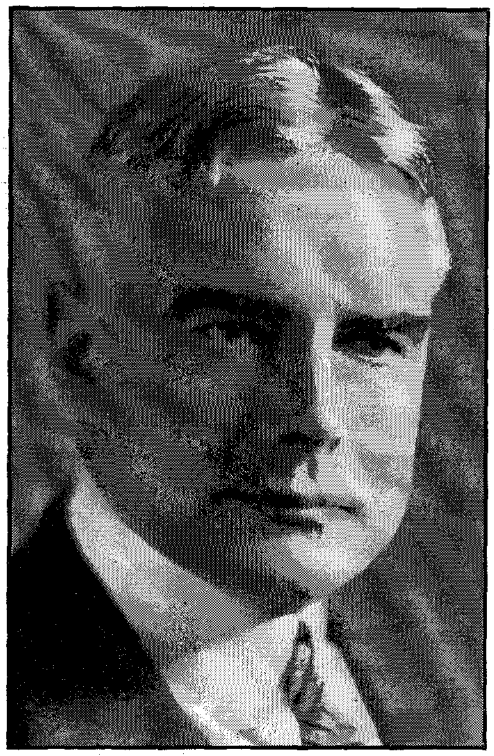
But this game of railway consolidation, we gather from a Brooklyn *Eagle* editorial, is a dangerous one for the "little fellow" to play; "it is easy for the 'big fellows' to squeeze out the smaller fry." And while this is a warning against consolidation in general, we have a specific argument against the 'Frisco-Rock Island merger from the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette,* published in one of the cities vitally affected by this proposal:

> "The proposed merger of the Rock Island and the 'Frisco railroad systems, through 'Frisco interests acquiring 'a substantial interest' in the Rock Island, demands thoroughgoing scrutiny by public and quasi-public agencies in Arkansas, which is served by lines of both these railroads.
>
> "A consolidation of two big railroad systems is not a benefit *per se,* to the regions traversed by their lines. It does not, *per se,* mean economies in operation that offer anything to stockholders in the way of increased returns or to the public in the way of decreased rates or service.
>
> "The Arkansas Railroad Commission, the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce, the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and all other bodies that can speak for the public in the matter of transportation should give earnest attention to this new and somewhat startling movement in the railroad world. The people of this State and its commercial and industrial interests, have a right to know how the vital matter of railroad transportation would be affected by consolidation of the 'Frisco and Rock Island lines. And it should be determined whether the proposed merger is for the purpose of serving transportation ends or for the purpose of serving the ends of Wall Street banking houses."

In fact, declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* "before rushing into this maze of railroad consolidations, the country had better look into all the facts. Mere bigness of railway systems by no means guarantees either lower operating expenses or even as low as may be secured by compact smaller ones."

IS GOV. RITCHIE'S HAT IN THE RING?

FOR ONE HUNDRED SUCCESSIVE BALLOTS Maryland delegates in that long-drawn-out Madison Square Garden convention loyally cast their votes for Governor Albert C. Ritchie. And now the Governor reappears as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in the speeches he is making in centers like Chicago and New York, so editors and newspaper correspondents are saying. Republican papers interested in what is going on in the opposing camp are convinced that he has started his active fight for the nomination. The Buffalo *Express*, for instance, considers him definitely in the field along with Mr. McAdoo and Governors Smith of New York and Donahey of Ohio. A writer in the New York *Times* (Dem.) hears that "Governor Ritchie is considered the foremost advocate of the old Democratic doctrine of State rights in the country, and has spoken frequently in opposition to further centralization of power in the Federal Government. As a corollary to this proposition he was opposed to the Prohibition amendment, but while liberal in his views on Prohibition enforcement he is not regarded as an extreme wet." There was just one issue, reports Phillip Kinsley of the Chicago *Tribune*, that brought all the Democratic political workers and office-holders out to pay tribute to the Maryland Governor at the Jackson Day dinner on January 8: "this was his leadership in the fight for a return to self-government in the States, a decentralization of the power that has been growing so strong and far-reaching in Washington." Of course, observes the New York *American*, "it was the good old song of State rights," but Governor Ritchie "sang it to a new, interesting, and persuasive music." In presenting this issue, brought up to date, the Maryland executive wins the plaudits of many leading Democratic papers, while several important Republican journals feel constrained to admit the strength of his arguments. But some find the Governor's attitude toward Prohibition is of more interest than his general denunciation of Federal usurpation of State functions. Noticeable are such headlines as: "Ritchie's Boom Flies Wet Flag"; and "Ritchie Looms as Wet Aspirant for Presidency." Correspondents of the Detroit *News* and Brooklyn *Eagle* join in calling attention to the fact that Governor Ritchie came out more definitely against the Volstead Law in Chicago than Governor Smith did in his speech in the same city a few months ago. The Ritchie Prohibition plank was introduced by the Governor at Chicago with a reference to the Fifteenth Amendment, which enfranchises the negro. Local opinion in the Southern States is against it. "The law has no social sanction there. Hence it is not observed and becomes simply a dead letter." That brings Governor Ritchie to Prohibition:



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ALBERT C. RITCHIE

The Maryland Governor, whose recent speeches are taken as the beginning of his campaign for the next Democratic Presidential nomination.

> "Here is a vast social experiment undertaking to standardize by law the personal habits of all the people in all the States, and inaugurated at a time when the people of each State were engaged in working out the problem for themselves through local Prohibition in those States where that received the sanction of society, and through measures which either had attained temperance or were rapidly attaining temperance in States where it did not.
>
> "Moreover, the experiment was undertaken by means of a law which, whatever may be its appeal to the people of some States, lacks entirely the sanction of popular approval in other States. Here was a law not in defense of liberty but in restriction of it.
>
> "So long as it exists, it should, of course, be upheld and respected, but just as good citizens in the South feel that refusal to obey the Fifteenth Amendment involves no moral issue and is no violation of their individual conscience, so do many feel about the Eighteenth Amendment.
>
> "My own view is that until the sentiment of the country enables a change in the Eighteenth Amendment the subject should be turned back by Congress to the States and each State, within constitutional limitations, given the right and the responsibility of settling it in accordance with the will of its own people.
>
> "If, for example, the people of any State are convinced that the ends of temperance can best be accomplished and that respect for law and the effective enforcement of law can best be secured through light wines and beer rather than under the present unfortunate conditions, then the people of such State should be permitted to solve their problem in that way."

This doctrine just suits the Chicago *Journal* (Dem.). In its opinion the Governor simply "asks for observance of the so-called dry law so long as it shall be in force, but, as any one but a purblind prohibitionist can see, he points to the impossibility of enforcement and pleads for a return to the very basis of liberty, which is that of self-determination." Henry J. Allen, former Governor of Kansas, admits in his Wichita *Beacon* the significance of the Ritchie argument, observing that—

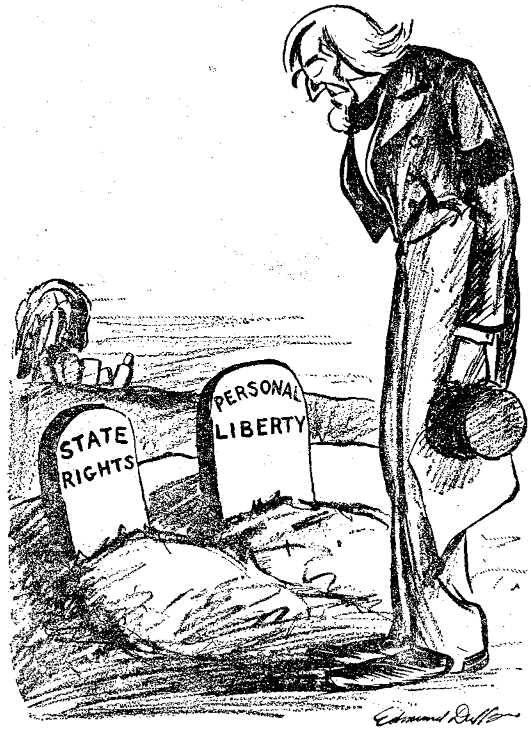
> "A wet national administration, by wiping out the Volstead Law and declaring it to be the duties of the State to administer the Eighteenth Amendment in their own way, would do with the liquor question just what the South has done with the colored vote question. It can be done all right, and Governor Ritchie's party has shown us how to do it. Those who have jumped at the hasty conclusion that it is not possible to present this issue without including a proposal for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, reckon without a full consideration of all the possibilities in the case."

But the Chicago *Evening Post* (Rep.) does not believe that the Supreme Court would ever uphold a State law permitting the manufacture and sale of any beverages sufficiently alcoholic to satisfy the wets, so it sees little hope for them under the Ritchie plan "save as the Supreme Court and the Constitution are defied by the wet States." And it concludes that:

> "The only honest, the only safe, course for those who hold the views of Governor Ritchie, is a movement to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. But Governor Ritchie recognizes that the sentiment for such repeal does not exist in America, hence the Governor proposes to circumvent the obstacle of an unfavorable sentiment by legalizing local nullification of a constitutional provision.
>
> "If the Democrats propose to adopt such policy as this Republicans need entertain little worry as to the result."

In the same Chicago speech Governor Ritchie suggested that a more modern term for the historic doctrine of State rights is "State responsibility or local self-government." Nobody now wants a State to nullify an act of Congress. "What we ask is that Congress stop nullifying the freedom of the States to settle their own affairs and that Congress and the courts stop nullifying the liberties of the people guaranteed by the people." The Democratic party, according to Governor Ritchie, "has always feared the dangers of unnecessary and excessive centralization, and to-day those dangers are apparent to all men." He notes the growth of Federal subsidies to States, and says:

> "The effect of all this is that slowly but steadily, by this Federal supervision over roads, agriculture, health, education, infant hygiene, motherhood, and what not, the liberty of the State and of the individual becomes impaired and the Federal Government shapes the development and the policy of the States, and shapes them not to fit the States' own peculiar needs, but to fit some uniform Federal idea that emanates from Washington. Thus is all government weakened."



"AND THEY WERE BOTH GOOD BOYS!"

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

In an address at a New York dinner in honor of John Marshall on January 20, Governor Ritchie returned to his denunciation of "Federal transgressions in the State domain," and developed this interesting argument:

> "Recently there has grown up a new conception of law. For more than a century the high purpose of law in this country was to protect life, liberty and property; to stand between the rights of the individual and any who would invade them. Now the notion is that law can be used as a scheme for social control to regulate human conduct and relations, and to secure the moral well-being of the individual by forcing upon all the people the social precepts and ideas of groups or classes of the people.
>
> "This kind of law is, moreover, being imposed before the convictions of those to be regulated by it have been educated up to it. The result is a growing non-observance and disrespect for law, because there can be no respect for law without enforcement, and experience shows that legislation which lacks social sanction can not be enforced."

"Governor Ritchie's doctrine of personal liberty and decentralization" seems to the New York *World* (Dem.) "at once the soundest Democratic tradition and the only practicable basis for a reunion of the factions within the party." Some day, predicts the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), "people will be aroused by the speeches of Governor Ritchie and others, and will put a stop to the expansion of Federal power." But the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.) suggests that the Governor's "defense of personal liberty would be more impressive if he did not mix with it an attack on Federal control and a plea for the decentralization of authority." It insists that:

> "State and local officers engage in unreasonable search and seizures, they disregard the rights of free speech and free assemblage just as often as Federal officers do. To assume that these practises will be checked by the mere device of decentralization is to ignore the source from which they arose."

The issue raised by Governor Ritchie transcends party lines, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.), which is joined by the Charleston (W. Va.) *Daily Mail* (Rep.), Buffalo *Express* (Rep.), and Washington *Post* (Ind.), in deploring the trend toward centralization. "Transgressions by the Federal Government in the State domain must be halted if the Union is to be preserved as a rational and unhampered experiment in democracy," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Ind.). The Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) sees a real issue presented by Governor Ritchie, one which "appeals to liberals and opponents of intolerance, bigotry and dictation everywhere in the country," but it doubts "that at the present there is much prospect of getting it to the people with a major political party submitting it."

Other Republican papers are less complimentary. The Minneapolis *Journal* calls Governor Ritchie's talk "applesauce," and says his issue "is too abstract, too indefinite, too unthrilling, too devoid of practicality." The New York *Herald Tribune* attacks Governor Ritchie for trying to confuse modern paternalism with Republican Federalism, and to represent the Democratic party as consistently opposed to it. It insists that the issue he raises has always cut across party lines, saying:

> "Take the very issue of the Prohibition amendment, which is the chief occasion of his argument against centralized government. This could never have been passed had not the strongest Democratic States, those of the South, been overwhelmingly for it. How ridiculous to call the Democratic party the party of local self-government when it aided so materially in the latest great augmentation of Federal activity!"

"The old Jeffersonian opposition to exalted and all-powerful governmentalism" seems to Frederick R. Barkley, writing in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, to be appealing enough, but "it just does not fit in anywhere with the dominant attitude of either the majority or the minority as exprest in political decisions and demands." Party leaders now know "that what the voters want—when they want anything definitely—is not more abstract liberty and less government but rather more government which will inure to their particular benefit." The writer proceeds:

> "In other words, the demand for more and more government comes from the voters themselves. Lamentable as it may be, the American people to-day have been completely sold, in the Babbittistic sense, on the value of government. They are convinced of its dollars-and-cents value because they have seen it used, repeatedly and continuously, to bring profit to certain groups and classes. They are convinced of its punitive value, because they have also seen it utilized to restrain and punish groups who have aroused class or sectional enmity. And the desire for financial gain and security on the one hand, and for protection against or punishment of antagonistic groups, on the other, are the dominant if not the sole motives which induce most of the sovereign voters to function."

The Des Moines *Register* takes issue with Governor Ritchie on general principles. It observes that changes in transportation and communication; discoveries in connection with human, animal and plant health; new crime conditions, and educational changes, have made State lines of very little importance. So it looks on the Maryland Governor as making a "superficial invocation of an old shibboleth." "We have witnessed growth of a democratic centralization and it is highly advantageous." And so—

> "The only question is one of efficiency and desirability of the things the National Government undertakes. Each centralizing proposal must stand on its own bottom, must not suffer from generalizations about State rights."

WOMEN ASK TO BE PROTECTED FROM THEIR FRIENDS

IF A WOMAN WORKER is so carefully protected by special legislation that she loses her job and a man is hired in her place, should she be grateful for the special legal favors? This question is raised by those who feel that the adoption of the woman suffrage amendment in 1920 was a partial victory only. "Never until the equal rights amendment is written into the Constitution," declares Miss Josephine Casey of Chicago, former organizer for the American Federation of Labor, "will working-women be safe from their well-meaning but misguided friends who seek to 'protect' them by preventing them from engaging on equal terms with men in the work of the world, and deciding for themselves what they want to do, what they can do, and when they shall do it." The proposed amendment, known as the Lucretia Mott amendment, declares that "men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction." This amendment, introduced in Congress last year by Senator Curtis of Kansas and Representative Anthony of the same State, was reintroduced at this session.

International Newsreel photograph

MARCHING TO THE WHITE HOUSE

These paraders petitioned the President to support an amendment, giving women workers equal opportunity with men, unhampered by special welfare laws.

Last month, when women delegates for forty-five States were gathered in Washington to attend the Women's Industrial Conference, the division of opinion over protective legislation for women in industry was brought sharply to the public's attention when representatives of the Woman's party marched with banners to the White House and petitioned President Coolidge to combat such legislation by supporting the equal rights amendment. The women attending the Women's Industrial Conference, on the other hand, seemed to be predominantly in favor of protecting women workers by special laws, altho they finally, under pressure from members of the Woman's party, adopted a resolution calling upon the women's bureau of the Department of Labor to institute a comprehensive investigation of the effects of all laws specially regulating conditions of employment of women. The issue is of wide importance, since there are more than 8,000,000 women engaged in gainful occupations in the United States.

In their petition to President Coolidge, the women opposed to special protective legislation for their sex declared that wages have been reduced, opportunity for advancement restricted, and certain branches of industry closed to women because of forty-eight-hours-a-week laws, overtime laws, and laws prohibiting married women from working. "To put restrictions upon women in business and in industry which do not apply to the men competing with them for the same employment, is to handicap women, no matter what the restrictions are," said Miss Gail Laughlin, one of the spokesmen for these petitioners, and Miss Margaret Hinchey told how in New York waitresses are barred by law from working at night when "trays are lighter and tips heavier," and how in the same State three thousand railroad women were thrown out of work by laws devised for their protection. In their petition to the President, these women said, in part:

> "We who are earning our living find our struggle made more difficult by laws that prevent us from offering our services to our employers on an equal basis with men; by laws that prevent us from entering various occupations entirely; by laws that prevent us from continuing our work after we are married. We ask that the laws of our country should not also be thrown into the scale against us and our struggle thereby made still harder."

They ask, in other words, for a fair field and no favors. "The sense of fair dealing and equity of the people of this country will surely respond in support of this demand," thinks the Washington *Star;* and the Oshkosh *Northwestern* agrees that possibly the zeal of the welfare workers may have overshot itself in the field of protective legislation for women workers.

But we are reminded that there is another angle to this question. Thus as a counter-blast to the petition of the Woman's party a group of trade union women delivered a memorandum to President Coolidge, which reads in part as follows:

> "In view of the agitation which has for its purpose the destruction, by a so-called 'equal rights' amendment, of the laws on the statute books of nearly every State in the Union which limits the hours and fixes standards for the working conditions of women in industry, we desire to reiterate at this time our support of such labor legislation and our hope that it may be extended and its standards improved.
>
> "We regard such legislation, not as discrimination against women, but as a means toward an equal industrial footing for women and men. Generally speaking, the women-employing industries are the industries in which the longest hours prevail. The destruction of all legal limitations upon hours of work for women would have the effect of lengthening women's hours of labor without affecting the hours of men, thereby increasing the present inequality between the hours of women and those of men."

In a message to the Women's Industrial Conference, Secretary of Labor Davis emphasized the point that the question of the physical health of women workers had a bearing on the future of the race that "goes far deeper than the right of the individual woman to work if she wants to, regardless of the conditions under which she works." And in a letter to the same gathering, President Coolidge writes:

> "The employment of women is a social problem, and as such it needs the attention and interest of the country as a whole. Women can never escape the responsibility of home and children, and the working-woman as a mother and potential mother challenges universal interest. Millions of working-women are home-makers. Inasmuch as our national life rests upon the stability of the American home, and the nation can only be as strong as its women, we must have an intelligent understanding of and sympathy with their problems."

LIVING WAGES FOR FEDERAL JUDGES

ONE OF THE FACTORS in "the breakdown of law-enforcement in the United States," avers the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "is the criminal neglect of the Federal courts by Congress, and that body's reluctance to adjust the salaries of Federal judges to correspond to the work actually done." "When men of such high personal character and legal ability as Charles E. Hughes and John W. Davis lay aside their private business to appear before the Senate and House judiciary committees to argue in favor of increased compensation for Federal judges, their arguments should be accepted at their face value," thinks the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. Furthermore, maintains this New England paper, an increase in pay should be authorized by Congress at the earliest possible moment, for "there was never a time in the history of the country when the need for the ablest men on the benches of our Federal courts was so pressing." "The Federal district judge, dealing with intricate cases, receives $7,500 a year, while across the way in New York City one is likely to find a judge paid by the State of New York $17,500 a year," points out Mr. Hughes. The justices of the United States Supreme Court, adds the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "receive salaries of $14,500 a year; the Chief Justice gets $15,000. There are fifty or more State judges in New York City whose salaries are higher than those of Supreme Court justices." According to W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times:*

> "If there were a million judges, each having a vote and being prepared to cast it, the increase would have been given long ago. But, without political pull and with no organized aids, the handful of judges, scattered throughout the country, have had a tough time of it.
>
> "Uncle Sam never has paid good wages, and perhaps—broadly speaking—there is no reason why he should. Ninety per cent. of the men and women on his pay-roll, in the national capital and elsewhere, do work that does not require special ability or training. But our good Uncle never has been able to understand that there are 10 per cent. of his employees who on merit deserve more pay, and that failure to provide it results in deterioration of the service rendered. The Federal judges are a part of that 10 per cent. Like many persons in Federal key positions, their pay is based on pre-war conditions, when a dollar bought more than it does now and prices were normal. Meanwhile, the Volstead Law has tremendously increased business in the Federal courts, and the average district judge now spends most of his working hours holding what, in effect, is a common police court.
>
> "Out of all this there has come a sinister result in which the country as a whole should have a deep concern. The tone of the Federal bench is steadily lowering. It is difficult to persuade men of proper caliber to accept appointments, and men of that type, already on the bench, are resigning. This means less and less efficiency in the administration of justice."

A Federal judge, we are reminded by the Hartford *Times*, is required to pass upon litigation involving millions of dollars. And, remarks Mr. Davis, significantly, "no man who is inadequately paid can be independent in thought." In other words, explains the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "the more independent a judge is, the more surely will he administer justice, hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may." In the opinion of the Detroit *News:*

> "Congress ought to heed the advice given the House Judiciary Committee by Charles Evans Hughes and John W. Davis, who said that Federal judges are miserably paid.
>
> "So they are. The figures speak for themselves.
>
> "In 1913 the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was paid $13,000, and the associate justices $12,000. In the following year they were granted increases of $2,000 and $2,500, respectively. The cost of living is now about 60 per cent. higher than it was in 1914, and bids fair to remain at that level; certainly there is no indication that it will fall. If the 1914 schedule was fair, Supreme Court salaries should be at least $25,000. Even that figure would be but a small fraction of the income of most of the celebrated lawyers who practise in the court.
>
> "Circuit judges in 1913 received $7,000. In 1919 they were increased to $8,500. District judges were raised from $6,000 to $7,500. To these judges is given the task of upholding the majesty of the United States, but their salaries are lower than those paid to police-court judges in large cities.
>
> "The Government has been singularly fortunate in finding jurists of high caliber and attainments who have been willing to accept judgeships with a salary which a lawyer of ordinary ability frequently collects as his fee for handling a single case. The United States can afford to pay its judges salaries commensurate with their value. It can not afford any falling-off in the high standards set by occupants of the Federal bench over a century and a half. It is astute public policy to pay judges well, for unless we have judges of the highest type, we shall not have justice."

"Great corporations pay fortunes to lawyers who represent them before the nation's high tribunals," observes the Syracuse *Herald*, "yet the people, who look to these tribunals for protection, allow only a comparative pittance to the judges whose legal ability must at least be equal to that of the high-priced counsel." "A good judge," thinks the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "can not be overpaid; perhaps he can not be paid at all in terms of dollars for his importance to society as a bulwark of justice." According to the Chicago *Tribune*, "men of character and ability can not now afford to accept appointment as judges unless they have independent incomes." Certainly, we read in the Washington *Star:*

> "The pay scale of the American judiciary is preposterously low. The life tenure of Federal judges presupposes that man who accepts appointment on one of the benches permanently leaves private life and the chance of affluence through professional employment. He dedicates himself to the higher service in behalf of the people. If he is of the proper caliber to render the best service he is competent to prosper in private practise. To such a man acceptance of a judicial appointment means sacrifice. Those to whom the present judicial pay is a temptation are, as a rule, not the best possible appointees.
>
> "The scale of pay, tho it can never equal the highest possible emoluments of the legal profession, should be such as to hold the personnel of the bench in contentment and ease of mind and self-respect, to put every occupant of the bench out of the range of possible temptation to engage in money-making services outside of the judicial functions."

In substantial agreement with the newspapers already quoted, we might add, are the New York *Herald Tribune*, Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, Utica *Press*, Boston *Herald*, Columbia *Record*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, and Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*.

The Providence *News*, on the other hand, while in entire agreement with the substance of the various pleas for higher salaries for Federal judges, "can not help thinking the pleas themselves a little hysterical." *The News* "hardly thinks that the increase contemplated will save from corruption any judge now likely to be corrupted." This is also the view of the Tacoma *Ledger* and the Boston *Post*. "Sometimes," we are informed by the Indianapolis *News*, "these judges are political appointees of small legal attainment, and salary increases are not likely to eliminate the element of political reward." Still another angle of the problem is thus discust by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> "Our Federal courts are now smothered with litigation unworthy of them. Their dockets resemble the dockets of police courts. The Mann Act, the Harrison Anti-narcotic Act and the Volstead Act have polluted the very atmosphere of the Federal courts. They take the time and energy of our Federal judges which ought to be devoted to questions of real moment. Those three Acts have magnified criminality and degraded the Federal courts. Once a Federal judgeship was an office of distinction. That splendor has been all but washed out in the filthy suds of reform.
>
> "Three things are necessary, it seems to us, for the restoration of the Federal courts. Decent salaries for the judges; the selection of those judges on the bright merit of professional worth instead of partizan political favor as now obtains; either the repeal of those vicious Federal reform laws or the creation of special Federal police courts to deal with the vermin that now infest the Federal courts of record."

A BILL OF HEALTH FOR "LOONEY GAS"

TETRA-ETHYL GASOLINE, more commonly known as "looney gas" and ethyl gasoline, is not a menace to public health, and there is no reason for prohibiting its sale for commercial purposes, under proper regulation. Such is the clean bill of health given this motor fuel by the special committee appointed last year by the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service to study the subject, following the agitation against gasoline containing tetra-ethyl lead after the death of nine workmen at a New Jersey plant where ethyl gasoline was manufactured. In fact, points out the committee, "all the reported cases of fatalities and serious injuries in connection with tetra-ethyl lead have occurred either in the process of manufacture of this substance or in the process of blending or ethylizing." Nevertheless, it adds: "The committee begs to report that, in its opinion, there are at present no good grounds for prohibiting the use of ethyl gasoline . . . as a motor fuel, provided that its distribution and use are controlled by proper regulations." Thus, remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "we have a belated vindication of an industrial victim of a general hysteria that swept the country last year." Since the body which investigated this new motor fuel "was composed of a number of the country's most expert chemists and medical men, it is presumed that the report may be accepted at its face value," says the Nashville *Banner*.

"The way may now be open," believes the Newark *News*, "for the resumption of the development of this motor fuel which, if its promises are kept, will revolutionize the automobile industry." It is claimed for this fuel, according to the Nashville paper, that it will give more power and produce less carbon than the ordinary variety, besides tending to eliminate the "knock" in motors. In a résumé of the subject of "looney gas," the Boston *Herald* tells us that—

> "In the search for a better fuel for automobiles the chemists of the Ethyl Gas Corporation produced a gasoline treated with tetra-ethyl lead. In the fall of 1924 several men in the employ of the plant in New Jersey, where these experiments were under way, came to their death under unusual circumstances, and the State Board of Health prohibited further use of the gas. The United States Bureau of Mines conducted an investigation at Pittsburgh, resulting in the verdict that the gas could be used without danger, whereupon the New Jersey board withdrew its prohibition of sale. This Federal report was criticized by two members of the staff of the Harvard Medical School, who pronounced the inquiry 'inadequate.' Dr. Yandell Henderson, of Yale, then came forward with more severe charges, including prejudice and financing by private interests rather than by the Government.
>
> "On April 30 of last year Surgeon-General Cumming, of the Public Health Service, announced a conference of experts, and on May 5 the Ethyl Gas Corporation withdrew the gas from sale. The conference resulted in the appointment of an independent investigating committee. The committee's report is just now available.
>
> "What is the verdict? The gas is safe, but rules must be made and enforced to govern its distribution and use. When this gas is again placed on sale it probably will be under the regulations approved by the Public Health Service."

But because tetra-ethyl gasoline "does not constitute a hazard to public health," maintains the Louisville *Times*, "one must not gather that it is not dangerous. For, like many of the derivatives of lead, this element is extremely poisonous." Or, as the New York *World* points out:

> "The report by no means gives the fluid a clear indorsement. On the contrary, it asks that its sale be carefully regulated; it declares that further investigation is necessary; and it points out that if the use of leaded gasoline becomes wide-spread conditions may arise involving a much greater hazard. It is plainly desirable that the investigation of such industrial and public risks as this be centered in the Public Health Service, and that it be given funds to keep a close watch on the employment of tetra-ethyl gasoline."

OUR CASE AGAINST MEXICO

THE "WELCOME" SIGN for Americans in Mexico, while still hanging out, "is painted in much smaller letters than it has been for many years," observes the Providence *Journal*. For the American and Mexican Governments are again shooting at each other through the press. The "formal representations" made by our Ambassador at Mexico City against the petroleum and anti-alien land bills recently passed by the Mexican Senate and House were discust in THE DIGEST for January 23; since that article was written, and despite the protest of the American State Department that these two laws, insofar as they involve foreigners in Mexico, are "confiscatory and retroactive," they have been promulgated. From the Mexican view-point, as outlined by Señor Saenz, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a public statement, they are neither the one nor the other. At any rate, we are told in Mexico City dispatches, they are now in effect. As a result, therefore, observes the Birmingham *News*, "the United States once more has a Mexican situation on its hands." According to Washington dispatches, the attitude of the White House during the present misunderstanding "will be one of patience and tolerance."

The real issue between the two Governments, it is pointed out, is whether the new Mexican laws are retroactive and confiscatory. If they are, declares Jack Starr Hunt in a Mexico City dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the attitude toward Mexico adopted by the Harding Administration—that American rights will be protected—will be supported by Great Britain, Italy, and Holland, and perhaps by France, Germany, and Spain, where their nationals are concerned." Under the new laws, personal rights of foreigners in Mexico expire with the death of the persons. That is, explains the New York *Evening Post*, "these rights may not be freely transferred to other foreigners by bequest. Corporations have ten years to bring themselves under the rule that property rights can be held by foreigners in Mexico only if they give up the privilege of appealing to their Governments." The American Secretary of State, however, has taken the position that no American, for example, can waive his national rights in such manner.

Instead of remaining purely on the defensive concerning Mexico's new laws, Foreign Minister Saenz recently launched an offensive against some American laws. Says Señor Saenz in a statement which is understood to follow more or less closely the official reply to our Ambassador's representations:

> "The so-called anti-alien land law can not be considered as an alien law, as it has been called, because it does not legislate on the status or condition of foreigners in Mexico, but it is a law *regulating provisions of the Constitution as referring to the rights* which it grants to Mexicans and to Mexican corporations.
>
> "Similar laws exist in other countries, to wit: in the State of Arizona, U. S. A., by the law 4716, passed in 1913, only citizens of the United States, or those who have declared their intention to become naturalized, are permitted to acquire real property The same law establishes, furthermore, that no corporation with a capital of which more than 30 per cent. is in the hands of stockholders who are not American citizens, or who have not declared their intention to become such, may acquire lands or titles to them, nor interests in them, and, consequently, provides that no foreigner may acquire title to any land or real estate within the State.
>
> "In the State of Illinois there exist similar provisions, but with greater restrictions, this law only granting a period of five years in which foreigners must dispose of the properties which they have, and, if they fail to do so, their lands will be confiscated to the benefit of the State of Illinois.
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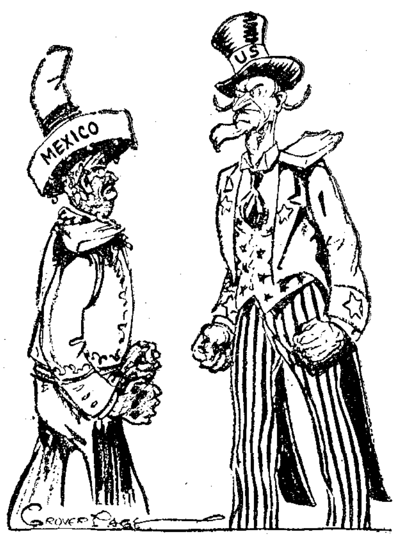
> "Furthermore, it is a general principle, accepted in the United States, that foreigners can not acquire certain rights unless they previously make a declaration of intention to become American citizens. In Mexico the law has not attempted in this respect to go thus far.
>
> "Consistent publications have been made by the press to the effect that the organic law so much discust is retroactive and

confiscatory. The organic law is not retroactive. The Government of Mexico has never attempted to demand that foreigners waive their nationality as a whole to acquire real property in Mexico.

"The law in question is not confiscatory. The Mexican law fixes ample and convenient terms, during which rights may be transferred. Only in the event that this is not carried out within the time specified do the laws provide for the disposal of them by public sale through judicial channels and for the delivery to the foreigner of the proceeds of the sale."

In contrast to the 4,000-word statement issued by Señor Saenz, of which the above is but a part, Secretary of State Kellogg replies as follows:

"The position of this Government has been and still is that the so-called land and petroleum laws contain provisions which are plainly retroactive and confiscatory in their effect upon property rights heretofore legally acquired and held by American citizens in Mexico under prior existing Mexican laws.



DIPLOMACY?

—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

"This position, which does not in any sense question Mexico's sovereign right to legislate on her domestic concerns, has been made perfectly clear in the most frank and friendly terms to the Mexican Government, both formally and informally."

Meanwhile, American and other foreign oil companies in Mexico are filing applications for injunctions against the retroactive provisions of the new petroleum law—and having them denied by the lower courts. "Those who have been foolish enough or unfortunate enough to seek judicial relief in Mexican tribunals have an opinion of the courts of that country that is hardly complimentary," notes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Theoretically, the new laws would place the foreigner in Mexico on the same footing with Mexican citizens," remarks the Troy *Record*, "but practically it would not, for there is no assurance that a Mexican court would be impartial." Briefly, points out the Indianapolis *Star*, "the Mexican Government has issued an explanation of its anti-alien land law, which does not explain." "There is nothing in the statement that already has not been published in this country. Moreover," maintains the Providence *Journal*, "it would have been in better keeping with diplomatic proprieties for the Mexican Government to have answered the official note of our State Department before issuing a public statement."

"For Mexico to deliberately incur the ill-will and hostility of some of the great Powers at a time when it is necessary for her to have their friendship is an act of criminal folly," thinks the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, and the Baltimore *Sun* declares that "Mexico can not expect to enjoy our respect or to maintain friendly relations with us if she disregards her agreements." This is also the attitude of the Springfield *Republican*, Buffalo *Express*, Jersey City *Journal*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Washington *Post*, Manchester *Union*, and Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. In the Cleveland paper's opinion:

"Just what this country can do in the event the State Department's protest does not lead to modification of these laws is uncertain. We can, of course, withdraw our recognition because of the violation of an explicit agreement, but that would be wholly insufficient to protect the rights of our citizens. A second possibility is to stay the execution of these measures pending the determination of their constitutionality in the courts. But the greatest hope lies in the good faith of President Calles and his advisers, and their ability to convince the Mexican Congress of the unsoundness of this legislation. If they fail to do so, the prematurity of American recognition will be established and new means of protecting our interests will have to be considered."

On the other hand, maintains the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "there is little public opinion back of Secretary Kellogg in his attitude against Mexico. We are insisting upon a special protection from Mexico which we would not demand from any but a weaker Power." Continues *The Eagle:*

"Secretary Kellogg is trying to prevent trouble, but his unfortunate statement about Mexico shortly after coming into office and his present action indicate a hostility toward our southern neighbor that will not help good relations. In dealing with a weaker Power, the first virtue to be displayed by a strong Power is patience.

"Having begun his campaign against Mexico's new land laws in the American press, Secretary of State Kellogg must not be surprized that Mexico uses the same agency in reply. Mexico's published answer to the State Department's charges precedes the Mexican Government's formal note of rejoinder. But publication of our charges against the Mexican Government also preceded our formal note of protest. The fundamental difficulty in Mr. Kellogg's relations with Mexico is the utter absence of good-will.

"Mr. Kellogg's answer to the contentions of Foreign Minister Saenz of Mexico is general in terms and sound as far as it goes. Mexico's new land laws certainly affect all vested property rights, including those of Americans. When Americans have the choice of selling their Mexican properties within five years or becoming Mexican citizens, the value of their property goes down. But who can doubt Mexico's right to determine who shall and who shall not own land or oil rights in Mexico?"

"The case against Mexico is not altogether one-sided," thinks the Newark *News*, and it goes on to explain:

"The new Mexico resulting from the revolution found itself ridden by the economic imperialists of the United States and other countries whom Diaz and his clique had allowed to intrench themselves firmly. They are not easy to get rid of. While the State Department can not refuse to protect them where their legitimate rights are threatened with violation, it has to espouse a cause which is not in keeping with our best traditions, and to identify itself more closely with Big Business and all that implies.

"We are more deeply in this mess than we would have been otherwise because of our insistence upon our rights, under the Monroe Doctrine, to regulate affairs on this hemisphere without interference from abroad. Consequently, we are under pressure from Great Britain and other countries to see to it that the rights of all foreigners in Mexico are protected."

While the Birmingham *Age-Herald* does not condone Mexico's apparent attempt to confiscate American property, it says:

"We need not get hysterical about it, just as we did not get hysterical when Canada carried out the identical plan with regard to the pulpwood concessions given to Americans. That action of Canada's was retroactive, and confiscated the concession rights of American concerns. We patched it up with Canada without any hint of severence of diplomatic relations. Under wise and enlightened statesmanship, we could do the same with Mexico."

Finally, maintains the New York *World:*

"Powerful and self-sufficient as we are, we can not get along without friends. It is high time that, in addition to thinking about our rights, we thought about our manners. We are not likely to be hurt seriously if we refrain from bristling up on all occasions and if we use patience and persuasion when we have a grievance. Mexico is our neighbor. The ways of Mexicans are not our ways, and there are bound to be differences. In arguing those differences we ought to go out of our way to be courteous, and because we are strong and Mexico is weak, we ought to have a very special consideration for the dignity of the Mexican Government."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

AH, well; blood is thicker than rubber.—*Toronto Star.*

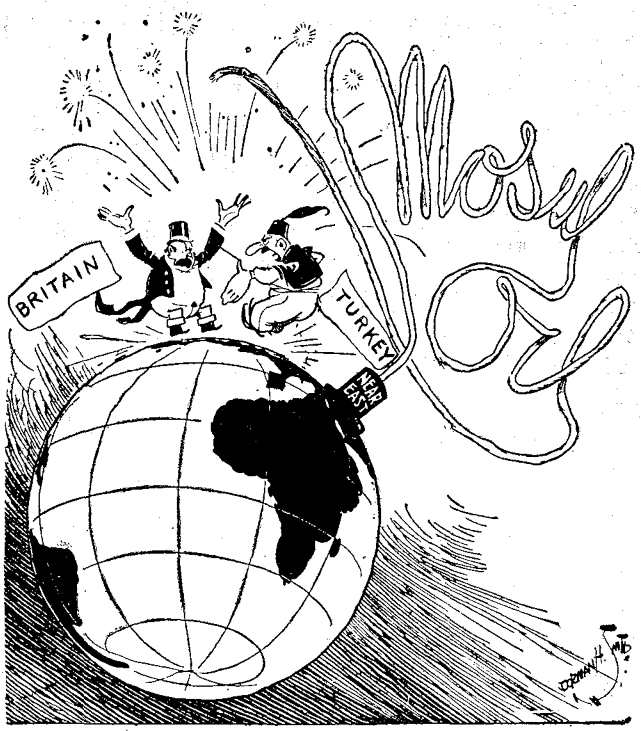
THE issue is between Peruvian bark and Chilean bite.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A LARGE part of the public would welcome some relief from farm relief plans.—*Indianapolis Star.*

MINISTER denies that churches have started wars. Wonder how many people he has married.—*Seattle Argus.*

AMONG those who seem unable to solve the problem of distribution is the weather man.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

OLD DOBBIN had his faults, but you didn't have to pour hot water on him to get him started.—*La Porte (Ind.) Argus.*



THE FUSE
—Smith in the Jersey City *Jersey Journal.*

THE man with the hoe is too prone to follow the politician with the hokum.—*Wall Street Journal.*

VIOLINS have souls, says a professor, and some of them sound like the lost variety.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THIS country is so poor we ate only about $300,000,000 worth of ice-cream last year.—*Columbia Record.*

AT last report the anthracite strike was being won jointly by Standard Oil and the laundries.—*Detroit News.*

AT any rate the silver dollar stimulates business; we try to get rid of it as soon as possible.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

ALIEN Bootleggers Face Deportation.—*Headline.* America for American Bootleggers, what?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

GENERAL PERSHING did not discover that his teeth were so bad until he showed them to Chile.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE two groups that seldom know just what the people want are congressmen and the people.—*Birmingham News.*

"SWEDISH Princess Has England's Confidence."—*Headline.* At least the Princess Astrid is a more reassuring spectacle than the Prince Astride.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE report that Iowa wonders what to do with a large corn surplus has created considerable astonishment in the mountain fastnesses of the South.—*Detroit News.*

THE Federal treasury has called in all $10,000 bills.—If you get one in your next week's pay envelop, send it on to Washington at once.—*Minneapolis Northwest Insurance.*

THE year 1926 ought to be much more successful and prosperous and lucky than 1925. There are no Fridays the 13th in 1926, and there were three in 1925.—*Troy Record.*

SOME ONE has suggested that raising bees will help the farmer. He might try. The farmer is accustomed to being stung by everything else he raises.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

ANOTHER interesting development of the language in our time is that when we first entered this noble and progressive profession thieves used to steal whereas now thugs loot.—*Ohio State Journal.*

ONE of our motor companies has just declared a 900 per cent. stock dividend. So there are others prospering besides Red Grange, the Florida realtor, the Brazilian coffee planter and the British rubber baron.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

THE hardest tree to prune is the plum tree.—*Boston Herald.*

THE corn belt is like any other; uncomfortable when too full.—*Detroit News.*

WONDER what the man who names Pullman cars calls his children?—*Columbia Record.*

A POLITICAL campaign usually involves both a shake-up and a shake-down.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IT usually takes three generations to get from the country back to a country club.—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune.*

How thrilling it would be at this distance if Mussolini had something like a Senator from Idaho.—*Vancouver Sun.*

THERE are something like 600 things that can be made of corn, exclusive of a political issue.—*Detroit News.*

THE Mexicans are clamoring for more laws. Come on over in our yard and help yourselves!—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A WARNING against counterfeit money says, "Watch your $100 bills." Gosh—if that were all we had to do!—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A BILL is pending to advance Federal Supreme Court members to a salary level such as football coaches are accustomed to.—*Dallas News.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sees nothing wrong in buying on the instalment plan. There isn't. It's the paying that hurts.—*Toledo Blade.*

PHOTOGRAPHS of the great floods in Europe show that water in the streets is not enough to make a city look like Venice.—*Springfield Republican.*

IT is estimated there were only one-fifth as many books on child psychology when alder switches grew in every back yard.—*Detroit News.*

A MILLION years from now some scientist may dig up our best specimen and make people mad by calling him a man.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.*

NOW, if Mexico would just apply her well-known Manana Policy to the enforcement of retroactive threats all would be well.—*Dallas News.*

A SERMON recently broadcast by an Eastern clergyman was preached from Ecclesiastes 1:9, "There is no new thing under the sun."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"NO woman, however beautiful, is worth fighting for," said Rudolph Valentino. But what about with, Rudolph, what about with?—*American Lumberman.*

HAVING ruled that there is no cruelty in the Florida bull fights the Humane Society may now pass on to the real estate business in the sunlit state.—*Toledo Blade.*

SENATOR CAPPER proposes a national law forbidding the marriage of feeble-minded persons. Does the Senator want to put Cupid entirely out of business?—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

ONE of the marriage license officials of Rome says matrimony is a profession in itself. If so, it's about the only profession in which the amateurs have the best chance of success.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

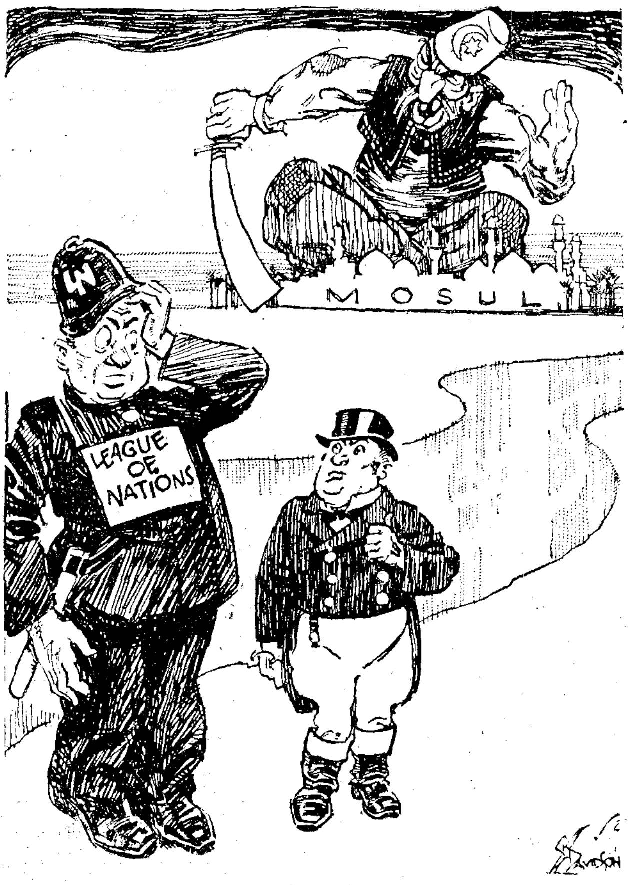
Springfield, Missouri

FOREIGN - COMMENT

TURKISH INDIGNATION OVER THE MOSUL VERDICT

EITHER A WILFUL or a blind misunderstanding by the Turks is responsible, it is said, for their confounding the League of Nations with Great Britain, especially over the decision pronounced by the League, by which Great Britain maintains its mandate for twenty-five years over the Kingdom of Irak, in which is included the vilayet of Mosul. In London, we learn from the press, it is expected that Mosul probably will take its place as "one of the permanent international sores in the world's international politics." In THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 16 appeared "British Views of Mosul," and now we present Turkish opinions on this subject. An official Turkish view is that of Tewfik Rushdi Bey, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in an interview given to a Serbian newspaper, the Belgrade *Vreme*, declared:

"We can not waive our rights on Mosul. I do not mean 'we do not wish to waive them,' but that 'we can not waive them.' There are means by which the dispute may be solved and our sovereignty maintained. Our proposition for a plebiscite was refused. Then let them find some other solution; but we want it well understood that we never will waive our rights of sovereignty on Mosul. The only unsolved question existing between Great Britain and Turkey is the question of Mosul. Therefore, advantage must be taken of this fact, and this dispute must be solved peacefully."



THE PROBLEM

JOHN BULL: "Can't you do anything, constable, to keep him in order?"
—*Evening Times* (Glasgow).

The "British plaything, called the League of Nations," irately remarks the Constantinople *Jumhouriet*, has unanimously given Mosul to Irak, "that is Great Britain," and it declares its belief that the British have "vowed never to come out of Mesopotamia." In the view of this newspaper—

"This decision is a proof that the institution called the League of Nations does not in the least respect the ideals of justice and right. It proves once more that the League of Nations is the servant of the strongest, namely, Great Britain, and is far from being an international institution of justice, which respects the rights of nations. Only in medieval ages do we encounter such unjust and tyrannical decisions.

"So long as the plaything called the League of Nations can neither give Turkey her rights nor deprive her of them, its decision is quite worthless to us. As the case was during our campaign of nationhood, so now the rights of the Turk are safe under the sharp bayonets of the Turks, and we know perfectly well how to take back with our own hands 'Turkish Mosul'—given to Great Britain by the League of Nations—just as we saved Adana, Broussa, Smyrna, and Constantinople. So we will neither recognize this decision nor obey it."

This Constantinople newspaper goes on to say ironically that the whole affair is a comedy, but it may yet bring the Turks and the British face to face, and then the comedy may be changed to tragedy, and it adds a Turkish friendly warning to Britons:

"If the British public are not on the alert and blindly follow their statesmen, sooner or later they will be witnesses of a slaughter-house. It will be a real pity for humanity if the British nation be deceived, because, we may say, they are still slaves to the intrigues of their statesmen."

According to the Constantinople *Hakimiet-I-Millieh*, it is very unfortunate that in politics no scientific and historic facts or equity are taken into consideration. This newspaper is convinced that those who voted against the Turks "have not disregarded their conscience but simply obeyed the instructions of their respective governments." Also it firmly believes that the decision can not alter the nature of the question, and that justice will surely reveal itself sooner or later. We read then:

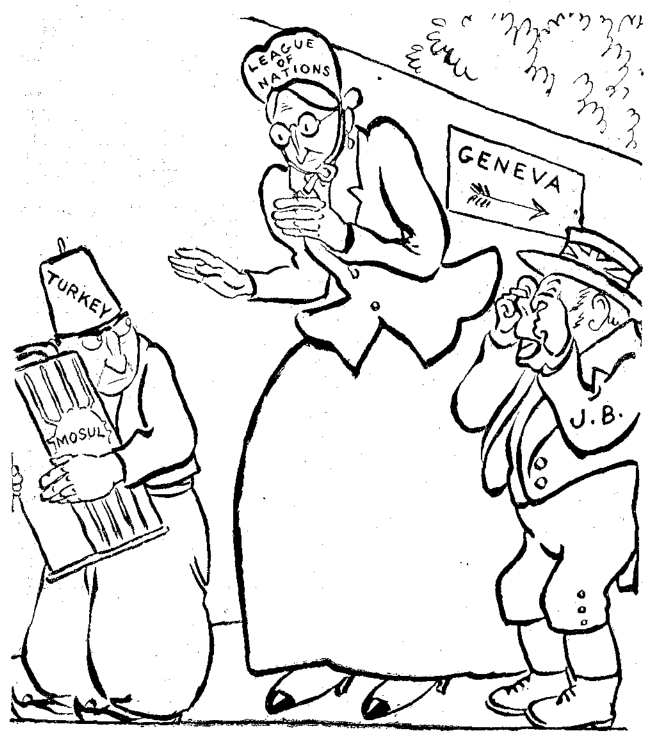
"The present situation may be summed up as follows: either all the nations will have to bow before the British like a flock of sheep or the maintenance of universal peace will always be in danger.

"As regards the desire of the British to facilitate efforts that tend to insure peaceful relations with Turkey, and to safeguard her happiness and prosperity, we may say that perhaps thirty years ago such words would have had some value. But Turkey's present mentality can tell the difference between words and deeds. There are facts which are still quite fresh in our memory. The tragedy of the period of armistice, the Greek adventure in Asia Minor, and now the Mosul comedy, are all facts of yesterday and to-day. The plans and aspirations of Britain are very well known to us. We want deeds and not words, actions and not promises.

"Every Turk having comprehended this truth has decided accordingly. We demand that our rights, being admitted, also be realized. Apart from this, any promise or consolation will be considered by us as merely ironic. The East is fed up with being cheated by the West, and with being a tool in the hands of ambitious Powers. In reality, the position of the Baldwin Cabinet is perilous, as the majority of the British nation is not content to follow the adventurous policy of their present Government. The British people, laboring under heavy taxes, and in a critical financial situation, is not inclined to sympathize with the pre-war adventurers. Therefore, neither threats nor the promises of a handful of conquerors, who are a menace to Britain, have any meaning for us. When the time is ripe we shall make our decision and shall not hesitate a moment to put it into action. Of course, our decision will tend toward the protection of our rights."

In the judgment of the Constantinople *Vakit*, however pacific the Turkish Republic may be, British intrigues may start a new war in the East at the most unexpected moment, and it goes on to say:

> "Therefore our Government signed a Treaty with Russia as an elementary precaution. No doubt our Supreme Military Council will make provision for the protection of the Turkish Motherland.
>
> "Now that Great Britain has succeeded in obtaining the decision she desired, she wishes to arrive at an agreement with us. As a first step she exprest her readiness to grant us a loan of £10,000,000, provided that we use that sum for purchases from British subjects. By doing this, Britain proves her ignorance of Turkish psychology. As a matter of fact, the object of Great Britain is to stultify the Turks. The British plan is to develop negotiations on the one hand and on the other to create disturbances on the Mosul front. Naturally, the British with their usual alertness will see that the blame is thrown on the Turks. It is not improbable that some day a fierce and bloody battle will take place in the East.
>
> "We should not be surprized if Britain continues her provocative actions. She will send mercenary armed brigands to our borders, and quite naturally the Turkish forces will march against them. The next day the British Foreign Secretary will make outcry in order to raise the rest of the world against us. Inasmuch as this is the situation, Turkey will naturally have to make all provisions for her safety."



FRENCH SATIRE

THE LADY OF THE LEAGUE: "Now, be a nice child. Don't you see John is crying? Give him your little oil-can."

—*Charivari* (Paris).

In view of the fact that a treaty of friendship and mutual benevolent neutrality has been signed by Russia and Turkey, it is of interest to note a statement given by Russia's Foreign Minister, Tchitcherin, to the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Mr. Tchitcherin is quoted as saying that after the Locarno Treaty the international situation became acute, but the Mosul decision made it even perilous, according to him, and he added:

> "Naturally, Turkey does not desire war; but, no doubt, the Turks are prepared for any sacrifice for the most vital question of Mosul. Instead of solving the controversy the League of Nations has created a new crisis. Russia will not join the League of Nations because it is not an institute for peace, but, on the contrary, serves to brew intrigues. The Russo-Turkish Treaty must not astonish any one. It was quite natural that the Eastern nations should sign a treaty for their safety as the Western nations signed one for theirs at Locarno."

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN WILL-O'-THE-WISP

INSTEAD OF PURSUING the will-o'-the-wisp of an entente of the "English-speaking peoples," it is said, Englishmen should endeavor to build up the Empire of British peoples which is already in being. These peoples have a definite and valuable contribution to make to civilization, declares a contributor to *The English Review* (London), and this can best be achieved by close cooperation. But "to throw in our lot with America is to take a leap in the dark, for no one knows what America will become, or whither she is going," according to this writer, David Harrison. He would have the English cultivate America's friendship as they cultivate the friendship of France or Italy, but a closer partnership he would seek from "our own kinsfolk in our own Empire." In speaking of what he calls the "myth" of "hands across the sea," he has this to say:

> "It is a curious feature of post-war England that while our relations with European countries, especially France, Germany, and Russia, have excited the liveliest controversy, there is a surprizing unanimity wherever America is concerned. Politicians and newspapers differ acutely as to our European policy, yet at the mere mention of the 'mighty republic' all discord is hushed and our leaders and press unite to praise that 'great democracy,' and extol the benefits of Anglo-American friendship. Thus we are constantly reminded that the 'English-speaking peoples' have innumerable common ties of kindred, language, religion, and culture—that together they can police the world and rescue a Europe fast tottering to destruction. These effusions generally end in a tribute to the high idealism (that inevitable catchword) of America, which a materialistic England is bidden to emulate if she can."

While this writer assures us that his purpose is not to advocate anything but good-will between England and the United States, he thinks the time has come to protest against "the growing spirit of servility toward the United States in which so many of our public men indulge." Ever since the American Civil War, with its unpleasant *Alabama* and other incidents, he avers, British leaders have been scrupulously careful to avoid anything which might have the appearance of offending America. Since the Great War brought America into closer contact with Europe, it is charged, this deference has developed to a point "at which it can only be described as cringing." Nor has this attitude been confined to speech-making, he alleges, but it has even "dictated British internal policy, as in the deplorable Irish 'settlement,' when the betrayal of loyalists was justified partly on the ground that it would appease American opinion." As to the various "common bonds" which are spoken of as forming the basis for Anglo-American close relationship, this writer first questions the significance of the term "common stock," and he remarks:

> "It is, of course, true that the United States sprang from thirteen English colonies which revolted from the mother country only a century and a half ago. But these included Dutch and Swedish settlements, and covered only a small portion of the present territory of the Union, the remainder of which has been mostly annexed since 1783 from the French, Spaniards, Mexicans, and Indians. Thus, had there been no immigration since its foundation, the United States would still be far from possessing a homogeneous Anglo-Saxon population. In actual fact the proportion of the latter has been enormously decreased by its lower fertility, compared with the other races, and by the great volume of immigrants (about thirty-five millions since 1783). In 1920 the foreign-born population (excluding British stock) was about twelve millions out of a total population of 105 millions, and the people of non-British descent were, of course, vastly more numerous. Add to this conglomeration of European nationalities the eleven million or so negroes (every twelfth person in New York City is either a negro or has negro blood), who are not only non-British but non-European and black, and it is evident that to talk of the common stock of English and Americans is mere childishness."

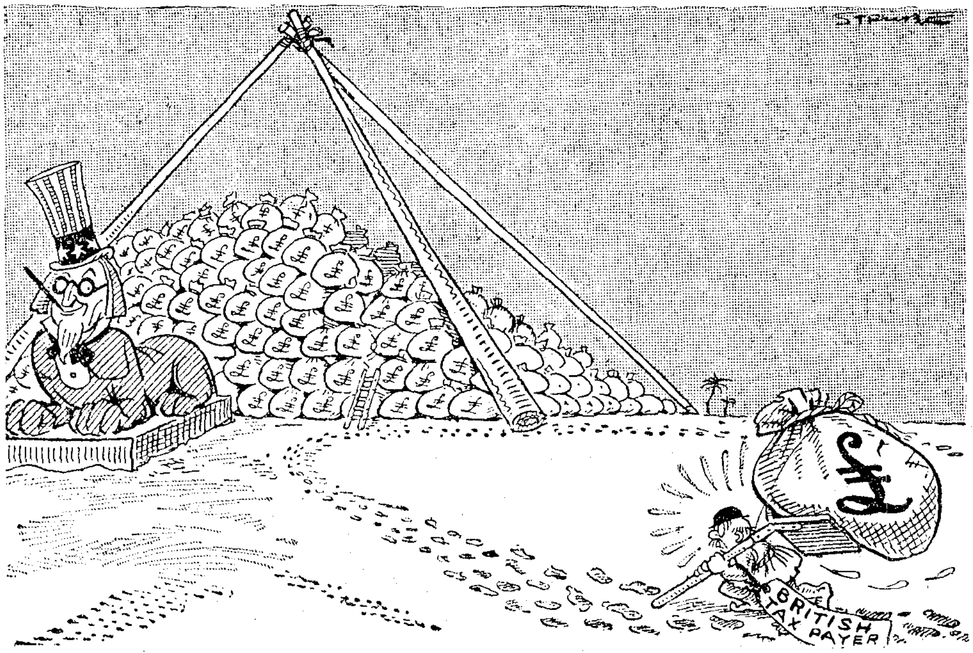
The claim that the two nations share a common Puritan ancestry and culture is ridiculed by this writer, who says that

Puritanism had little success outside of Great Britain, and even there only in the seventeenth century, so that merely the fraction of American population descended from seventeenth-century British settlers, can claim any Puritan ancestry. But he concedes that there is strength in the argument drawn from a "common language," and observes:

> "Undoubtedly language is a strong bond, and it is the boast of America that her enormous alien population is rapidly taught English, and thus in the second or third generation is thoroughly welded into the nation. But we must remember that the American child of European parents is taught to regard his new language as the language of America, not of England. If he thinks of England at all, it is as a nation which for some strange reason speaks a perverted form of American. It is probably truer to say that England is more influenced by the American language broadcast through the agency of the film, the magazine, and the jazz-song—than America by English literature. A certain idiotic song about bananas had recently such a vogue in England as Shakespeare assuredly never enjoyed in America. In any case we may remember that Shakespeare was popular even with German playgoers during the war, so that appreciation of our literature is not necessarily a bond of sympathy with our national aspirations."

Lastly, this writer scores "the vaunted idealism" of the United States, and he declares that while there may be defects as great or greater in British national life than can be discovered in American national life, they are not in point. When claims to moral superiority on the part of the United States are constantly made, and are coupled with American exhortations to Europe to put its house in order, one is bound to examine frankly the bases of such assertions, he thinks, and goes on to say:

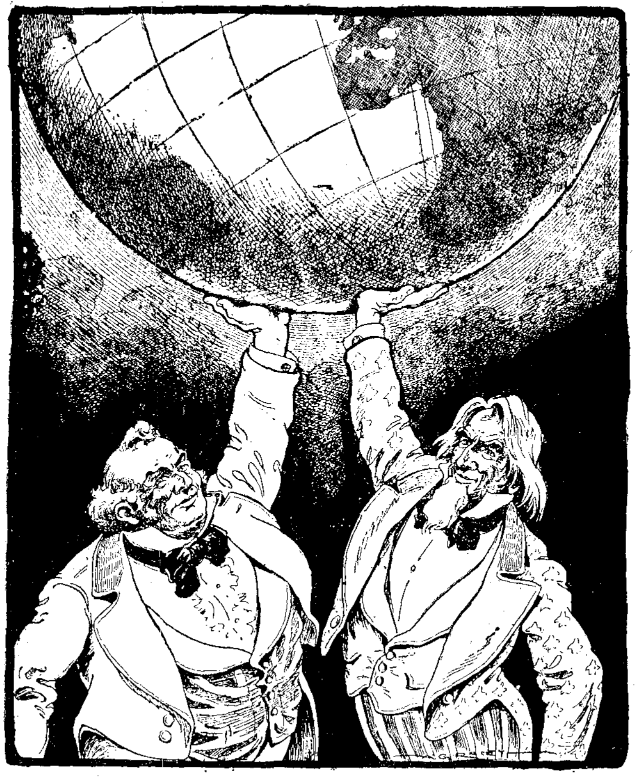
> "It is submitted that on an impartial survey there is not a shred of evidence to support them. However charming the individual Americans with whom our leaders come into contact and while recognizing the valuable relief work carried out in Europe by American effort, the fact remains that the United States as a nation is no higher morally than the western States of Europe and certain disquieting facts suggest a definite inferiority in some respects. Certainly her foreign policy during and since the war—with its failure to discern any moral difference between the belligerents until her own interests were directly touched, her desertion of Europe and Armenia during the critical years of the 'Peace' and her treatment of war debts on a strictly commercial basis, altho her States and cities shamelessly repudiated their debts after the Civil War—suggests a nation acting deliberately according to self-interest."



THE MODERN PYRAMID BUILDER

—*The Daily Express* (London)

A HOME-RULE WAVE IN ALSACE



A CANADIAN SUGGESTION

"If a security pact of this nature could be consummated, it would keep the old globe out of the mud and make the bellicose nations of the world sit up and learn to behave themselves."

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal)

A LONG HISTORY LIES BEHIND the resolutions demanding home rule passed by the Alsatian Congress at Strasbourg in November last, we are told, by those who note that it was inevitable that the reunion of Alsace with France in 1918, after a separation of forty-seven years, should create many problems difficult of solution. The congress was made up of the united Ultra-Patriotic and Clerical parties, forming the so-called Popular Union, and from the press we learn further that there were present one hundred and fifty delegates from all the cantons of Alsace and some dozen deputies from the department. In a resolution of five pages, writes the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, a sort of regional federation was advocated for post-war France, but demanding for Alsace, even tho that reform might not be realized for the rest of the country, a regional administration by an elected regional council, having approximately the same powers as the old Landtag under German rule, and a regional budget, "in short, what seems to be home rule in the Gladstonian sense." The French policy of assimilation was denounced, and we read:

"Equal rights were claimed

for the German spoken by the inhabitants, and the French language.

"That the political section of the Alsatian population which is supposed to be the most ardently pro-French has adopted such a resolution has come as a severe shock to Chauvinist elements in Paris.

"The main resolution leaves to the Parliament in Paris what are called purely 'national,' or, as we should say, 'imperial' affairs—foreign policy, national defense, Army, Navy, and the general national budget and legislation. The regional or provincial Parliament of Alsace would have 'large powers' not only in the control of local administration but in taking decisions of policy. The special laws that obtain in Alsace—for the application of the Concordat with the Vatican and the social and insurance system inherited from Germany—'shall not be modified except with the consent of the regional council.'"

In an article contributed to the Manchester *Guardian*, Arnold J. Toynbee advises us that during the half-century of separation between France and Alsace each party has changed in some respects and stood still in others. By a curious fatality, he relates, Alsace has remained stationary in the ecclesiastical field, where France has changed most, while France has made relatively little advance in the field of social legislation, where Alsace has shared in the pioneer progress of the German Reich, with which she had been forcibly incorporated, and he add:

"The situation has been further complicated by becoming mixed up with French internal politics. When Mr. Herriot—inheriting the policy of the French Left in favor of the separation of Church and State—came into power in France in 1924 he found that the deputies returned to the French Chamber by the three Alsatian departments were supporters, almost to a man, of the ultra-Conservative Opposition. It has been claimed that this was largely due to the clumsiness of the present French electoral system. Still, the fact remains; and the French Right, on their side, for their own party purposes, have held out their hands to the Alsatians."

In her ecclesiastical organization, Mr. Toynbee points out, Alsace is a later-day relic of the France of the Second Empire, and is thus an incongruous element in the "laicised" France of to-day. But it must be noted, he tells us, that the relations of Church and State—on which the interest of French politicians in the Alsatian problem is concentrated—is only one among several questions which interest the Alsatians, and he proceeds:

"The industrial and urban element in Alsace is concerned to keep the social legislation which was introduced, to its benefit, during the half-century of political association with Germany, and is also anxious that the economic dislocation produced by the political separation of Alsace from the Reich since the war shall be mitigated as far as possible, tho, at the best, it is bound to be severe, since Alsace underwent the industrial revolution hand in hand with Germany, and her economic life became intertwined with Germany's in the process."

In the Paris *Journal des Débats*, Pierre de Bernus refers to an article written by a French senator on the subject of the situation and administration in Alsace since the Armistice. He calls it a complete survey, which is valuable for the information and opinions it contains on all the administrations that the recovered provinces have had. Mr. Bernus relates that this article "reveals the conditions and the difficulties of the problem of assimilation—of which there has never been any doubt at Paris—of the great work that has been accomplished, and of the mistakes that have been made." We read then:

"It is evident that if Germany, by the Locarno Treaties, officially renounces all claim to Alsace and Lorraine, this does not mean that she has abandoned the hopes she builds on autonomous tendencies to be nourished and favored in Alsace, on the faults that we have committed, and on those that we may commit again. Thus will Germany guide all her policy and all her active and perfidious propaganda on the subject of these former countries of the Reich. It is for us, on our part, so to direct our policy in the disannexed provinces in order that we do not provide the Germans with ammunition, to avoid past errors, and to counter and combat German machinations."

FRICTION AMONG RUSSIAN COMMUNIST LEADERS

GRAVE INTERNAL CONFLICTS in the Russian Communist party are said to have come to light at the latest, and the fourteenth, All-Russian Congress of that organization. The news is so welcome to some anti-Bolshevik Russian editors that they exclaim: "It can be stated with certainty that the Communist party is tottering and may any day collapse." On the other hand, there are other anti-Bolshevik Russian editors who assert that now as in the past matters will be patched up in the party, the "final decomposition" of which is still to be waited for. The Communist Congress, we learn from the Russian press, assembles every year to outline the policies to be followed by the Communist party. The political importance of these meetings is said to be enormous because of the fact that all government offices from the lowest to the highest, as well as all posts in the Third International, are manned by members of the Communist party, which is the only real party existent in Russia. It appears that L. Kamenev, described as one of the strongest men of the Soviet Government, G. Zinoviev, president of the Third International, Mrs. Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, as well as other influential leaders, sided against the Party's Central Committee, at whose head is Secretary-General Stalin. But altho this opposition group was severe in its criticism of the Central Committee, we are told that it was outvoted by the majority of the Congress, which supported Mr. Stalin. We read further that both Kamenev and Zinoviev lost a great deal of their weight and influence in Russian affairs, and that Kamenev's decline is indicated by the fact that he was not reelected to what is known as the Steering Bureau of the party. This is made up of seven members and is described as the unofficial Government of Soviet Russia, standing high in authority above the Council of People's Commissaries. As to Trotzky, it appears that he regained some of the power he lost a year ago, because of his attacks on the Central Committee, and also that his seat in the Steering Bureau was restored to him.

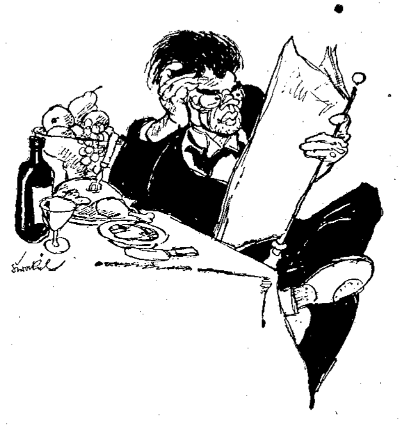
In the Moscow *Pravda*, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, we read that the Kamenev-Zinoviev opposition at the Congress accused the Bolsheviks of having made too many concessions to capitalists. The New Economic Policy (Nep), which was introduced by Lenin a few years ago, this opposition maintained, has been carried too far. Zinoviev asserted, according to this newspaper, that because of a certain freedom allowed to private capital, a number of social groups hostile to the Soviets are crystallizing in Russia. The *Pravda* quotes him as charging further that:

"The chief of these groups is made up of the wealthier peasants (*kulaki*), who live in the villages. But there are also others in the cities. Among them are: 1. 'Nepmen,' or, the new kind of business men; 2. The bourgeois in general; 3. Technical experts employed in Soviet enterprises and upon whom our economic life is growing more and more dependent; 4. A section of our workers, whose total number has reached 2,500,000, but of which only a part can be counted as Communists; 5. Some of the bourgeois intelligentsia; 6. All the international capitalistic elements which support and encourage these groups in every way."

Therefore, the *Pravda* goes on to say, the opposition at the Congress advised the party to decree measures which would mean a return to the more rigid and older form of Communism. But apparently the party rejected these proposals, on the ground that to inaugurate the measures suggested by the opposition would mean harm to the economic status of Soviet Russia. Now the thing that really matters, in the view of the *Pravda*, is the wide differences of opinion that the Congress revealed, and it believes they may eventually lead to a break in the party. This newspaper continues:

"The late Lenin used to point out the great danger of disputes in the proletarian party when it holds power. If a breach appears in the proletariat when organized into the machinery of a State, this breach always is likely to widen. A small breach becomes a large one, conflicting tendencies crystallize into groups, and groups assume the form of factions with mutually repellent programs. This inevitably undermines the authority of the party-leaders, and within the party begins a severe struggle which is always pregnant of more divisions. Such a struggle inevitably weakens the party and shakes the very foundations of the proletarian dictatorship. . . . Lenin wrote: 'One who weakens the iron discipline of a proletarian party—especially if this party is the dictator of a country—thereby helps the bourgeoisie to fight against the proletariat!'"

It is natural, therefore, for the *Pravda* to condemn severely the Kamenev-Zinoviev bloc, which it holds responsible for "the very serious crisis in the party," and it expresses the hope that this crisis may be got through without a split. But without dismay, anti-Bolshevik Russian journals call attention to the bitter accusations that were hurled about during the Congress by one party leader against another, all of which were printed in the *Pravda*. This is taken as proof that there is much of ill-omen in present conditions, and the Paris *Posliednia Novosti* remarks:



A GERMAN SLAM

"In Soviet Russia the best way to combat the hunger of the masses is to muzzle the press." —*Dorfbarbier* (Berlin).

"The history of Soviet Russia has apparently reached an important turning-point. The flames of the internal conflict which the Communists succeeded in keeping down are now raging. In one day the unanimous and terrible Steering Bureau, which has controlled the Government and the State with an iron hand, split into two camps each in open hostility to the other. The Bolsheviks have shown us one of the most remarkable examples of unity and solidarity for the sake of self-preservation that history records. Everything was subject to the chief purpose—the preservation of power. Yet now, having strangled Russia's freedom, they strangle the freedom of their own party by prohibiting its members from having ideas of their own which differ from the official party opinion."

The constitutional-Monarchist *Vozrozhdenie* (Paris), which reflects the opinions of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevich, says:

"The Communist party no longer exists as one body in the old sense of that word. This was clearly stated by Comrade Bukharin in his answer to Zinoviev's speech. . . . The party has lost the iron unity of centralized leadership. Before, when the minority of the party considered itself, as it were, guilty of not sharing the 'general will' of the party, it was ready to bow to that will. Now it wants to assert itself. It persists in its own opinions, with as great a violence as party-discipline can permit. To the horror of Comrade Bukharin there has appeared within the party something like a faction. The importance of this fact should not be overrated; yet it can not be denied."

The Berlin anti-Bolshevik-Russian *Rul* is of the opinion that tho the ultra-Communist suggestions of Kamenev and Zinoviev were not accepted by the Congress, and private capital will still enjoy "the miserable possibility of living from hand to mouth in Soviet Russia," the general policy of the party is liable to turn a little to the Left so as to give at least some satisfaction to the Kamenev-Zinoviev group. But, this paper tells us further, the main feature of the discussions that took place at the Congress lay not in this fact, but in the mutual hatred which the Communist leaders showed toward one another, and we read:

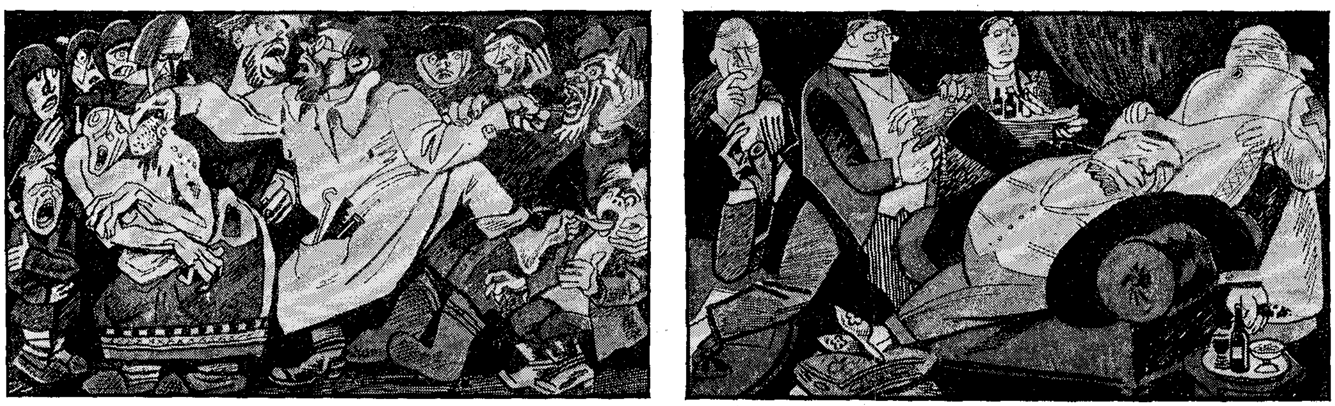
"There has never been a band of robbers whose leaders have not ended by jumping at one another's throats, especially if the affairs of the band did not go well, and if difficulties arose about a division of the spoils. . . . Indeed, the columns of the *Pravda* have lately shown us a hideous sight. The debates assumed the form of an indecent exchange of invectives. To this it must be added that both parties to the dispute quote and invoke the late Lenin, so that mutual recriminations and anathemas darken the memory of the late leader of leaders. Not perceiving the ridiculousness of its stand, the Central Committee has threatened to decree that it alone has the right to interpret Lenin's words and thoughts. Yes, since the memorable discussion over Trotzky, which took place a year ago, the Communist party has advanced in the direction of decomposition."

Yet this journal believes that now as in the past, some sort of an agreement will be patched up, and that the "final decomposition of the party" is an event still to be awaited.

According to Arthur Ransome, Moscow correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, the more important speakers at the Congress spoke repeatedly for several hours, and he tells us further:

"From the twenty or thirty square yards of reported speeches it would seem that the point at issue, apart from the question of leadership, is not one of immediate politics but of the diagnosis of existing facts. Russia is developing rapidly, and the Communists differ in finding words from the Marxist vocabulary to fit that development.

"Rykoff summed up as follows: 'The Opposition declares that without a proletarian revolution in the west Socialism can not be set up in Russia on account of our technical economic backwardness. We reply that by following the right policy we can do it in spite of technical backwardness.'"



A MOSCOW ADMISSION

"Russian press reports relate that town doctors are unwilling to practise in the country, with the result that there are ten patients to one doctor in the country, while in the cities there are ten doctors to one patient." —*Krokodil* (Moscow).

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

HOW MANY TASTES ARE THERE?

ONLY FIVE, answers Prof. D. Fraser Harris, writing in *Conquest* (London). Many surprizing discoveries, we are told, have been made about the sense of taste. Roast turkey, roast beef and roast horseflesh all taste alike. In fact, they have practically no true taste at all, and the undoubted gastronomical differences are differences of smell. A little consideration of food and drink shows that in our likes and dislikes the nose matters more than the palate. The number of true, or pure, tastes which we possess is smaller than most people think. We have, in fact, only the following true tastes: Acid, or sour; alkaline, or soapy; sweet; bitter and salt. He goes on:

"Vinegar is sour, baking powder is soapy, sugar is sweet, quinin is bitter and salt is saline. Anything in addition to these that we may perceive in regard to what we take into the mouth belongs either to the group of the odors, to that of contacts, or to that of sensations of heat and cold. In other words, nerves of taste, of smell, of touch, and of heat and cold are all involved in what we call 'tasting' anything.

"An example may make this clearer. If you are asked what the taste of an apple is like you would reply, 'Oh, well, just its own taste, the taste of an apple.' But there is no such taste; an apple must be sweet or sour; what we call the 'taste' of the apple is its flavor or smell, which can be perceived before the fruit is taken into the mouth at all. The so-called 'taste' of the apple is an odor, something volatile which ascends from the mouth to the nose by the back of the throat and is there perceived through the nerve of smell.

"Several sensations are aroused by the eating of an apple. There is the contact with its solid substance; this is mediated by the nerves of touch or contact in the tongue, gums, cheeks and palate. Then there is the sensation of sweetness if the apple is ripe; then the sensation of cold, especially if the fruit has been in cold storage; and, lastly, there is the smell, or odor, of it, popularly called 'the taste.'

"All those four kinds of nerves of sensation are generally involved in the 'tasting' of our ordinary food. Now, one set in this group, the olfactory, can be voluntarily abolished, as when we close the nostrils while eating the apple, in which case no air ascends from the mouth to the nose, so that we can not smell the apple and so can not recognize it as apple. We derive in this case very little so-called 'gastronomic' (better olfactory) pleasure from it.

"A person blindfolded and told to 'hold his nose' has the greatest difficulty in distinguishing a raw (if not too sweet) apple from a raw potato. The writer has seen a person thus quite unable to say which was which. A bad cold in the head gives us the same experience; we say our 'taste' has gone, whereas the five true tastes are still intact, but the nasal congestion, preventing the ascent of air from the mouth, has abolished our sense of smell. People say they have lost their 'taste,' but it is their sense of smell that is gone. All the true tastes are retained in a cold.

"So important are these odors or flavors in the enjoyment of one's food that when people have a cold they say, 'Since I can not taste anything it doesn't matter what I eat just now.' The pleasure we derive from eating is very largely olfactory. Our enjoyment of the flavor of roast meat, wine, tea, cheese, and fruits all depends on our sense of smell.

"Indeed, so many of the staple articles of our food are devoid of tastes and flavors that we add all sorts of flavorings and seasonings to make them more interesting. Take the case of a milk-pudding: if the vanilla and the sugar have been left out, how utterly insipid the rice or the tapioca becomes!

"We speak of a person having a delicate 'palate'; we really mean he has an acute sense of smell. The attraction of wine for connoisseurs is in its flavor, or bouquet; they sip it slowly; they do not take it in a mug.

"Alcohol has no taste in itself; it is neither acid nor alkaline, sweet, bitter or salt.

"A sweet wine or cider is sweet from sugar like any other sweet thing. Beer is bitter from hops, an inferior port from tannic acid. Pure alcohol has an irritating effect, giving rise to the hot sensation once described by Pat in *Punch* as 'going down like a torchlight procession.' Exactly the same irritant effect on touch nerves is produced by pepper, mustard, capsicum, and the many condiments. Peppermint stimulates the cold-perceiving nerves, so that just after it has been taken a current of air at the ordinary temperature seems quite cold.

"Few foods are in themselves sour—buttermilk is an exception—few are salt, few are soapy or bitter. Hence the meaning of the addition of so many accessory materials to food—salt, flavors, relishes, condiments, herbs, garnishing, etc."

The true tastes, Dr. Harris goes on to say, have different "end-organs," or "taste-buds," and they are distributed as follows: The sweet-perceiving are on the front of the tongue; the acid-perceiving are at the sides; while the bitter-perceiving are at the back. Thus to taste a sweet liquid it is enough to put the tip of the tongue into it, it does not need to be swallowed; whereas a bitter substance is not tasted until it has nearly gone over the back of the tongue. If some time has elapsed since we last took quinin, and we are swallowing our dose slowly, we have time to think it is not so bad after all until it reaches the full development of its disagreeableness literally at "the bitter end." He proceeds:

"Tapping the front of the tongue with a clean glass rod produces a sweetish taste, and rubbing it against the side of the tongue quite far back will give rise to a bitter sensation. Alternating (induced) electric currents, far too futile to affect the retina or the skin, and too weak to cause electrolysis, can produce distinctly different tastes according to the part of the tongue stimulated.

"By chewing the leaves of the African plant, *Gymnema syvestic*, only the bitter-perceiving end-organs are quickly paralyzed, so that a very bitter medicine may be comfortably swallowed. Later, the sweet taste is also abolished by gymnema. Cocain, which in high concentrations abolishes all the five tastes, as well as touch, temperature sensations and pain, abolishes the bitter tastes first.

"Taste-buds are found only in the mouth, so that we can not taste food when once it has been swallowed.

"We appreciate some things for the massive, contact sensation, as, for instance, the thick liqueurs with their non-irritant oily contact.

"When, long ago, we used to take castor oil, it was not its oily contact we so disliked, but its nauseating odor; and so in the nursery we were told 'to hold' our noses or had them held vicariously for us. This prevented the odor, not the taste, getting to the nose; for all kinds of castor oil is virtually 'tasteless.'

"It will be apparent that we can perceive two different tastes at the same time; in fact, we can taste two such opposites as bitter and sweet; for we can mix quinin and sugar in the right proportions to stimulate simultaneously the bitter- and the sweet-perceiving end-organs.

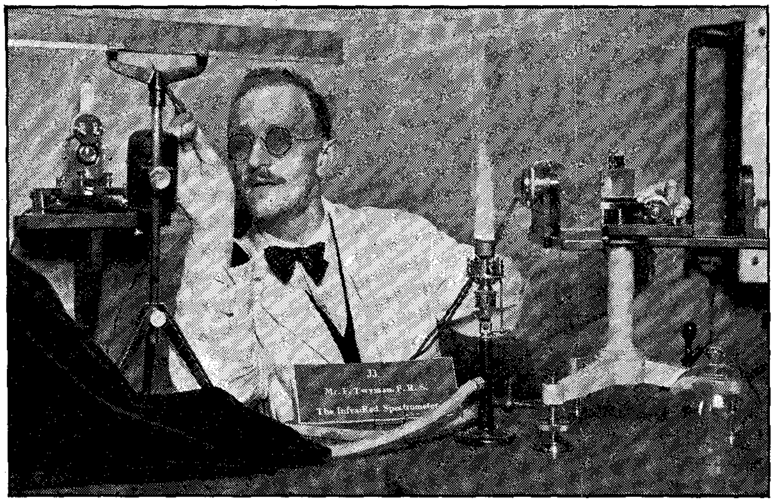
"Lemonade is acid and sweet at the same time; a ripe banana is sweet and soapy at the same time. Many things other than sugar are sweet—glycerin, saccharin (which is hundreds of times sweeter), and acetate of lead, which is so sweet it is called 'sugar of lead.' Now the chemical constitutions of these substances have hardly anything in common; we do not know why these things, so different from one another, can all stimulate the sweet-perceiving nerves. Similarly, many things very different chemically are all bitter: quinin, strychnin, poisonous cheese, unwholesome mushrooms, Epsom salts and bitter almonds. And, of course, the number of different acids known to chemists is enormous, but they all stimulate the same gustatory nerves.

"The taste nerves seem to be paralyzed by extremes of heat and cold. Something that may be taken very hot, as, for instance, tea, can prevent our getting the flavor of the beverage. Similarly, very cold viands can render the 'palate' insensitive to the taste of something taken immediately afterward."

BLACK LIGHT

TO SPEAK OF "BLACK LIGHT" sounds like a contradiction says Dr. E. E. Free in *The Forum* (New York). How, he asks, can light be black? The very essence of blackness is that no light is there. Nevertheless, there really is such a thing as black light, and that name for it is a quite correct and reasonable one. Scientists are studying actively the remarkable rays thus called. Practical applications of them seem not far ahead. He goes on:

"The photograph is published by permission of the British Empire Exhibition Committee of the Royal Society and shows an instrument with which the rays of black light can be detected and measured. During all of last summer this instrument was on view in the Science Exhibition at Wembley, near London.



Courtesy of *The Forum* (New York)

INVESTIGATING BLACK LIGHT

At the reader's right is an instrument which analyzes the invisible "black light" from the hot core of a gas flame. The instrument uses a prism of crystal rock salt. The intensity of the black rays is measured electrically and is indicated by a moving spot of light on the scale to which the operator points.

"Black light is the newer name for rays described in the text-books of physics as the 'infra-red' rays. This does not mean that they are red or that there is any hint of redness about them. It refers, merely, to the physical fact of their place in the familiar rainbow-colored strip, or 'spectrum,' which you see when you spread out a beam of ordinary white light through a glass prism. At one end of this strip is the violet light; at its other end is the red. In between lie the blue, the green, the yellow, and the orange.

"At the two ends of the spectrum, beyond the red and the violet respectively, the human eye sees nothing. The background is left 'black.' But that does not mean that there is no light there. If you place a delicate light-detecting instrument just outside the red end of the spectral strip, the instrument will indicate at once the existence of a strong radiation. This radiation falls quite outside the visible spectrum, at the 'nearer' or red end. Hence its name of 'infra-red.' At the other end of the spectrum, beyond the last visible rays of violet light, we find other invisible rays, those which have been named the 'ultra-violet.'

"All kinds of light, including the new 'black light,' are believed to consist of vibrations in the ether. They are not unlike the waves on the surface of the ocean, but incomparably faster and more pervasive. Different kinds of light are distinguished by their wave-lengths, or, what is the same thing, by the number of complete waves, or 'vibrations' which pass a given point each second. Violet light consists, for example, of waves which vibrate some 800 trillions of times each second. Red light vibrates more slowly; its vibrations number only some 400 trillions a second. Between these two limits lie all the known kinds of vibrations which affect the human eye.

"But the other speeds of vibration exist; a great many of them. The black light of the infra-red rays consists of vibrations which are merely a little slower than those of red light. Slower still are the vibrations of the waves of heat. Slowest of all are the vibrations of the radio waves; for radio, too, is carried by a variety of light the vibrations of which differ from visible light only in that they are too slow to be perceived by human senses. The slowest and 'longest' radio waves may vibrate as slowly as ten or fifteen thousand times a second.

"There are waves, too, still faster than light. The fastest which we know about at present are those given off by radium; the so-called gamma rays. These vibrate with the astounding rapidity of more than 150 quintillion times a second. For the pendulum of an ordinary clock to make as many back-and-forth vibrations as these fastest waves make in one second, the clock would have to run continuously for more than a billion years."

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN TRAITS

AN AMERICAN PHYSICAL TYPE not only exists, according to Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the anthropologist, but we are assimilating to it those of other racial types who come to us. Thus environment has its decisive innings against heredity, says the New York *Times*, in the results garnered by Dr. Hrdlicka from his long quest of this physical type—as distinct as the typical Englishman or Irishman. Dr. Hrdlicka's investigations, we are told, have extended over fourteen years. He has taken the physical measurements of 1,000 Old Americans and made observations on as many more. By Old American is designated a native citizen both of whose parents and all four of whose grandparents were born in this country. We read:

"The investigator measures the Old American and finds him 'very satisfactory.' The average height of the men is 5 feet 8.6 inches, of the women 5 feet 3.7 inches. This is above the height of the American people in general, and taller by nearly an inch than the average Scotchman, who up to recently enjoyed the reputation of looming up highest into the European atmosphere. The Old American is slender, with narrow hands and feet, prevalently brown hair, face of a longish oval, notably reduced cheekbones, relatively long nose, moderately developed jawbone, thin lips. Dr. Hrdlicka finds him 'frank, healthy, intelligent.'

"Environment scores over heredity in the fact that in 1790 the first census showed 89 per cent. of the American population to be of British blood, while the remainder was of German, Dutch, Irish and French stock. In other words, the overwhelmingly dominant type in 1790 was what has come to be known as Nordic. Yet the Old American, descending from this Nordic stock and uninfluenced by immigration for at least eighty years, does not show the standard Nordic traits. Few Old Americans are true blonds. One-third of them have light-colored eyes, but only one woman among 14.5 and only one man among 16 was found to have truly fair hair. More than half of the men and nearly half of the women are medium in tint, 'neither blond nor brunet.' There would thus seem to be at work here, not the predetermined racial plasm, but the well-known influence of environment—climate, occupation, possibly diet.

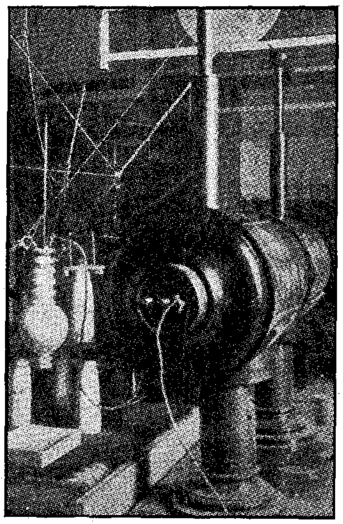
"Pigmentation of the skin is nature's protection against the rays of the sun. As man moved into the chill of Northern Europe and put on clothes, coloring matter as a protection against the sun became less important. Blondness resulted. If the Old American has reverted from blondness, it would be because he is compelled to wear less clothes in our bracing air than he did in damp Northern Europe.

"Before Dr. Hrdlicka the effect of environment on the American type was studied on a smaller scale by Franz Boas. His investigation of immigrant children showed notable changes in the first native generation, in the direction of tallness and skull conformity to the general American type. Climate, diet, exercise, were apparently at work. It is even conceivable that a good suit of shapely American clothes has a tendency to straighten the backbone and throw back the shoulders permanently. At any rate, Dr. Hrdlicka is now in agreement with Dr. Boas when he declares that 'all available evidence points to the fact that, like the older population, the later comers to this country have been undergoing a gradual physical improvement, in the direction of the type of the Old American.'"

HAVE THE MODERN ALCHEMISTS SUCCEEDED?

WAS THE GOLD found by German and Japanese chemists in electrically treated mercury transmuted from part of the mercury, or was it an impurity, present from the outset? This question is examined judicially by *Conquest* (London). We read:

"Attracted to gold as surely as bees to honey, others have tried to repeat this work, and, not being able to get gold, accuse the first investigators of having used an impure mercury, containing among its impurities nothing other than gold itself. To see how far the critics or the criticized are deluded, it would not be out of place if we run through the facts very briefly.



A MODERN ALCHEMIST'S FURNACE

Apparatus employed by the Japanese physicist Professor Nagaoka in his attempt to confirm the transmutation experiment of Professor Miethe and Dr. Stammreich.

"The first work appeared in *Die Naturwissenschaften* of July 18, 1924. There Professor Miethe and Dr. Stammreich, of the Technical High School of Charlottenburg, claimed to have transmuted mercury into gold. Using a high-tension electric discharge of 170 volts between the electrodes of a special type of mercury vapor lamp (somewhat similar to those used in cinematographic work) they found a black deposit was formed inside the lamp. On analyzing this they found it to contain from 0.1 to 0.01 milligrams of a substance giving all the chemical and physical tests of gold. They were, however, unable to get sufficient to determine its molecular weight. They analyzed their mercury very carefully before making the experiments, even using the Haber method which has recently revealed the enormous quantities of gold carried to the sea annually by the Rhine, but found no trace of gold whatever. Hence they not unexpectedly claimed to have effected a transmutation.

"Theoretical arguments in their favor were not wanting. As soon as a month afterward Professor Soddy wrote to *Nature* showing that such a transmutation of mercury to gold would be inevitable were the mercury subjected to a sufficiently high-tension discharge. The result, he wrote, would be an electronic alteration in the nucleus of the mercury atom so as to reduce its atomic number by one and convert it into an isotope of gold. Such gold would be to all chemical intents and purposes identical with ordinary gold, but its atomic weight would vary from that of ordinary gold by one or two units. Dr. Kaul, in an article in *Die Metallborse* about the same time, arguing from a different standpoint, came to the same conclusion. Dr. Aston, the eminent English physicist, writing in *Nature* last August, gave it as his opinion that such an isotope would have an atomic weight of at least 198 as against the 195.6 of normal gold.

"Practical evidence has also been provided by the independent work of Professor Nagaoka, of the Institute of Physical and Chemical Research of Tokyo. He gives the results of his experiments in a letter to *Nature* in July, 1925, which contains a photograph of the apparatus used. The details are a little different from the German, and he used a much more intense electrical action. He obtained a similar black paste giving all the tests for gold. He did not, however, obtain sufficient to determine its molecular weight. This, however, has now been done for the gold obtained by Professor Miethe's method by Honigschmidt and Zintl, and they found it identical with that of ordinary gold, and thus not in accordance with Dr. Aston's suggestion.

"Furthermore, it lends weight to the arguments of the critics that the gold is an impurity. Tiede, Scheede and Goldschmidt failed to get any trace of gold by Miethe's method after purifying it by two distillations in a very high vacuum. Professor Sheldon and Mr. Estey, of New York University, took exceptional care in distilling; and in treating the mercury used a discharge that should have given them at least ten times as much mercury as Professor Miethe. They failed to get any, however. In another series of experiments they used Miethe's method in every detail, using extremely pure naturally gold-free mercury specially procured for the purpose. Again they failed.

"There thus is considerable doubt whether mercury has been transmuted. In the first place the mercury always contains gold, and this is only eliminated with great difficulty. Secondly, the gold has the ordinary atomic weight, whereas theoretically it should be at least 198. Thirdly, the Japanese workers experimented in a laboratory where gold was habitually analyzed, and altho they took special precautions, it is possible that traces may have entered their apparatus. Nevertheless, considerably more evidence is required before we should discredit entirely the transmutation."

WHAT DID THE ALCHEMISTS MAKE?

CERTAINLY NOT GOLD, as they thought, but may they not have turned out "something just as good"? Dr. E. E. Free thinks that this may have been the case. Writing in *The Forum* (New York), he asserts that one result of the interest in Professor Miethe's gold-making announcement and in the testing of it is a renewed examination of the claims and comments of those skilful ancients whom we call the alchemists. The word alchemy, he goes on, has fallen, scientifically, into disrepute. We think of it as a delusion, like the fountain of youth or perpetual motion. This is a little unjust, he thinks. The alchemists were the chemists of their day. They were honest, industrious, respected. It is always unwise to imagine that the great men of another age were either knaves or fools. To quote further:

"It is quite possible that they *did* make gold; or what passed with them for gold—what, practically speaking, *was* gold.

"We define gold, to-day, in a chemical fashion. We know of certain chemical tests made with tin salts and other things, to which the atom of no element except gold will respond. We apply these tests. If they fail we say that the substance before us is not gold, no matter how gilt it may be nor how goldlike may be its properties.

"This is a new way to define it. The alchemists had no acquaintance with atoms, nor were they much concerned with chemical tests. When they wanted gold, what they wanted was something which would look like gold, would feel like gold, would behave like gold against the air and water and fire. Such tests constituted their definition of gold.

"A number of alchemists recorded that they had made gold. We know how to make, to-day, a number of alloys that look enough like gold to be its twin. Probably this is just what some of our ancient fellow-chemists did and what they considered, rightly enough, to be a considerable success."

TEACHING FISH TO LIVE IN HOT WATER—Different kinds of fish can stand different degrees of temperature; all kinds can be acclimated to warmer water than they are naturally used to, and they can also be made more sensitive to high temperatures than they are in a state of nature. Dr. Edward S. Hathaway of Tulane University, New Orleans, told of his experiments before the Ecological Society of America recently in Kansas City. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Hathaway found that the highest temperature that a yellow perch could endure for twenty-four hours without dying was about 85 degrees F. For large-mouthed black bass it was just under 90 degrees, for blue-gill 92.5 degrees, for toad tadpoles nearly 98 degrees. It was found that the tolerance limit of each species could be raised gradually by exposure to high temperatures, while in each case the tolerance limit was lowered by exposure to cold. The typically shallow-water fishes (blue-gill, pumpkinseed and bass) gained and lost tolerance by acclimatization much more rapidly than the perch, which is normally an inhabitant of deeper, cooler water. Toad tadpoles, which are normally exposed to wide fluctuations of temperature, gained tolerance fairly rapidly by exposure to heat, but did not lose it as rapidly as did the fishes, when exposed to cold."

OUR DANGER POINTS

SOME PARTS OF THE BODY are more vulnerable than others. This was early discovered by primitive man and is symbolized in such legends as that of the heel of Achilles and the spot upon the body of Siegfried upon which a maple leaf fell, thus protecting it from the baptism of dragon's blood which made the rest of his body immune from injury. Modern science has made an intensive study of the reasons why certain parts of the organism are more susceptible than others to serious injury. The matter is treated in a late number of *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), by Dr. W. Schweisheiner. After recapitulating the common knowledge regarding the vulnerability of the heart, the chief arteries, etc., he observes that the Oriental art of jiu-jitsu is founded upon knowledge of the danger points of the body, and on a carefully-worked-out system of striking at these in offensive and protecting them in defense. He continues:

"Most important of all among the sensitive spots of the body is the Adam's apple. Pressure with both thumbs at this point is almost insupportable, while a blow may so injure it as to cause lasting disturbances of the powers of speech, as well as interference with the functions of breathing and swallowing which may amount to torture.

"Very painful, too, is a pressure upon the small hollows below the ears and behind the upper jaw, since such a pressure directly affects certain trunk nerves, while a blow with the edge of the hand above the temples or ears may cause concussion of the brain or even a fracture of the skull. Blows upon the nape of the neck or the point of the chin have been known to cause death by fracturing the upper vertebra of the neck. The base of the nose and the septum are likewise easily injured."

The more vulnerable portions of the trunk, including the vicinity of the kidneys, are next considered. We read:

"A firm pressure upon the upper thigh at the width of the hand above the knee, or upon the upper arm at a like distance above the elbow, will produce unbearable pain due to pressure of a nerve trunk against the bone, while a blow on the point of the elbow, or 'funny bone,' strikes the ulnar nerve which supplies a part of the forearm, thus causing pain and immediate helplessness. Pressure upon important nerve branches may also be exerted by grasping the outside of the elbow with the four fingers at the same time pressing the hollow of the elbow hard with the thumb."

Other areas especially susceptible to pain are the upper lip and the abdomen. Further light upon the vulnerable portions of the body is thrown by accident statistics. The author gives us the percentages derived from a study of 300,000 cases of injury among persons of all classes:—

Head	4.3 per cent. of all accidents
Eyes	5.8 " " " " "
Trunk	8.1 " " " " "
Arm and Hand	53.0 " " " " "
Leg and Foot	28.8 " " " " "

Accidents to the arm and hand are divided as follows: The arms 18.6 per cent.; the hands 14.2 per cent.; the fingers 67.2 per cent. The upper and lower limbs are the subject of about 82 per cent. of all injuries, the head and eyes of 10 per cent. and the trunk of 8 per cent. We read further:

"But the frequency percentages of accidents does not run parallel to their dangerousness. Tabulated figures show that the most dangerous injuries are those to the head, of which 22 per cent. are fatal; injuries to the trunk come next. The frequent injuries to arm and hand seldom prove fatal. While injuries to the eyes seldom lead to death, they incapacitate the victim for self-support in a high percentage of cases."

The value of these studies consists, of course, in the data they offer for the construction of protective devices. Some of these are mentioned by the author, as follows:

"Successful attempts have recently been made to employ blind persons in factory jobs, especially those blinded in the war. For such persons protective devices must be especially efficient. They include spectacles or other devices to guard against fragments of metal or against the effect of light rays, apparatus for the removal of dust and for the protection of specially endangered portions of the body in individual cases."

But the list of external danger points does not complete the story of the body's vulnerability, Dr. Schweisheiner reminds us:

"The body is exposed to danger, not only externally but internally. The most vulnerable portions of the internal economy include the mucous membrane lining the mouth, the bronchial tubes and the digestive organs. This membrane does not possess the powers of resistance of the uninjured external skin. Moreover, its powers of resistance vary greatly with individuals, some of whom are more susceptible to attack in the tonsils, others in the stomach, intestines, bronchial tubes, etc., as the case may be.

"Such especially susceptible places are called areas of lowered resistance, and they must be strengthened as much as possible and protected from injurious circumstances."

CATHODE RAYS TO KILL GERMS

CATHODE RAYS, formerly produced within glass vacuum tubes by the discharge of heavy electric currents, can now be produced in the air in such quantities as to kill bacteria and insects, and cause other striking physiological and physical effects, by means of an apparatus developed by Dr. W. D. Coolidge and described by him in *Science*. We quote a review from Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington) as follows:

"Dr. Coolidge, inventor of the Coolidge X-ray tube now in general use in hospitals and laboratories, uses a tube of very high vacuum, with the discharge made from an electrode within it, which is heated by another electric current. At one end of the tube is a 'window' of thin aluminum, as large as three inches in diameter, which keeps the air from getting into the tube. but which permits the cathode rays, consisting of rapidly moving electrons, to pass outward.

"With a potential as high as 250,000 volts, and a current of several thousandths of an ampere, the rays travel as far as eighteen inches from the tube, and produce a purplish glowing of the air in front of it. Crystals of calcite, a mineral similar to limestone, glow with an orange light when placed in the path of the rays, and continue to do so for several hours after the exposure has ended. 'In addition to this,' says Dr. Coolidge, 'they may show bluish-white scintillations. These have been observed while the crystal is undergoing bombardment and for as long as a minute after raying. By slightly scratching the rayed surface of the crystal, the scintillations may be produced for as long as an hour after raying. Under the microscope, the spot where the scintillations took place is marked by a little crater with many tiny canals leading into it.'

"Pronounced chemical effects are produced by the rays. For example, castor oil is changed very quickly to a solid substance. The most striking effects, however, are produced on living things. 'Bacteria,' says Dr. Coolidge, 'have been rayed, and an exposure of a tenth of a second has been found sufficient to kill even highly resistant bacterial spores. Fruit flies, upon being rayed for a small fraction of a second, instantly showed almost complete collapse, and in a few hours were dead.' This may lead to the application of the rays as a powerful germicide and insecticide, but that their promiscuous use would be of considerable danger is shown by their effect on higher forms of life.

"'The ear of a rabbit was rayed over a circular area one centimeter in diameter for one second,' Dr. Coolidge continues. 'After several days a scab formed which fell off a few days later, taking the hair with it. Two weeks later a profuse growth of snow-white hair started which soon became much longer than the original gray hair. Another area was rayed for fifty seconds. In this case scabs developed on both sides of the ear, which later fell out, leaving a hole. The edge of this hole is now covered with snow-white hair.'

"The general design of the present apparatus seems to indicate that it would be possible to use still higher currents, says Dr. Coolidge. However, the relatively short range of the rays makes it seem that the apparatus can not be used as a 'death ray' in warfare."

PROGRESS OF AUTOMATIC TRAIN-CONTROL

TWENTY-FOUR OF THE FORTY-FIVE ROADS on which the first train control order is now effective have reported a full engine division equipped as of January 1, 1926, we are informed by John H. Dunn, writing in *The Railway Age* (New York). At the time the first order was issued on June 13, 1922, he tells us, the completion date was set as January 1, 1925; but many developments in the meantime have influenced the commission in granting requests for extensions of time. He goes on:

"The suit of the Delaware & Hudson Company vs. the United States resulted in decisions on several important points which affected the final completion dates. This court denied the Delaware & Hudson an injunction forbidding the Interstate Commerce Commission from enforcing the order requiring the installation of train-control, but the court also enjoined the Government from collecting penalties. The Delaware & Hudson was granted an injunction against prosecution for two years from July 18, 1924. In other respects the petition of the railroad was denied.

"Following the decisions of this court, many of the roads petitioned the commission for extensions of time, and in the majority of cases the petitions were granted, especially to those carriers which had shown diligence in complying with the orders. The impracticability of meeting the original completion date was demonstrated by the fact that, aside from the three roads on which installations were made prior to the order, only one road, i. e., the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, reported a division fully equipped on January 1, 1925, the completion date mentioned in the original order.

"The second order, issued on January 14, 1924, and now effective on 41 of the 45 roads included in the first order, required that a second division be equipped with train control by February 1, 1926. The majority of the roads have not yet given much consideration to the second order, because they believe that some definite decision on their first division installation should be rendered by the commission before proceeding further. However, a few of the roads proceeded at once to their second district, notably the Southern which reported its second installation complete on November 22, 1925. The Norfolk & Western, the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific and the Chicago & North Western have second districts practically complete.

"The installations include either the three-speed or the two-speed apparatus. The primary function of the two-speed system is to limit the speed to a minimum practical operating speed in the occupied block, which may be entered without stopping the train, provided the engineman acknowledges. The control may also be arranged to stop the train if a fixt maximum speed is exceeded. In addition to the functions of the two-speed system the three-speed system limits the speed to a medium rate in the caution block. Either of these systems is classed under train control.

"The train-stop system includes no apparatus to regulate the speed, and until the commission modified its order to allow the use of the permissive feature for this system, many roads had considered the train stop as impracticable for railroad service on busy lines; however, after this change a number of roads adopted train stops.

"A total of 7,769.4 miles of tracks will be equipped with train control when the first order is completed, with approximately 3,860 locomotives, of which about 1,706 are now ready for service.

"Therefore, taken as a whole, the year 1925 has been characterized by the completion of many train-control divisions, by the granting of extensions of time on others and by diligent activity on the part of all except a half-dozen roads.

"During 1925 the Interstate Commerce Commission made no changes in the status of its train-control orders with the exception of showing a spirit of tolerance in granting extensions of time for the completion of installations. The activities of the commission have been confined mostly to building up a force of inspectors which, under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Signals and Train Control, has made inspections of preliminary test sections on seventeen roads and final inspections of complete divisional installations on nine roads.

"The railroads have depended a great deal on the opinions contained in the commission's reports of the preliminary inspections for guidance. The criticisms and suggestions in these reports may be classed in three groups: (1) suggestions to the manufacturer, covering changes in the detailed construction of valves and connections; (2) suggestions to the railroad on control features at specific points, and (3) criticism of a general nature applicable to similar systems on all roads."

SPEEDING UP SLEEP

THE SLEEP TESTS carried on at George Washington University, which have already been noticed in these columns, show, according to a later account in the New York *Times*, that "sleep has not only length but depth"—a distinction clearly recognized in popular speech—and that if we sleep deeply or "speed up our sleep mechanism," we can get along with fewer hours of it. Says R. H. Ulm, writing in the paper just named:

"Most of us do not sleep efficiently, and thereby waste on slumber a lot of time which might be salvaged and added to the hours we give to work or play. Moreover, it appears, according to the findings—which are put forth as more persuasive than conclusive by the scientists who arrived at them—that sleep is a 'form of intoxication.'

"Such are the implications of a report on the most elaborate laboratory researches yet made into the nature of sleep. The tests consisted in having a group of persons stay awake for a period of three days and two nights, careful record being made of both physiological and psychological effects. Two of the group kept awake for eighteen hours longer, or for a total of four days and three nights. And at the end one of them made a better record in an army alpha mental test than he had made at the beginning of the period of wakefulness. Other results were equally surprizing, tho none was wholly unanticipated.

"The doctors at George Washington found that sixty to seventy-eight hours of continuous wakefulness had no great physical effect upon the nine subjects. They were about as strong, tho not so energetic, at the finish as at the beginning. Even their appearance suffered no striking change for the worse. Their eyes reddened a bit, their eyelids tended to droop, but otherwise their bodies showed little external effect. This was as true of the women as of the men. Those who were accustomed to sleeping six hours each night awoke fully refreshed in about ten hours after the tour of wakefulness ended. Those who usually slept from eight to nine hours awoke fully normal after ten to eleven hours in bed. This gives support to the deduction that sleep may be in much part a bad habit, as Socrates, Samuel Johnson and Thomas A. Edison have contended."

It was found that muscular activity is much more conducive than mental activity to staying awake abnormally. The subjects got along best when they were playing games calling for physical contests and when engaged in such exercises as swimming and dancing. One of the young women swam across the Potomac River after being awake more than fifty hours. To quote further:

"One theory is that sleep results from cerebral anemia, or a lack of blood in the brain; the other that it results most often from an abundance of blood. 'Whatever change we may find in the blood supply to the brain,' says the report of the Washington tests, 'can just as well be considered a consequence as a cause of sleep.'

"The scientists who made the recent tests in Washington seem to support the so-called chemical theory.

"'The changes found in every single case,' they say, 'are similar to the changes found in various states of intoxication. When a drunkard becomes intoxicated, what does he do? Sleep; and as a rule he wakes de-toxified. So in the case of our experiments the chemical and microscopical analyses pointed to a state of intoxication which was cured by a short period of sleep.'

"The intoxication which leads to sleep is caused evidently by an excess of toxins or poisons produced by muscular and nerve exertion. They are thrown off when the body and mind are at rest, and complete rest is achieved through sleep.

"One difficulty in the way of their favored theory, they say, is that 'in many instances those who sleep most apparently have least mental and muscular activity during their waking state.' Some of the most active persons give least time to sleeping.

"This, they think, may be explained by the evident fact that 'it is not so much how long we sleep, as how fast our sleep mechanisms work while we are asleep. In short, sleep has not only length but depth.

"'If this assumption be true, the length of time that people sleep is very largely a habit. It might be possible to cause their sleep mechanism to work faster, just as by a series of reflexes we can make the salivary glands work faster.'

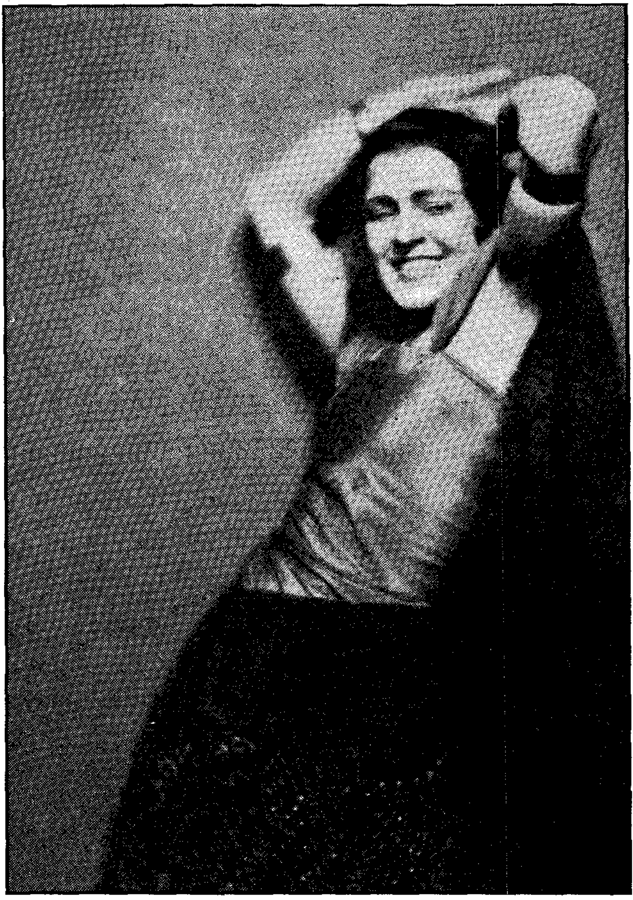
"The findings of Kohlschutter are cited to the effect that the average person sleeps 100 times as soundly during the first two hours as during the last hour."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

"CARMEN" THROUGH A RUSSIAN ALEMBIC

"CARMEN," OR "CARMENCITA and the Soldier," as they call it, will save the Russian season after all. Berlin, as we reported on December 12, went out with battle-ax to meet this Russianized verson of Bizet's masterpiece. New York called for it at the beginning, but had to wait until some academic idea of Mr. Dantchenko, the producing manager of the Moscow Art Theater's Musical Studio, was satisfied in showing us their repertoire in the order of its Moscow production. The beginning with "Lysistrata" was well enough, and one of the most brilliant houses of the New York season filled the Jolson Theater for the first night. Only the newspapers were muddled as to whose critical duty it was to deliver the report, the musical or dramatic critic. The music critics, finding "Lysistrata" nearly all spoken dialog, stayed away from "Perichole" and "La Fille de Madame Angot" which were largely musical. The fame of the company as singing actors—actors who can sing by the grace of nature rather than by the grace of art—is fully justified in "Carmencita," which finally filled the house nightly. There was a "two weeks' eclipse," as Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch puts it in *The Nation* (New York), for "all the brilliance of the company had proved insufficient to redeem from triviality the two faded French operettas," but Carmen is "a work which, dramatically and musically, rises far above the lure both of boulevard musical comedy and nine-tenths of the grand opera which we are accustomed to see so solemnly performed." Letting this critic apprize us of what has been done to the old "Carmen," we find that—



"SWARTHY, SUMPTUOUS, FATE RIDDEN,"

As Miss Baklanova's *Carmen*, otherwise *Carmencita*, is described.

> "Its tone is, moreover, one which fits admirably the temperament of the Russians, and they threw themselves into it with a glorious abandon, moving with feline grace to its cruel rhythms and interpreting *con amore* its savage story. Even in its traditional form 'Carmen' is one of the few operas which escape the absurd floridity of fable and musical setting that has made 'operatic' an adjective of critical reproach used to describe whatever is too facilely and emotionally pretentious; and the version of the Moscow company, involving a radical revision of both the text and the score, reveals yet more clearly the barbaric passion which lies at its core. Gone is every trace of that saccharine varnish which those trained in the traditions of Italian opera invariably attempt to spread over it, and gone too are those processions, equine and human, which transform the performance at the Metropolitan into a sort of glorified circus. There remains the hard little story as Mérimée conceived it—the story of a love as brief, as fierce, as heartless, and yet as lithesome as the love of two cats or two tigers—and there remains the most inspired of the passages in which Bizet translated into staccato music the exultant ferocity of animal passions. As performed at the Jolson, 'Carmencita and the Soldier' is as inhumanly brilliant as the Spanish sun and as cruel as a bull-fight."

"In nothing," says Mr. Krutch, with the open mind of one not exclusively devoted to musical criticism, "does the genius of the director appear more clearly than in his arrangement of the scenes and his management of the chorus." Thus:

> "The single permanent setting consists of an open space upon which most of the action takes place and a series of bridge-like platforms, faintly suggesting walls, but remaining chiefly abstract. The chorus, disposed into ever-shifting but ever-beautiful groups, moves about upon these platforms, and among its members is distributed a considerable portion of the music. After the manner of the classical chorus, it serves as the voice of public opinion intently watching the career of *Don José*, and also as a means whereby his own conflicting emotions are exprest. Moreover, the whole course of the drama is reflected in its motions as it laughs its amusement or draws together in excitement to peer intently down upon some climax of passion, thus constituting itself a body of perfect spectators who stimulate a sympathetic excitement in the audience and thus afford an admirable means for achieving that closer union between the auditorium and the stage, which so many radical directors have sought in one way or another. One of the most seasoned of New York musical critics, who sat beside me, could not refrain from indignation at the shattering of traditions or from speculation with horror at the treatment which this company might give to 'Tristan' or 'Götterdämmerung'; but to me it seemed that I had never seen dramatic radicalism more completely justified by its fruits. It is true that the voices of the company are not distinguished, but art is always preferable to virtuosity, and this present performance is an almost complete realization of the company's aim of combining music with drama, since it achieves, as very few operas do, a complete integration of action, setting, and music."

Mr. Lawrence Gilman, music critic of *The Herald Tribune*, enjoins us not to regard this as a "revision" but as a new thing—"an amalgam derived from Mérimée, from Bizet, from the recreative imagination of Mr. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's librettist, scene-painter, musical adapter, and from his brilliant company of singing actors." We gave a picture of the scene in full cry in our previous article, now let us follow Mr. Gilman as he disentangles the transposition:

> "As for Bizet's music, it has been boldly revamped to suit the exigencies of the new libretto. A German critic wrote after the Berlin production of 'Carmencita and the Soldier' that Bizet is 'scalped, massacred, sabotaged, extended—mangled, cut up, transposed, changed.' This drastic adaptation was made by Mr. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's conductor, Vladimir Bakaleynikoff, who has certainly not held his hand. *Michaela's* 'J'apporte de sa part, fidèle mes sagère, cette lettre,' is given to the trio of women 'who represent *Don José's* subconscious memory of his mother.' The entr'acte music between the first and second acts serves as accompaniment to the pantomime of the meeting between *Carmencita* and the soldier in the second act—much of the action, it should be said, is carried on by means of pantomime. *Escamillo,* become *Lucas,* is shifted from the second act to the third, which is in two scenes. In the first scene of this act, *Lucas, Carmencita* and the chorus sing *Escamillo's* famous ditty, but the words no longer eulogize the delights of bull-fighting, but the joys of the passionate life—

ONE OF THE GREAT FILM LOVERS

Ramon Novarro, the hero of "Ben Hur," with May McAvoy, who plays the winsome *Esther.*

> If a woman's eye have wrecked your life,
> Burn at the stake and seek the next.

> "The second scene of this act is not laid in the smuggler's mountain retreat, but in the gipsies' den where *Don José* is losing everything at dice, while *Carmencita* reads her fate by the drippings of melted wax, singing to new words the F-minor passage that in the opera accompanies 'En vain pour eviter les reponses amères.' This scene is introduced by the E-flat major entr'acte from the original score. *Michaela's* music is again transferred to the chorus. The duet of *Don José* and the matador is confined to the orchestra, while the rivals mime the scene of the stiletto duel.
>
> "The processional scenes are dropt from the last act, since there is no suggestion of the amphitheater. The chorus remains on the balcony, a constructively invisible commentator, and sings there the matador's song in praise of the dangerous life as *Don José* 'marries *Carmencita* with his dagger'."

The public, as we said, found something that it liked, without much minding the critics. These harassed mortals we find in such confusion as these two citations show. The first from Mr. Downes of *The Times:*

> "The chorus is at once part of the scenery, part of the drama, and most potent commentary upon it. And yet, with all its eloquence of posture and movement and what one might call facial pantomime, its effect is much of the time less real than of something shadowy, intangible, behind the scenes of life. Were these people, or were they ghosts, suddenly materializing as a drama that they, too, had lived, brought them back to their ancient abiding place.
>
> "All this, on the stage, was background for as superb an operatic ensemble and as distinguished a set of principals—judged, at least, from the dramatic standpoint—as we can hope to hear. It is a pity that the Musical Studio does not afford reviewers a dress rehearsal, in which event there would be opportunity for close and extended description of acting that can now be only summarized. Nothing Miss Baklanova had done previously was any preparation for the swarthy, sumptuous, fate-ridden beauty of her *Carmen,* or for her consummate acting, which achieved its greatest effects by facial expression, by economy of movement, by a dignity and grace traditionally associated with the gipsy, and rarely indeed beheld, in such distinction and degree, on the operatic stage.
>
> "Her entrance, from under the shadow of an arch in Seville, was in itself an effect of startling beauty, subtlety and a strange power. She was immediately the embodiment of the mysterious unseen forces of the drama, an unforgetable figure, one that would have been irresistible in any place or time, born to lay waste and work ruin, wherever she went, whoever her victims. There was not a scene that failed in cumulative effect and not a phase of the dramatic development that was missed by Miss Baklanova. By turns amorous, insolent, superstitious, contemptuous of death yet at last stricken with fear, she was a tragic actress of supreme capacities.
>
> "Mr. Velikanoff was an excellent foil to this in the stolidness of his *José,* who was a peasant, inarticulate, dumb with the strength of his emotions, physically powerful, slow to be wakened and beyond control when roused, and always utterly uncomprehending of what befell him. It should be added that Mr. Velikanoff employs a tenor voice of good quality with dramatic effect."

Samuel Chotzinoff of *The World* finds only a dubious comment to offer:

> "There was a great deal of color and movement, and the chorus sustained its reputation for rhythmic singing. But in all the realism and the intensive acting one thing went completely by the board, and that was Bizet's glorious music. It was nothing less than excruciating to hear the familiar music delivered by people without voices, to listen to the sharp and strident quality of tone with which these Russians sing to a man. *Carmen's* saucy answer to the Colonel in the first act, 'La, la-la-la,' sounded ludicrous, and the original Mérimée toreador made sad havoc of his song. The *José* was the only one in the cast who possest any sort of a voice. But in action and appearance he wasn't up to Mr. Dantchenko's standard.
>
> "The versatile Olga Baklanova was the *Carmen,* or *Carmencita,* to call her by her new name, and acted and sang much the same as she did in Offenbach's 'La Perichole.' Her impersonation had all the elements that the program note attributed to her—'a lithe and wilful tigress, conscious of her power but applying it by instinct rather than by calculation, ecstatic in love, intense in hatred.' But I, for one, was unmoved. I thought Miss Baklanova too determined to be intense without a let-up, something which Mr. Dantchenko apparently demands of all his artists. What she did seemed always overdone—the allure, the passion and the hatred. And I could not find evidences of the illuminating quality of imagination.
>
> "It seems to me that Mr. Dantchenko should have gone one step further in his drastic alterations. He should have cut out Bizet's music. Then one might have witnessed a fine play made from Mérimée's story, and acted for all it was worth."

THE COVER—At a first glance the picture of homely life which we present on the cover suggests a Netherlandish origin, and yet it come from France. It is not so much the picture of the pickle jar receiving its internal bath of vinegar as the extremely clever painting that attracts in this canvas. The reflections of light from the liquids in the various receptacles, as well as from the copper kettle by the side of the figure, add an unusual vivacity. The type of the woman is moreover, essentially French, and her pickles are appetizing enough to eat. The painter is Joseph Bail, born at Limonest (Rhone) in 1862. His work is chiefly of interiors painted in warm colors and with harmonious execution. The one we reproduce hangs in the Luxembourg, which is the modern gallery of France.

"BEN HUR" ON THE SCREEN

HOW LONG IS IT SINCE WE FIRST HEARD that "Ben Hur" was to be screened? Ten years of preparation says one reviewer, who, to add all the "bigness" the case will stand, also declares the production cost $4,000,000. The thing is done now and audiences are given their chance to become awestruck. The light-hearted reviewer of *Life*, Mr. R. E. Sherwood, writes that in casting about for adjectives with which to describe the long-awaited movie version of 'Ben Hur,' "I find myself limited to that section of the thesaurus which offers synonyms of 'big.' Colossal—tremendous—gargantuan—and just the least bit overwhelming; that is a fairly adequate summary of 'Ben Hur.' Most of the time, this bigness makes for extreme impressiveness and visual thrill. At intervals it makes for confusion and fatigue."

"'Ben Hur' comes out a film drama scenically superb, dramatically weak and pictorially a thing of rich and surpassing beauty," adds Mr. Quinn Martin of the New York *World*. "Ben Hur" used to be much declaimed as well as read. "The Chariot Race" was familiar to every school platform. But the book still sells steadily, so *The Harper News* declares. From that sheet we gather the following facts, long ago published, but perhaps grown dim in memory:

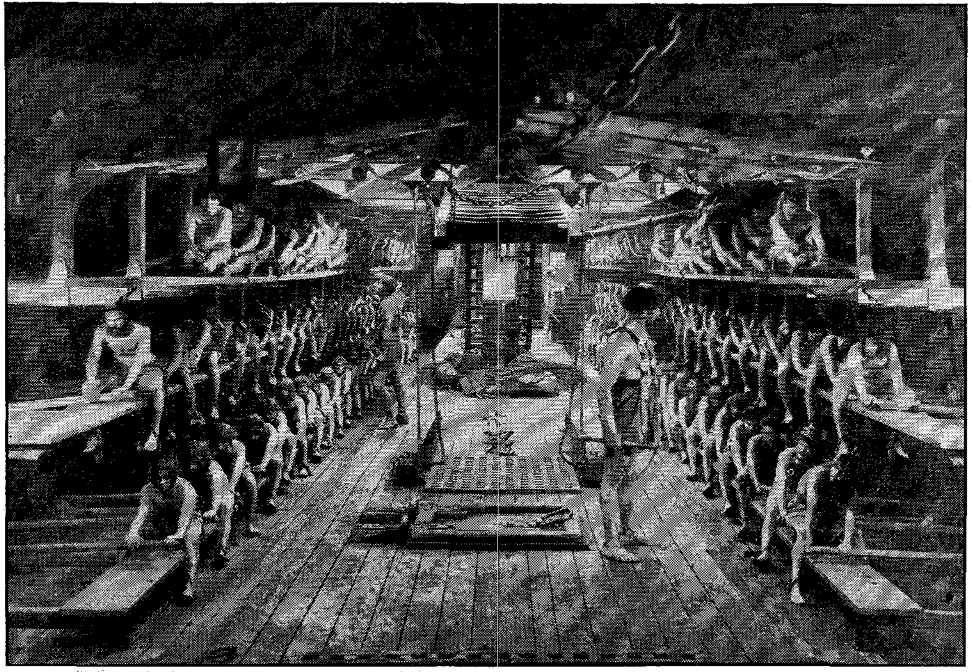
> "Gen. Lew Wallace happened to be seated near Colonel Ingersoll on a railroad trip and their conversation turned to the question of the divinity of Christ. After leaving Ingersoll, General Wallace ran over in his mind the best way to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the question. He finally decided to write a history of Christ which would enable him to examine the pros and cons of both sides. For six years he worked assiduously on his task until he finally produced 'Ben Hur.' It is recorded in 'The House of Harper,' the history of Harper & Brothers, that 'General Wallace wound up his story with the trenchant statement that the result of his labors was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that He was also his Christ, his Savior, and his Redeemer.'"

It is a score of years since the dramatized form of the book introduced plunging horses on a revolving treadmill, and the stage anticipated in noisy reality what the screen does ten times more vividly and in silence. Harriet Underhill writes in the *Herald Tribune:*

> "In the enthusiasm of the moment we are tempted to write that the chariot race in 'Ben Hur,' which opened at the George M. Cohan Theater last night, is the biggest thing ever done in pictures.
>
> "As we can not now recall any other thing quite so stupendous, we shall let that stand and correct it later, if necessary. Any attempt to describe it must necessarily sound feeble in comparison with what one really sees on the screen. It lasts for a long time, this race, and when, finally, *Ben Hur* wins over the hated Roman, *Messala*, the people could stand it no longer. They stamped and cheered and acted exactly as tho they had feared that the hero might lose. But they weren't any more frightened than we were. The suspense was terrible!
>
> "Ramon Novarro plays *Ben Hur*, and he is magnificent. Of course, Mr. Novarro is conceded to be one of the most sincere, the most convincing and the most versatile of the screen actors, but even his faithful followers said, 'I wonder,' when he was chosen to play *Ben Hur*. Their arguments were 'he isn't big enough' and 'he isn't old enough.' All one can say is go and see him play *Ben Hur*.
>
> "From our point of view, 'Ben Hur' is too long and too complicated. Probably the original story, by Gen. Lew Wallace, had considerable of Biblical history in it. But when General Wallace wrote it he had no thought of the cinema or its needs, and by making these Bible scenes in natural color the story seems a thing entirely apart from the lusty melodrama of the downtrodden Prince of Hur and the haughty Roman *Messala*.
>
> "Also, however much one may enjoy the picture, or perhaps because of it, everything which happens after the chariot race is bound to be anticlimatic."

How the screen has its way with small things is perhaps as well illustrated here as anywhere. Mr. Sherwood seems to think so:

> "'Ben Hur,' as Gen. Lew Wallace imagined and wrote it, was a comparatively simple story of the Christ. When the novel was dramatized, it became essentially a spectacle; now, on the screen, it is about one million times more of one—and the resultant orgy of huge sets, seething mobs and camera effects contains little of the spirit of the original story.
>
> "In all other respects, however, 'Ben Hur' comes up to and surpasses the prevalent expectations. Fred Niblo, it seems to me, has done a fine job with the direction. Whenever the main characters are about to be lost in the shuffle, Mr. Niblo drags them forth and returns them to the center of the screen, just to remind the audience that there is a plot, after all.
>
> "Mr. Niblo has not been quite so wise in his selection of players. Ramon Novarro as *Ben Hur*, Claire MacDowell as his mother, and Nigel de Brulier as *Simonides*—these three are above reproach; but the rest of the cast is insufficient, particularly Francis X. Bushman, who appears from the past to remind us that the motion-picture has made great progress.
>
> "There are many beautiful and exciting scenes in 'Ben Hur': the Nativity, photographed in color, with Betty Bronson at her loveliest as the Madonna; the frightful ordeal of the galleys; a rousing naval battle with a whole fleet of triremes in action; the Sermon on the Mount.
>
> "There is also, it need hardly be added, a chariot race, which is undoubtedly the most terrific chariot race in history. *Ben Hur* and *Messala* have been arguing it out in the Circus Maximus for a matter of forty-five years now, and *Messala* has been beaten every time; but for all that, the old thrill is still there. When *Ben Hur* forces his rival to bite the dust, the cheers are frenzied.
>
> "For some strange reason, there is always the vague fear in the heart of every spectator that *Messala* may win. The fact that the villain's batting average, to date, is exactly .000 has no effect on his big-league standing."

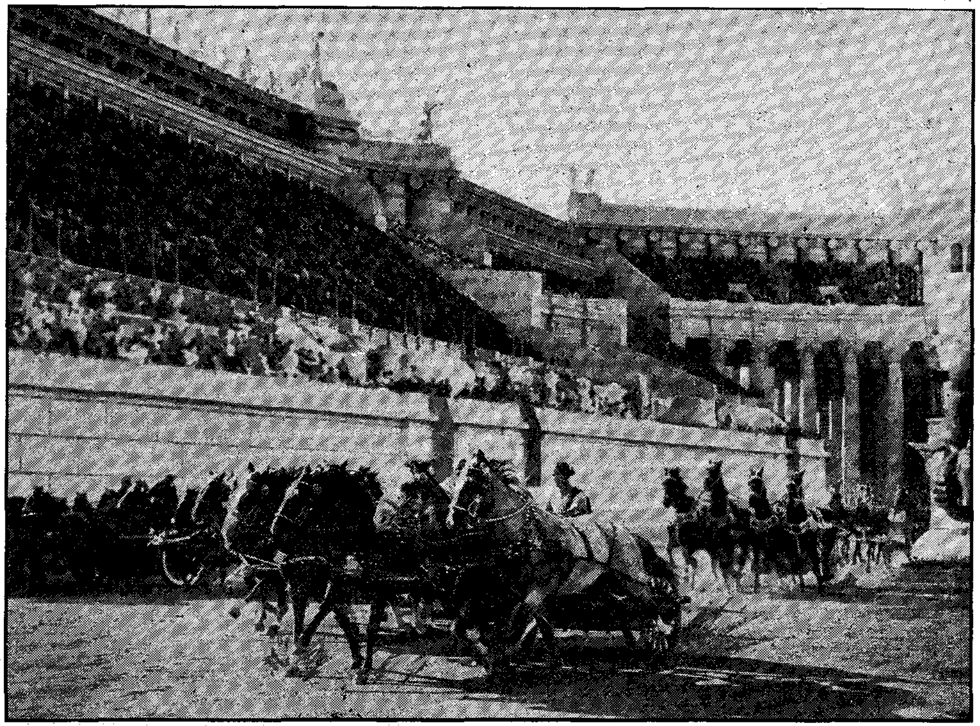


THE FRIGHTFUL ORDEAL OF THE GALLEYS

A picture of the interior of the trireme where *Ben Hur* was one of the oarsmen.

DECAY OF THE MIND IN MODERN LIFE

SOME OF THE BIGGEST BUSINESSES of the present day are but a capitalization of our laziness. This fact, obvious enough to any one who stops to think, is brought out by Mr. Aldous Huxley, who besides being a notable novelist is an essayist in wide and various fields. In *Vanity Fair* (New York) he discourses in his usual charming fashion on the tendency of modern inventions and distractions to make us mentally lazy, with the consequence of inducing decay of the higher faculties. "Before the invention of Arabic numerals," to cite one of his instances, "no arithmetical problem could be done on paper—only with the mechanical aid of an abacus." Possible doubters of this statement are asked: How would you set about multiplying MCMXXV by DLXXXVIII, or subtracting XXXIII from LV on paper. Mr. Huxley suggests some of the other appalling mental efforts necessary before the invention of symbols that shorten the way. But, he argues, "in our enthusiasm for simplifying means, we are tending to make things too easy":



THE MOST TERRIFIC CHARIOT RACE IN HISTORY

Where "there is always the vague fear in the heart of every spectator that *Messala* may win over *Ben Hur*."

"The simplification of means has become an end in itself, and the ends to which the means should have led are neglected. We are afraid of inflicting the pain of unraveling difficulties either on ourselves or on our children. The road has become wonderfully smooth; but the travelers, made flabby by the effortlessness of their journey, lack strength to push on toward remoter goals.

"The mind, like the body, is strengthened by judicious exercise. The powers of concentration, of memory, of logical reasoning are all increased by practise. Use improves every natural faculty. Thus, I have noticed, as a general rule, that on the continent the shopkeepers and post-office officials require to do all their calculations, even the simplest, on paper. The English shopman, whose arithmetical faculties have been strengthened by incessant wrestling with the complexities of the English coinage, measures and weights, calculates, more rapidly and accurately, in his head. This is not an argument in favor of acres, firkins, miles and farthings. It is probably more profitable for a nation to possess a standardized decimal system than a population of mental arithmeticians. I mention the fact in order to show how the continual solution of difficulties strengthens the mind. For many, indeed, things are made so easy that their minds remain undeveloped.

"Some of these simplifications, especially in the sphere of education, have been made deliberately. Others have just happened, without our consciously wanting them to happen, and are the result of the application of scientific inventions to the affairs of life.

"Education has been, and is still being, deliberately made easier in a variety of ways. Perhaps the most striking of recent developments is the enormously enhanced use of pictures—a development made possible by the inventions of photography, process reproduction and the cinema. Now, pictures are of very great value in education. Written descriptions, particularly when badly written (which is, unfortunately, the case in most educational text-books), are liable to evoke quite incorrect images in the mind of the reader. For the teaching of certain scientific subjects, certain aspects of history and geography, pictures are almost indispensable. They begin to be dangerous, however, when too freely used as a substitute for reading and abstract reasoning. An excessive reliance on pictures renders people incapable of thinking in the void. They can only realize ideas in terms of concrete images, not in terms of words and logic. It also makes it difficult for them to derive profitable information from books."

Another tendency in modern education that Mr. Huxley more or less deplores is "to substitute practise for logical theory." Thus:

"In geometry, for example, rigid intellectual proof is often abandoned in favor of measurement and esthetic intuition. There is much to be said for so humanizing mathematics as to interest the young; but the whole educational value of mathematics is lost as soon as the logical strictness of proof is slurred over. Mathematics exist, educationally speaking, for the reasoning intellect.

"Similarly, the classics exist for the exercise of the memory and the powers of concentration. The substance of Greek and Latin literature can be assimilated in translation. If the originals are studied, it is simply for the sake of learning to concentrate and remember. The same results would be obtained by an intensive study of railway time-tables. Classics are now neglected, because educationalists are chary of inflicting upon children the dreary and asinine labor of learning grammar, construing, composing in prose and verse. But it was, precisely, in this dreary and asinine labor that the good of classical education consisted. These deliberate facilitations in the process of education, coupled with the unintentional facilitations of life brought about by mechanical inventions, are producing their effects. Cheap editions of good books are fewer than they were; people who, in the past, would have bought books buy gramophones and jazz-band records and go to the cinema. Luckily, however, there are certain subjects so difficult in themselves that the means of learning them can never be unduly simplified. Engineering, medicine and law—to take three obvious examples—can never be made easy.

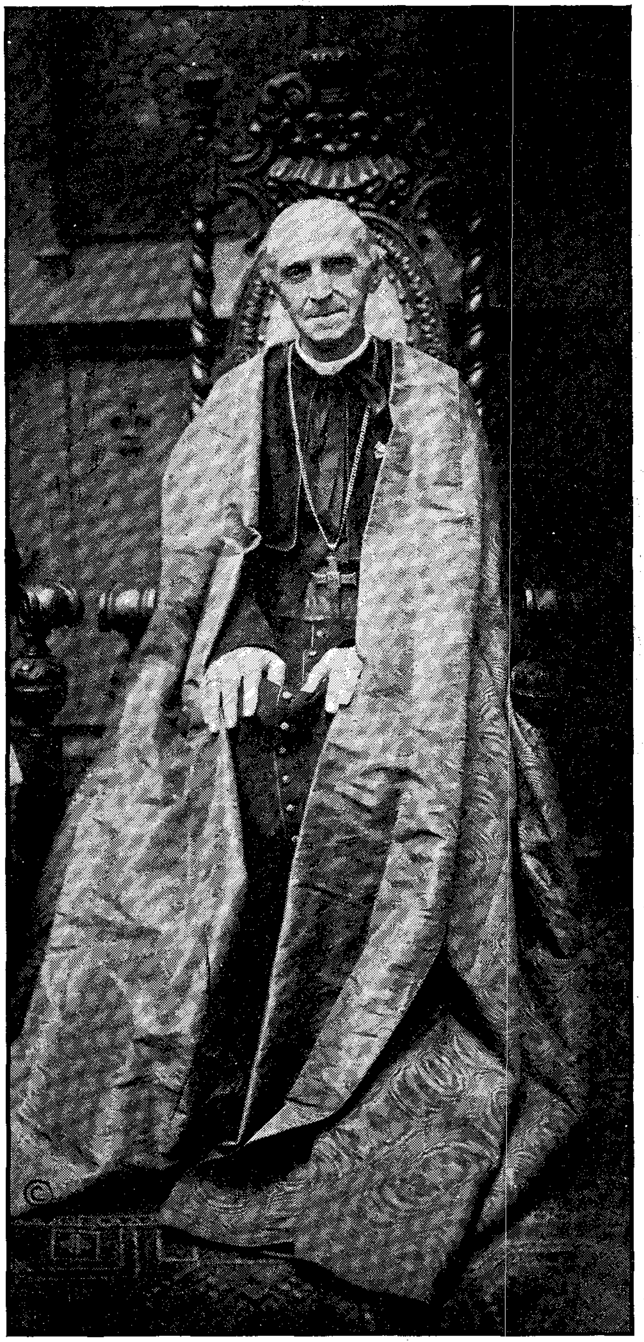
The really great simplifications of our mental life, it is asserted, have been brought about "as the result of the commercial application of scientific inventions."

"The results of this excessive facilitation are, first, an atrophy of the artistic, musical and dramatic faculties of those who accept their amusements ready made; and, second, an increase of boredom. There is nothing nowadays corresponding to the peasant art, the folk-songs, the traditional plays and mummings of the past. The talent which produced these things lies latent; ready-made standardized entertainment has effectively prevented it from expressing itself. But ready-made art can never be as completely satisfying to a man as the art he makes himself. The cinema, the gramophone, the wireless are distractions; but they do nothing to satisfy man's desire for self-assertion."

RELIGION ▾ AND ▾ SOCIAL ▾ SERVICE

BELGIUM'S HERO PRELATE

DENOMINATIONAL BARRIERS are swept away and forgotten as all nations and creeds pay tribute to the memory of Cardinal Mercier—Belgian by birth, Roman Catholic by faith, but a citizen of the world and Apostle of Peace by general acclaim. Hardly known outside of his own parish before 1914, the World War revealed him in all his heroic proportions—a man of amazing mind, indomitable will and Christian courage. Beyond all question, we are told, he was "one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die." Comparably with the hero-king, Albert himself, he roused and confirmed the soul of Belgium in resistance to the invading Germans, and with the sword of the spirit and the armor of Christian faith conquered the conquerors. Even impending death, the dispatches reveal, failed to dull his spirit. A week before the end, he left his bed over the protests of his physician and conferred with churchmen concerning the Belgian flood situation. "Far from complaining when he was suffering," said his physician, "his Eminence has been happy to endure physical pain, as he then has said to himself that he feels nearest Christ, Whose sufferings have always been present in his mind."



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DESIRÉ CARDINAL MERCIER

Archbishop of Malines and Primate of all Belgium (1851–1926).

When "The Great Cardinal" became ill, daily bulletins were published in the papers of all countries, and for weeks, notes the Springfield *Union*, "the Christian world sat, figuratively, in vigil by his bedside, watching his brave fight against the illness which finally conquered his physical being, and praying for his recovery." And when the news of his passing was flashed from Brussels the press and pulpit leaders of all denominations paused to pay him tribute, both as a great leader and as a servitor of Christ. He was one of the few figures of the war whose stature did not lessen in the reactions of peace, says the New York *Sun*. "After Versailles statesmen were repudiated by their people, soldiers taken from their pedestals by the critics, rulers dethroned and exiled; but the tall Priest of the Belgians was as large in men's eyes as he was in the brave days when he thrilled the nations with his courage." No one in this day, remarks the New York *Times*, "has more fully and gloriously justified the praise which Julius Cæsar gave the Belgians—'Fortissimi Belgæ'—than Cardinal Mercier. He stood the most heroic and godlike figure of all the World War amid the ruins of cathedrals and churches, schools and homes, and with a glowing faith and stedfast hope which distinguished him from the great characters of ancient tragedies in their calm acceptance of the inevitable."

The qualities which made Cardinal Mercier "beloved of all faiths and revered around the world" are revealed in the story of his life. He was born at Braine-d'Alleud, a little village near Waterloo, on November 21, 1851, we are reminded by the press, and was educated at St. Rombault's College at Malines and at the diocesan theological seminary at the same place. Ordained to the priesthood on April 4, 1874, he did not at once enter upon parochial work, but, thirsting for more knowledge, entered upon post-graduate work at the great University of Louvain. Giving himself up to teaching, he became professor of philosophy in the same University. Great surprize was occasioned later, however, when it was noted that the priest's teachings were in direct opposition to certain tenets of the conservative element of the Holy See, we read in an article in the New York *Times*. The young priest taught that Catholic dogma "did not constitute an ideal which it was forbidden to attempt to surpass, or a frontier defining the activities and limits of the mind." But, we read further, summoned to Rome by his adversaries, then constituting a majority in the College of Cardinals, he argued his case so convincingly that Pope Leo decided the controversy in his favor and soon afterward appointed him Bishop of Malines. He was made a Cardinal in 1907 by Pope Pius X and then dropt from sight so far as the world at large was concerned, until the

Germans invaded Belgium in 1914. Then, when he saw his beloved Louvain wantonly destroyed, he rose to the height at which the world has seen him ever since. As the New York *World* recalls:

"He was in Rome when news arrived that Belgium—his native land—had been invaded by the German Army. Cutting short the formalities of the departure of a dignitary from the Vatican, he hastened back to Brussels, waved aside preliminaries and precedent, exhorted his people to resist the invasion with all the strength at their command, denounced the Germans from pulpit and palace, and from that time on was one of the most formidable and dangerous thorns in the side of the German military authorities who were endeavoring to use conquered Belgium to their advantage.

"On countless occasions the Cardinal's courageous defiance of the invaders evoked admiration. Baron von Bissing, German Governor-General of Belgium, was forced in the end to acknowledge that he had met his master in the mild-mannered priest.

"The famous pastoral letter of December, 1914, prepared by Cardinal Mercier and read in every Catholic church in Belgium, has been called one of the most damning indictments of the German invasion ever written. It went to printer and priest despite every effort that the German authorities could make to suppress it. Spies by the score watched day and night over the prelate and his staff, for the invaders were aware that a letter containing violent condemnation of them was to be read in every Catholic church in the land on New Year's Day, 1915. The letter was read, however, and the wrath of von Bissing was heaped upon Cardinal Mercier for his defiance, exprest in these ringing words:

"'Germany has violated her oath. We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. The authority of the invader is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul and in conscience you owe it neither respect, attachment nor obedience.'

"Under orders from the General's office, the Cardinal was kept a prisoner in his home two weeks while von Bissing was bringing pressure to force his submission. A mere verbal admission that the prelate had no intention of exciting or alarming the population by the pastoral letter would have satisfied the Governor-General, it was said, but no such admission was ever obtained from Cardinal Mercier.

"Later, in protesting against the deportation of the Belgians for forced labor, the Cardinal threatened Germany with 'the reprobation of the civilized world, the judgment of history and the chastisement of God.'

"Another pastoral letter, sent out at the beginning of Lent in 1916, again brought persecution from von Bissing.

"'The conviction of our final victory is more deeply anchored in my soul than ever,' the latter said in part. 'We will win; do not ever doubt it; but we have not reached the end of our sufferings. Prepare your plans, place your batteries, coordinate your movements. Remember, man proposes but God disposes.'

"Von Bissing in a rage ordered that Cardinal Mercier be forced to retract and apologize, but no apology ever came from Malines."

In the years following the war, Cardinal Mercier was the central figure in the "Malines conversations," which centered about the possibility of the union of the Anglican Church with the Roman Catholic Church. The "conversations" were purely informal, Lord Halifax, president of the English Church Union, and Bishop Gore, a foremost Anglican ecclesiastic, presenting the Anglican side. Among those associated with Cardinal Mercier was Monsignor Batiffol, a distinguished French theologian. Nothing concrete has come of these discussions, but the subject of reunion was said to be dear to the heart of Cardinal Mercier, and only a few days before his death he received Lord Halifax again. After the war, in September, 1919, Cardinal Mercier visited the United States, where he was received with acclaim by all citizens and creeds, and where many honors and degrees were conferred upon him.

Religious leaders of all faiths vie in estimating Cardinal Mercier's greatness of soul. Many tributes may be summed up in the words of Bishop Ernest L. Stires, of the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, quoted in the New York *Times:*

"Cardinal Mercier had for more than ten years been one of the most beloved and revered figures in the whole world. The dominating note of his life has been high character, clear thinking, courageous expression and prompt action. It is difficult to think of another soul in the religious world who has made such an appeal to the enlightened conscience of mankind or whose efforts have been greater in behalf of truth and righteousness. It was characteristic of him that during the last year his supreme passion was for a closer unity of all Christians and that the efforts of his last hours were directed to this end.

"Like Savonarola and Francis of Assisi, Cardinal Mercier will be claimed by all Christians. Let us hope that there are great churchmen in the world who will take the torch from his falling hands and hold it high."

He towered high above sectarian differences, observes Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Madison Avenue Methodist Church, New York, as he is quoted in the metropolitan press. Cardinal Mercier's services to humanity, continues Dr. Sockman, "were not limited by lines of race, nation or creed. His heroic stand during the World War made him one of the gallant figures of human history of all time. All religious bodies must indeed mourn the going of a great leader." A profound tribute comes from Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, one of the most prominent of American rabbis, who is quoted in the New York *World* as saying:

"Cardinal Mercier belonged not altogether to the Roman Catholic Church or Belgium. He belonged to the entire human race. The world is nobler, holier and better because it has seen the day of this man of God."

From the press a dozen figurative wreaths might be picked for the dead Cardinal. "What a Christian was Mercier!" exclaims the Albany *Evening News.* "What a faith was his! If ever in modern times a great light has been spread across the world, it was the light of Mercier's faith and fortitude. Such men renew the faith of the world, shaming the skeptics, confuting the doubters that question the divinity in man."

LESSONS FROM SAMOA

CEASELESS CAMPAIGNING IS NECESSARY to get people in the United States to attend church, and all readers are familiar with the various devices and "whooping-ups" used to get the wayfarer in the pew. Not so in Samoa. Latest official figures, says the Dearborn *Independent,* give the population of American Samoa as 8,058 and the church membership as 8,093, which has 100 per cent. beaten. The discrepancy is explained by the fact that the population figure is that of the 1920 census, while the church attendance figure is of April, 1921. Thus, we are told, time is allowed for the population to have increased by thirty-five, enough to make the church figure a genuine 100 per cent. accomplishment. The church membership, including men, women and children, as claimed by the various denominations on April 1, 1921, is set down in the *Independent* as follows: London Missionary Society, 6,783; Roman Catholic, 860; Wesleyan, 180; Mormon, 270. These are said to be the only denominations represented in American Samoa. Samoa has other lessons for us, for, according to the Dearborn weekly:

"All the missions there are self-supporting, except that of the Mormons. The Samoans are intensely religious, practically all profess to be Christians, and all go to church, even those who are not ranked as actual church members. There are some in the latter class, despite the 100 per cent. figures given above. Every Samoan home has home prayers and Sunday is strictly observed.

"The Samoan also is a generous giver to the church. Not only does he support his home missions, but sends missionaries to other South Sea Islands and has thousands of dollars awaiting the call of the L. M. S. Gospel ship. On each of the lesser islands of the Samoan group the largest building is the mission church. Occasionally the jibe is heard that 'All fat Samoans are missionaries,' but the Samoan only smiles at such remarks.

"That success has attended the missions and their schools is attested in the latest official report of a governor of the Islands: 'It is said that all Samoans are able to read and to write, but their education is extremely limited except as to the Bible, with which they are more familiar than is the average American.'"

MOPPING UP SLOP FROM THE STAGE

A SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST enters a vigorous denunciation of vulgarity on the stage, and scorns the notion that only vice and misery can be art, and only sin and silliness be successful. The very fact that Channing Pollock has recently achieved two notable "hits" in "The Fool" and "The Enemy" gives him an authority lacking in an unknown playwright and impossible to a layman, the usual source of criticism of the stage. Mr. Pollock has reached the heights without having waded through mud. Around him, tho, he finds filth most commonly used as the stepladder to success. There are sixty-five producing theaters in New York, he notes in an article in *The Christian Advocate;* "and not many of them devoted to anything serious, except sex and sin—nudity, frivolity, cheap pandering to the lowest instincts of human kind." He knocks the pins from under the excuse, "we give the public what it wants," by citing it as the excuse also of the dive-keeper rather than of the controlling power in a great art institution, and says that the same slogan "justifies the sale of drugs and women as completely as it justifies the exploitation of the type of drama for which popularity is won by advertising 'The play that was supprest by the district attorney.'" The great question is whether this sort of thing is really "what the public wants." This is Mr. Pollock's view:

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A PLAYWRIGHT WHO APPEALS TO THE CHURCH

To rid the stage of vice and vulgarity, says Channing Pollock, successful dramatist, "the Church should throw the whole weight of its membership into the support of decent and intelligent drama, of drama that is doing the same work the Church is doing." Mr. Pollock is shown here with his daughter, Helen.

"It certainly is significant that the five years in which the playhouse has reached its lowest level, morally and intellectually, is the same five years in which there has been the greatest sale for history and biography, and the greatest attendance at grand opera, concerts, lectures, and recitals. The public that really cares for fine things and decent things may be larger than any one suspects, and it may be that this rising tide of vulgarity—in the theater, at least—is to be stemmed by enlisting that crowd, and making it come out to vote. If this is true, the case calls, not for pessimism, but for action, for concerted action on the part of all the forces for good in our country; and in that event I am justified in having written my hand off in the cause, in having made more than two thousand speeches on the subject, in having sounded the clarion to the extent of my breath in schools and churches throughout the length and breadth of America.

"For this I have been sneered at and jeered at by all the cynics and sophisticates—I use these terms because the apter ones may be libelous—on newspapers and in the theater. I have been called a self-seeker, a charlatan, and a mountebank. (The authors of pornographic plays, the swimmers with the tide, are not self-seekers, and it never seems to occur to any one that the easy method of self-seeking lies in joining their number.) But *the time has come when the American dramatist has his choice* of three things. He can write the type of stuff for which there is a public awaiting in the lobby. He can write the other kind of play and go out to fight for it. Or he can join an ever-increasing minority in the peace and quiet of the library."

Mr. Pollock is not yet convinced that there is no public, or only a negligible public, for serious and important drama, and he remains pledged to a "better theater through the only means that make it possible, through creating public support of that kind of a theater." He thinks there is no force in censorships and prohibitions. But whatever is done, the theater will remain. Its power is attested by the fact, cited by Mr. Pollock, that taxes were paid last year on 100,000,000 tickets of admission to places of amusement in the city of New York. The appalling thing about this power, in this playwright's opinion, is not so much its evil employment as its waste. The effect of vicious plays seems to him to be somewhat overestimated. But—

"The effect of idle plays, of silly plays, of plays holding up false ideas and ideals, reflecting life as it never was or will be, can not be overestimated. Personally, I deplore nudity on the stage and screen less than constant insistence upon the notion that the only success worth while is that which results in ownership of a six-cylinder car. That culture, education, tranquillity are negligible things in life. That the important factors in our existence are rich men, chorus girls, criminals, and women with a past. That the only new and important situation is brought about by the love of one lady for another lady's husband, or by the question of which graduated convict first gets the pistol out of the table drawer. I regret turning over the influence of so great an institution as the theater to the burning question as to whether the girl with the pink finger-nails marries the boy with the slippery hair. And, to use a banality, I view with alarm the prospect of a next generation that gets its idea of humor from the use of the custard pie as a projectile, of manhood and courage from the frequent employment of the six-shooter, and of womanhood and romance from the standards of both now current in Hollywood."

There is only one way to fight this sort of thing, declares Mr. Pollock, and that is by appealing to and stirring up the people who want the other kind of thing, "by indicating and demonstrating to the average man that a joke may be as funny in good English as in bad English, that drama may be as stirring when concerned with important matters as when devoted to piffle, that no dull play is a good play, and no good play can possibly be a dull play, that entertainment may be derived from the exercise of the mental faculties as well as from their suspension." It is not true that "only misery, cynicism, and unintelligibility can be art." Mr. Pollock stresses that the Church has a duty in the theater as clear as its duty in any other department of life. Nothing can be gained by censorships or prohibitions, asserts Mr. Pollock, and this, he believes, is what the Church should do:

"The Church should throw the whole weight of its membership into the support of decent and intelligent drama, of drama that is doing the same work the Church is doing. The producer of that kind of play should be as certain of one kind of support as the producer of the other kind is certain of the other. Clerical indorsement made 'The Fool' possible. It should make possible more plays of that pattern than prosper by following the reverse pattern. Clergymen should advocate attendance at good plays. Church organizations should be pledged to a kind of underwriting of them. Church participation in drama, through amateur performances, should foster interest and understanding. A system of prizes, of honors important enough to be sought after, should encourage the writing and production of those plays. Five years of that kind of effort would give us a theater that stood with the Church and the university instead of with the forces of evil. Among commercial managers—and we need hope for no others—the most effective argument is that 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' made more money than 'Up in Mabel's Room.'"

ATHEISTS' LARGE CONTRACT

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, There is no God." But the Psalmist finds deaf ears in the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, which, after failing once, has at length succeeded in obtaining a certificate of incorporation in New York. The papers received the approval of Supreme Court Justice John Ford. Some time before, as told in these pages November 14, Justice William H. Mitchell refused to incorporate the organization and ordered the papers impounded by the County Clerk and not returned. After declaring the purpose of the incorporation was to destroy belief in God and attack the Church, the original application for a charter stated that "in prosecuting its work, which shall be purely destructive, the society shall hold public meetings and erect radio stations for the delivery and broadcasting of lectures, debates and discussions on the subjects of science and religion, publish and distribute scientific and antireligious literature, and conduct a general propaganda against the Church and clergy." The purpose of the association, as now set forth in the certificate, is to "advance atheism." Some comment favorable to the society appeared in these pages November 14. In the issue of that date the Louisville *Times* is quoted as asserting that "the right to believe in God in America carries with it the right to disbelieve or to have no belief." *The Times* has "no fear that the atheists' society will wreck religion"; but says "there is a great fear that intolerance and narrow-mindedness may wreck civil and religious liberty in America if eternal vigilance is not exercised in behalf of the right to think and to express thought." The Rev. Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten, of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York, is quoted as saying that religious liberty means liberty to hold any religious belief or none. Advocating an open field, he urges: "Let that religious opinion survive and prosper which can best commend itself by the intelligence, upright character and moral enthusiasm of its adherents." But friends of the atheists appear to be few.

"The organization is destructive in its purposes," says Dr. William B. Miller, General Secretary of the Federation of Churches, as he is quoted in the New York *Times*. He goes on:

"It endeavors to tear down the thing that has been the source of strength to the country since our forefathers came in the *Mayflower*.

"What man among the incorporators of the association would want to bring his children up in a city without churches? They would be the first to move out. Instead of following them, I prefer to follow President Coolidge, who says that the great hope of the country is in religion.

"The situation with respect to crime is so serious that I think it a terrible thing for men to fight religion, the one thing we hope to save civilization with. There are fully 800,000 Catholic, Jewish and Protestant boys and girls growing up in New York City without religious training. Judges in our courts have said that few of the young criminals brought before them have had religious training."

The association would seem to have undertaken a rather large contract in trying to abolish religion and the American people's faith in God, remarks the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, noting that the effort of some French radicals more than a century ago met with failure. "The wonder is," says the Pittsburgh paper, "that any group of men could be so fatuous as to try to take away one of the main blessings and consolations of virtually an entire nation without offering anything as a substitute. What have they that is claimed to be better than religion for weary, discouraged, sinning humanity?" They offer merely a doubtful negative for a noble affirmative, we are told. "They would tear down, but they can not build up. Instead of a gospel of hope they present a philosophy of despair. Religion has little to fear from such assailants." Let the teachings of this "blasphemous" organization prevail, remarks the Charlotte *Observer*, and the very foundations of American civilization will be undermined. "The very people who would have America abolish belief in God would find this a miserable country for themselves to live in if they could carry their cause to complete success. They would pull down the house on their own heads. Fools for thousands of years have been saying 'there is no God,' and they will continue to do so. Thank God for the sensible people of this country!"

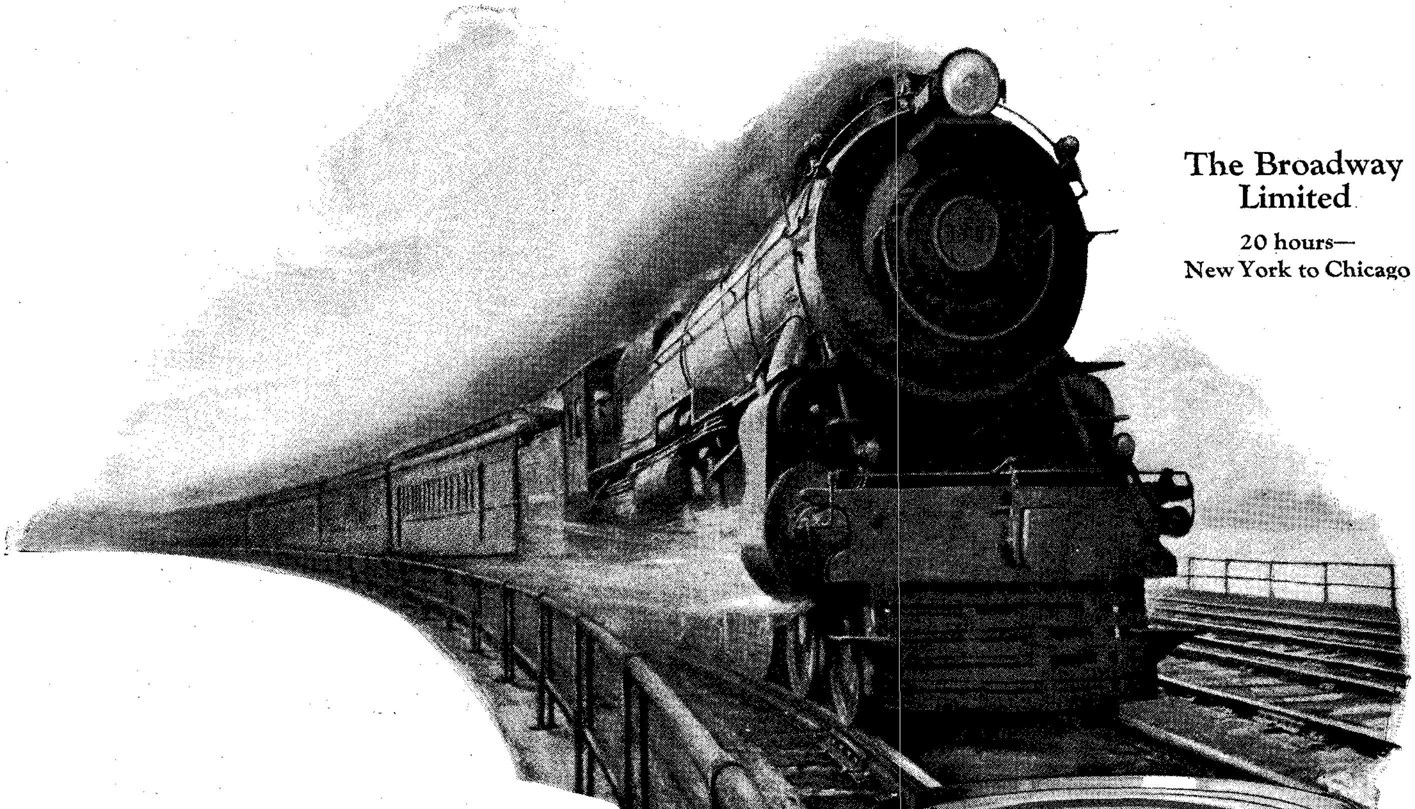
RUSSIA'S WILD WAIFS

HEIRS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, of war, pestilence and lust, 100,000 homeless and deserted children are said to be roaming the streets of Russia. They win a precarious living by theft and robbery, and, traveling in bands, find shelter where they can, in abandoned houses and cellars and in the catacombs. A striking description of them is given by Walter Duranty, correspondent of the New York *Times*, who writes from Moscow:

"Some day when the canons of political practicability have given way to a demand for stark truth there will be written the epic of Moscow's homeless children—highwaymen, murderers and dope fiends almost before their bones have hardened. Now one can only give scant glimpses of their curious lives and obscure deaths. They flow into Moscow faster than the authorities can collect them, these orphans of war, famine and pestilence—dirty, daring and depraved. For the last three years one of their chief strongholds has been the 'catacombs,' as Moscow calls an acre-wide range of cellars under an enormous unfinished pre-war building right in the center of the city. The jungle life of these catacombs demanded such a toll of blood, so many corpses thrown naked upon the outer snow, that the authorities have put a high wooden fence around the entire area and plan next year to raze this whole city block."

Homes and refuges are admitted to be inadequate, we are told, and the ranks of these wild children are said to be constantly increasing. The Soviet Government is attempting some measure of relief by rounding up those from twelve to seventeen years old and sending them into the country to be adopted by peasants. Farm colonies have been suggested, but there are few competent administrators to manage them. To induce peasants to adopt these waifs, additional grants of land will be made, or sums of money will be offered to those who take children. "It is a question, however," says the New York *Sun*, "whether the State has not waited too long and whether in a few years new Robespierres and Fouchés may not arise from their ranks to crush the Soviet as it has crusht the bourgeoisie." To the Buffalo *Express*, "the strange thing is that world-wide humanity does not cry out in horror at such object lessons as this of the actual working of the Bolshevist régime. How," it asks, "can any human beings become so wedded to mere political theories that they can absolutely close their eyes to all the lessons which practical experience spreads before them? What claim to the guidance of public thought can be made by those who can not revise their opinions in the face of results?"

Standards of the world!



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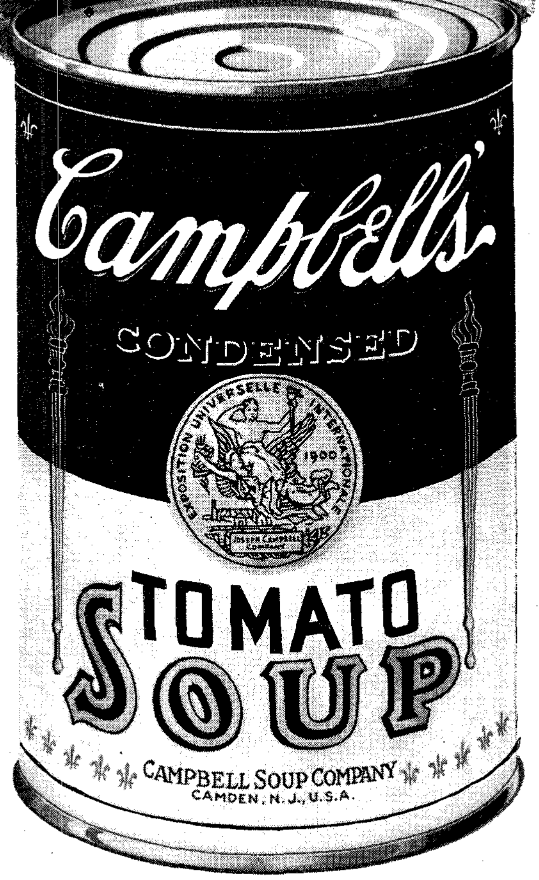
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SOMETHING of a hard bitter tang characteristic of the country that produced this in the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

ALONE IN THE BIG TOWN SHE DREAMS

By Frank O'Connor

In my attic all alone
Now my man, praise God, is gone,
And my son, the rascal, too,
And my face that would not keep,
And my eyes that would not sleep
Dreaming things not worth a thought,
I have dreamed a thing that's true
And let fools get all they sought.
I have dreamed the truest thing;
I shall die as I have sworn
On the day that Christ was born;
All day long the rain will fall,
And the river overflow,
And the floods creep up the wall,
And the big ships come and go
And sail upon the solid land,
And I shall see and understand:
At eight that night I'll rise from bed
And wash myself from toe to head,
At nine I'll put the kettle down
And brew strong tea, at ten put on
My habit and pray out the hour,
And then I'll light and fix secure
Candles in four brass candlesticks
About my table ends, and fix
Myself between them calm and tight
And till the end comes sing delight.
I'll sing no more; the house will shake,
The rotten walls will reel and break,
The floods will rise and rise and rise
And lift me up, and like a queen
With my bright candles and shut eyes,
They'll take me beautiful and serene
Along the street, and every height
Will be playing music in the night,
And Shandon bells will ring out sweet
As I float down through Patrick Street
And ships blow sirens as I ride
From Patrick Street to the main tide,
And the Lord Bishop on the hill
And all the anointed choirs will kneel
And sing as I go out to sea,
Domine, adoremus te.

A HUMOROUS observer is this visitor from China, whether he has also caught the trick of free verse from us, we can not say, nor does *A Magazine of American Verse:*

IN THE SUBWAY

By Chi-Hwang Chu

(English verse-form by Edna Worthley Underwood)

I

Because I am an oriental, I dream.
Even in New York—the nightless—I, of the Orient, dream.

Out of the station I am pushed into a dungeon
With men, women, children,
Head to waist, shoulder to breast,
Sitting, standing, racing with Time,
Chasing Space.

Nature is quickened—Thunder God cheers the race—
Goddess of Lightning waves her handkerchief through rows of little windows.

I turn my head—I try to look.
No heaven, no earth; only night
Where dragons ride
With speed that snuffs the wind.
Behind my ears I feel wind-arrows.

II

A monster flies at us in front—
Big angry eyes—one blue, one red!
He is fiercer than the jungle tiger when night is black.
I wait to be devoured. . . . . . .
But his roaring dies.
I open my eyes—I see the monster's iron net-work cage.

III

In front, beside—
Strange beings in human form:
Ghosts of all peoples,
Ghosts of beauty, ghosts of ugliness.
Some have black faces, goat-curly hair;
Their eye-brows do not shine, but only eye-white.
These are grandmother's stories of night goblins. . . . . .
Women with blue-fountain eyes,
Apple cheeks, and willow waists;
Upon their shoes lacquer,
Little arches under their feet;
Hair-coiled, gold sun-cloud.

IV

A little bag,
A bead bag with a tassel.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
It opens.
Out comes its heart—a mirror.
She looks into it.
With right hand she holds a soft, sweet cake—all white.
She does not put it in her mouth—
She dusts her tiny nose-end with powdered sugar!
I smile.
I am so delighted!
This is Hades become Heaven.
I watch.
I am so afraid my dream is brief.
I forget the dungeon-road returns.

The dragon stops.
Daylight!
The ghosts vanish.
A flash, a clap of thunder—the dragon disappears.

I am alone.
I am sad.
I cannot find Time again!

AGAIN the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin) which serves us so often and well. This tribute might make any woman proud:

MIDNIGHT, 1924-25

By Geoffrey Phibbs

We two have walked in the wet roads
When beech leaves were gold at the end of September;
And we have seen hills look almost twice their height
When mist was across them; Kathleen, do you remember?
And we have watched the full moon and the new moon and the stars;
And we have seen falling stars and wished as they fell;
And we have talked by the fire; and we have danced;
And it was you cast over me the spell

Of music. Do you remember
All we have done together, all we have seen?
And for all that and your beauty what could I do but love you?
And when will you have forgotten, I wonder, Kathleen?
I thought, when the old dear in travail brought forth the new,
"It may be that a miracle will fall!"
But the bells stopped, and there was only the drip of rain and my thought full of you;
The drip of rain on the roof and you in my thought and no miracle at all.

WE leave the truth of this to each individual to verify. It is one of "Heritage, and Other Poems" (Dorrance & Co., Phila.):

INTOLERANCE

By Molly Anderson Haley

Across the way my neighbor's windows shine,
His roof-tree shields him from the storms that frown;
He toiled and saved to build it, staunch and brown,
And though my neighbor's house is not like mine,
I would not pull it down!

With patient care my neighbor too, had built
A house of faith, wherein his soul might stay,
A haven from the winds that sweep life's way.
It differed from my own—I felt no guilt—
I burned it yesterday!

TRANSLATED from the Italian by Giulietta Talamini is a charming little volume of poems best described by its title, "Fireflies" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), for brevity and light:

THE SONG OF THE GIPSY

By Franco Lalli

I have walked
in all lands
and have looked
from all the windows
of Life
seeking in vain the sky
of my unknown country.
But it is my destiny
to go ever further.

NOBODY under fifty, and perhaps not one in a hundred, will like this, but we sometimes must think of the hundred and first as did *Contemporary Verse* (New York):

CLERK

By Thomas Kennedy

All day he bends above tall books
Making neat lines with a sharp pen.
Sometimes he stops his work, and looks,
A trifle dazed, at other men
As old and gray and bent as he,
Hunched over, figuring endlessly.

He takes off gold-rimmed spectacles,
Carefully polishes away,
Puts them back on; absently pulls
The ends of a mustache, quite gray;
Takes pen, and with a little frown,
Resumes his writing figures down.

It would be pleasant to be old—
I *sometimes think while watching him*—
And sit upon a stool, and hold
A pen, and look with eyes quite dim
On figures written close and fine,
Column on column, line on line,

With little fear and little hope,
Too old for any keen desire,
No more to doubt and fear and grope
Or in blind agony aspire
To hopeless height; only to know
Dull figures in a stupid row.

To know that some time, by and by,
The final entry will be done,
The ink will stop, the pen be dry,
The ultimate trial balance won;
And then, with clamorous, blessed shock,
The last great gong ring five o'clock.

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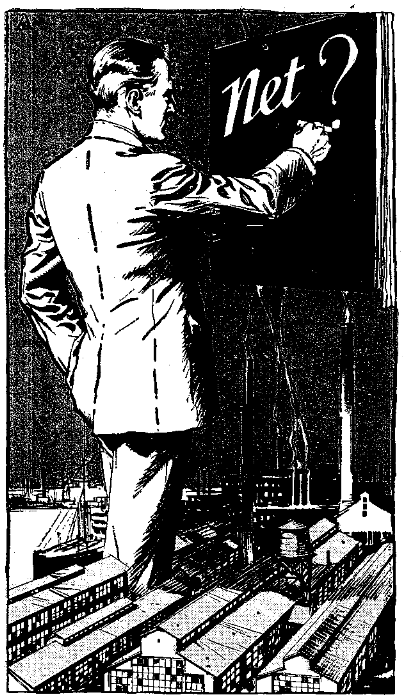
Help yourself to greater net profits



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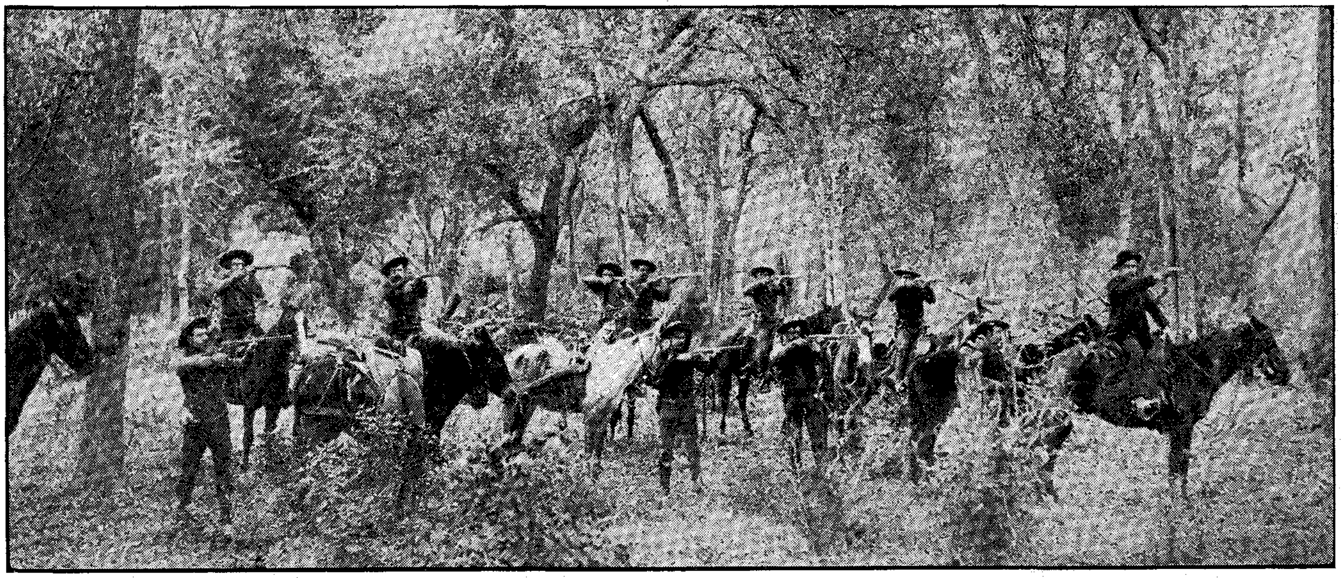

Photographs by courtesy of the Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut

READY FOR INDIANS, CATTLE RUSTLERS, OR ANY OTHER SPECIES OF BAD MEN

The colossal Capt. Frank Jones, at the right of the picture, was fated to die with his boots on, and the same was true of one-third of the men of Company D, here shown "ready to take the field."

"INJUN FIGHTIN'" WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS

A BAND OF FIFTEEN INDIANS had raided the John Gamble ranch and stolen some horses within twenty-five steps of the ranch house. The redskins had not appeared until late in the evening, and it was dark when a runner from Honey Creek, bearing the alarm, reached Fort Mason. Lam Seiker, of the Rangers, had just eaten his supper and was sitting in the lobby of the Frontier Hotel. When he heard of the outbreak of the Indians, he hurried to the livery stable, saddled his horse, old Pete, and started on a Paul Revere ride for Company D's camp, fifty miles due west of Fort Mason. At eight o'clock the next morning he rode into camp with his news, which in those days—August, 1875—was decidedly serious. Capt. D. W. Roberts, the bearded commander of Company D—he might have passed for a Methodist preacher—shouted a hurry order for the company horses, which had been "sent out under herd for the day." Sergt. Plunk Murray was ordered to detail fifteen men and issue them ten days' rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition each. This detachment, referred to in Ranger language as a "scout," was to be commanded by Captain Roberts himself. The men picked to go with him were: Second Sergt. Jim Hawkins, Privates Paul Durham, Nick Donnelly, Tom Gillespie, Mike Lynch, Andy Wilson, Henry Maltimore, Jim Trout, William Kimbrough, Silas B. Crump, Ed Seiker, Jim Day, John Cupps, and one other, who now tells the tale. The "one other" might be called the boy ranger. He had enlisted a couple of months previously, a husky and hard-riding Texas lad of nineteen, destined to rise to the rank of sergeant, and half a century later to become the author of "Six Years with the Texas Rangers" (Yale University Press), from which these recollections are gleaned. The author—Sergt. James B. Gillett—confesses that he was delighted with his good fortune in being selected as a member of the scout. Like most other American boys of his own and later generations, he had dreamed wistfully of "injun fightin'," and now the dream seemed to be on the way toward coming true, for:

The mules were soon packed and by the time the horses reached camp the scout was ready. Sergeant Hawkins, as soon as the men had saddled their horses, walked over to the captain, saluted, and told him the scout was ready. Before leaving camp, Captain Roberts called to Sergeant Murray and told him that he believed the Indians had about as many horses as they could well get away with, and that they would probably cross the San Saba River near the mouth of Scalp Creek and follow the high divide between the two streams on their westward march back into the plains. If the redskins did not travel that way the captain thought they would go up the Big Saline, follow the divide between the North Llano and San Saba rivers westward, and escape, but he was confident the band would travel up the divide north of Menardville. He determined to scout that way himself, and instructed Murray to send two rangers south over to the headwaters of Bear Creek to keep a sharp lookout for the trail. These two scouts were to repeat their operations the next day, and if they discovered the Indian trail, Murray was to make up a second scout and follow the redskins vigorously.

On top of which Captain Roberts gave the order to mount, and the little troop "rode toward Menardville, making inquiry about the Indians." All was quiet at that little frontier village, so the Rangers crossed the San Saba River, and we read on:

Just below the town and after passing the ruins of the Spanish fort, Captain Roberts halted his men and prepared to send out trailers. Two of the best trailers in the command were ordered to proceed about four hundred yards ahead of the party and keep a close watch for pony tracks while they traveled due north at a good saddle-horse gait. The main body of men, under the captain himself, would follow directly behind the outposts.

Our party had traveled about eight or nine miles when Captain Roberts's keen eyes discovered a lone pony standing with his head down straight ahead of us. He sighted the animal before the trailers did, and remarked to us that there the trail was. The outposts halted when they saw the pony and waited for us to come up. Sure enough, here was the Indian trail, probably twenty yards wide. Captain Roberts dismounted and walked over the sign, scrutinizing every pony track, bunch of grass, and fallen leaf. He then examined the old pony. The animal was cut with a lance, with his back sore and his feet all worn out. It was then between twelve and one o'clock, and the captain thought the Indians had passed that way about sunrise, for the blood and sweat on the horse were now dry. The trail showed the raiders were driving rather fast and were probably thirty-five or forty miles ahead of us. The captain decided it would be

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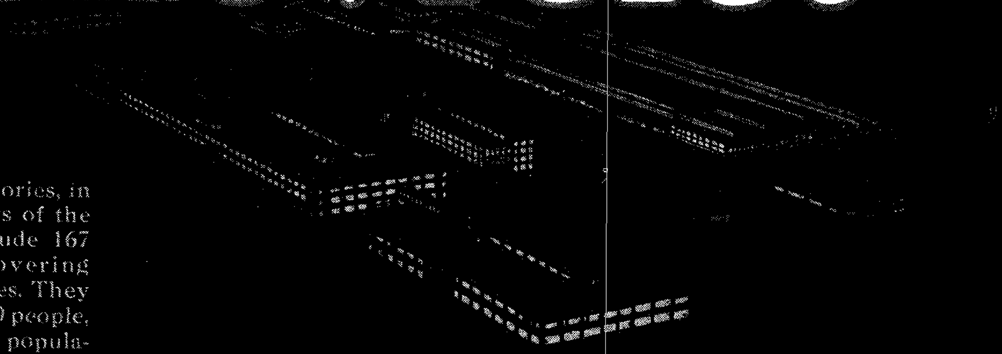

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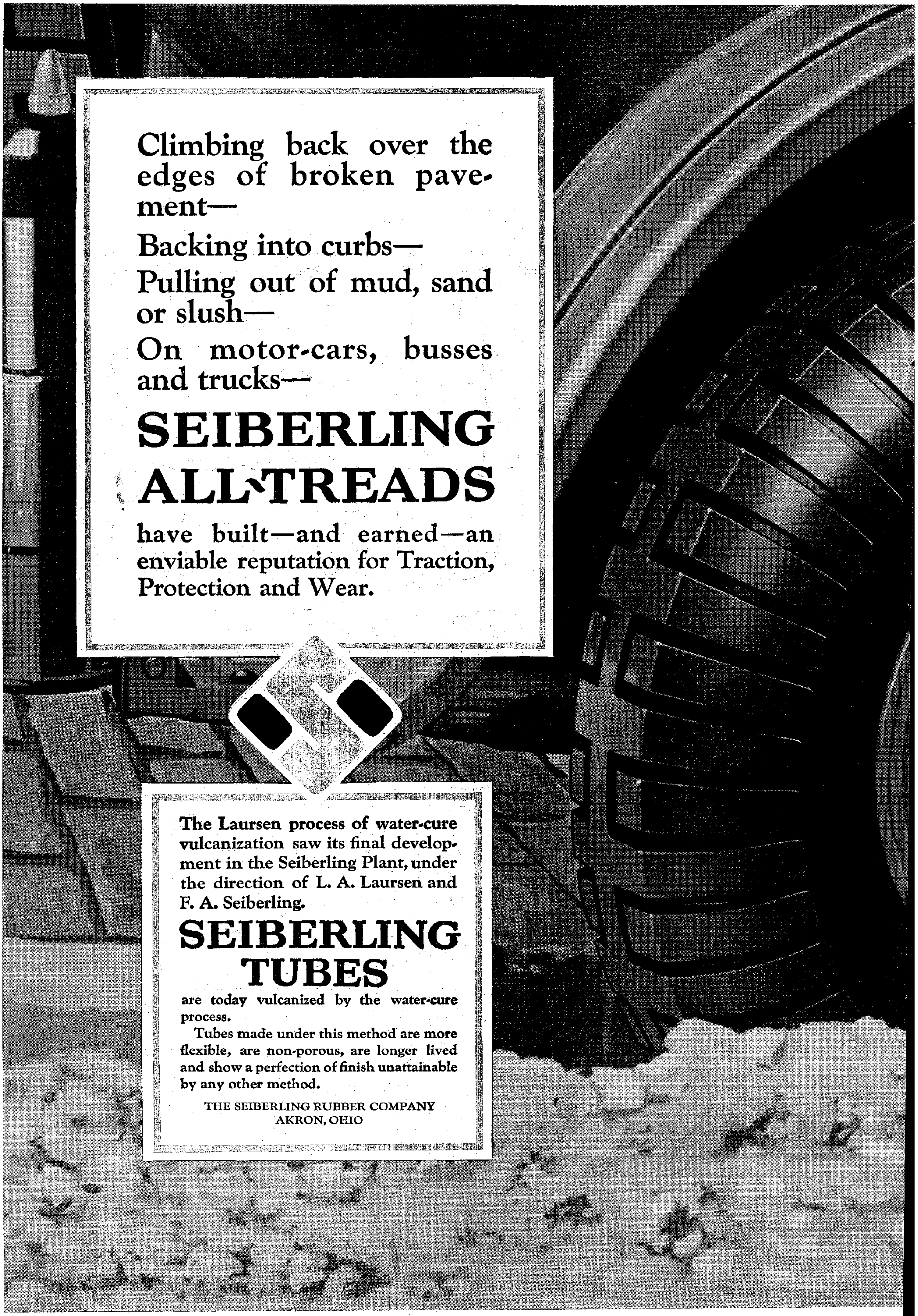

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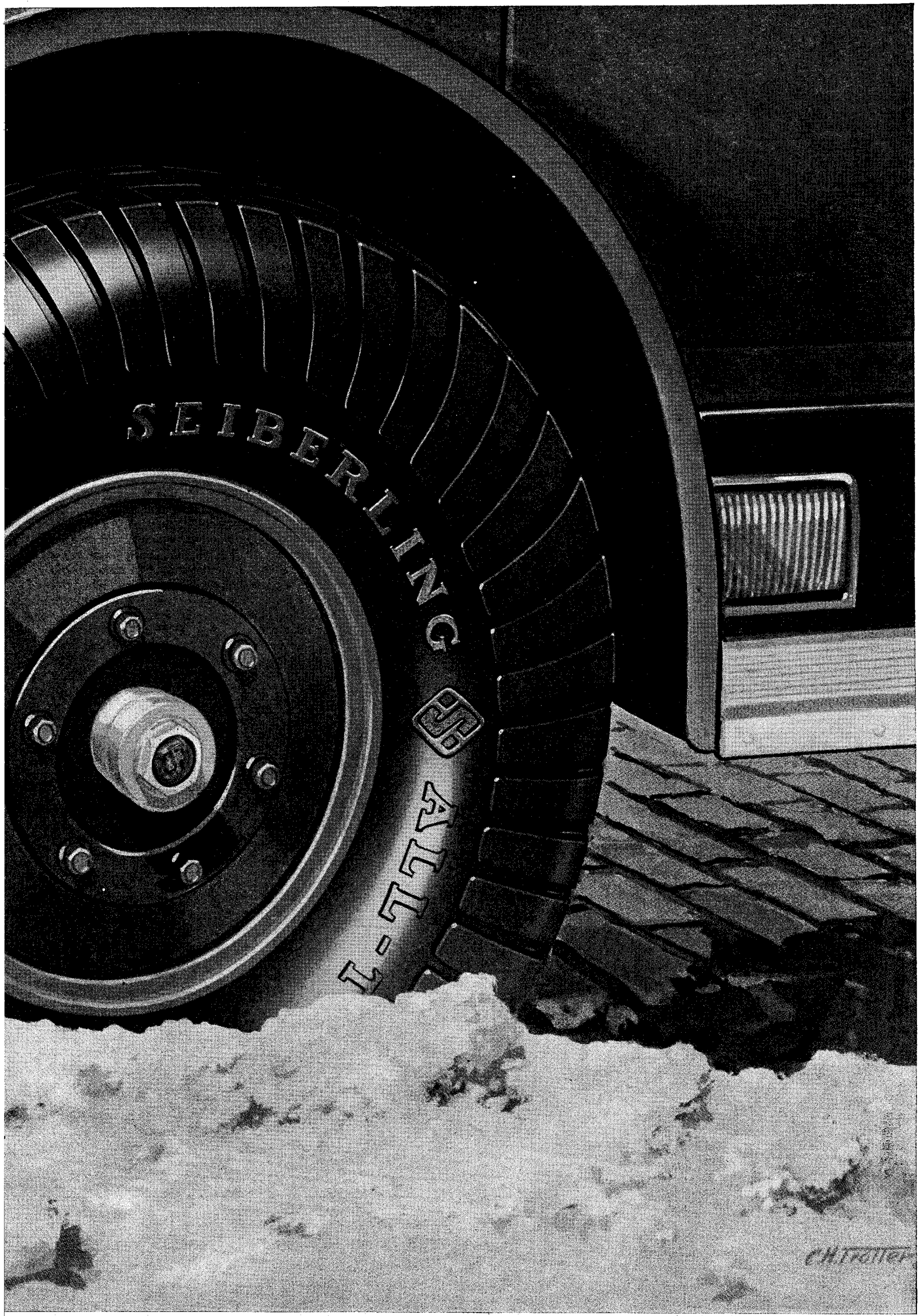
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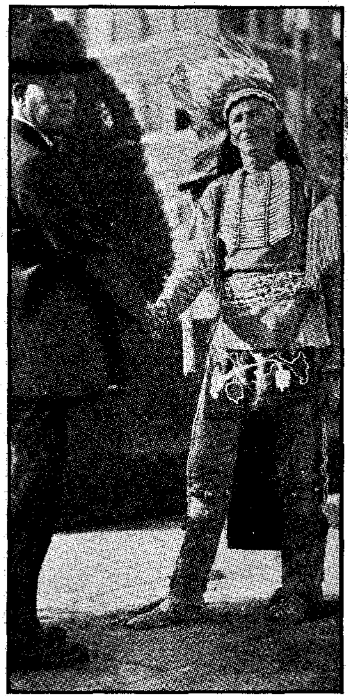
ALL-T
C.H.Trotter

a long chase and that we would have to walk them down if we caught them at all.

There was no water on this divide, so we took the trail without stopping for dinner. Captain Roberts had a fine saddle horse, old Rock, and we followed the trail at a steady gait of five or six miles an hour. At sundown we reached the old government road that runs from Fort McKavett to Fort Concho. We were then about twelve or fifteen miles south of Kickapoo Springs, so we turned up the road, reaching the springs late at night. The horses had not had a drop of water since leaving the San Saba that morning, and, facing a hot August sun all day, the men were pretty well tired out when they reached camp, had supper and got to bed. We estimated we had ridden about sixty miles since leaving camp. During the day Captain Roberts's horse cast a shoe, so Tom Gillespie shod him by firelight, as it was the captain's intention to resume the trail at daylight.



A ROMANTIC MEETING

The apparent Indian is the red-haired white boy whom Gillett had seen with Apaches in his early days.

The following morning Captain Roberts took a southwest course from Kickapoo Springs and paralleled the Indian trail we had left the evening before. It was late in the day before we picked the trail up again, and many of the boys were afraid we had lost it altogether, but the captain laughed at their fears and never doubted that we should find it again. The Indians, as their trail showed, were now traveling over a tolerably rough country, which made our progress slow. About noon we found some rain-water, and camped for dinner and to give the horses a short rest.

When the boys went out to catch their mounts we found that we had camped in a bed of rattlesnakes. Two of our horses had been bitten. Jim Day's Chico had a head as big as a barrel, while the captain's horse, old Rock, had been bitten on his front leg just above the ankle, and it had swollen up to his body. Neither of the animals was able to walk. Jim Day could not be left alone in that Indian country, so Captain Roberts detailed Private Cupps to stay with him until the horses died or were able to travel; in either case they were then to return to camp. The animals soon recovered and Day and Cupps beat us back to camp.

The pack loads were now doubled on one mule so Captain Roberts could ride the other. Reduced to thirteen men, the Rangers followed the Indians until night, when:

We camped where we found a little water in a draw that drained into the South Concho River. Considering the way we had come the captain thought we had covered sixty miles during the day's ride. We had two rather old men on the scout, Mike Lynch and Andy Wilson, and they were nearly all in. I awoke Andy at two o'clock to go on guard. The poor fellow was so stiff he could hardly stand, and I tried to get him to go back to bed, telling him I would stand his guard, but he was game, and in a few minutes limped out to the horses and relieved me.

Early in the morning we were up and traveling. The mule Captain Roberts was riding did not step out as fast as old Rock had done, and the boys had an easier time keeping up. We camped at noon on just enough rain-water to do us, and took up the trail again after dinner. The trailers stopt suddenly, and as we rode up Captain Roberts asked what was the matter. They said it seemed as tho the Indians at this point had rounded up the horses and held them for some cause or other.

The captain dismounted and swept the country with his field-glasses. He circled around where the horses had been standing and found where a lone Indian had walked straight away from the animals. He followed the tracks to an old live-oak tree that had been blown down. Then the reason for the stop became apparent. The Indians had sighted a herd of mustangs grazing just beyond this tree and the redskin had slipt up on them and killed a big brown mare. Captain Roberts picked up the cartridge shell the brave had used and found it to be from a .50 caliber buffalo gun. We also found the mustang, from which the Indians had cut both sides of ribs and one hindquarter.

Captain Roberts was much elated. "Boys," he said with a smile, "we now have ninety-five chances out of a hundred to catch those Indians. They will not carry this raw meat long before stopping to cook some. We have followed them now over one hundred and fifty miles, and they have never stopt to build a fire. They are tired and hungry and probably know where there is water not far away."

He spoke with such confidence that I marveled at his knowledge of the Indian habits.

We were now on the extreme western draw of the South Concho River, far above the point at which the water breaks out into a running stream. Finally, the trail led out on that level and vast tract of country between the head of South Concho and the Pecos on the west. Here the Indians had turned a little north from the general direction they had been traveling, and all of a sudden we came to some rock holes filled with rain-water.

Here the redskins had built three fires, cooked both sides of the mustang ribs, and picked them clean. From this high tableland they could look back over their trail for fifteen miles. The captain thought they had been there early in the morning, as the fires were out and the ashes cold. We did not lose any time at this camp, but hurried on, following the trail until late in the evening, when the trailers again halted. When we came up we found that the trail, which had been going west for nearly two hundred miles, had suddenly turned straight north.

Captain Roberts seemed to be puzzled for a time, and said he did not understand this move. About one mile north there was a small grove of mesquite timber. This he examined through his glasses, seeming to me to examine each tree separately. The trail led straight into these trees, and we followed it. In the mesquite timber we found the Indians had hacked some bushes partly down, bent them over, cut up the horse meat they had been carrying with them into tiny strips, strung it on the bushes and, building a fire beneath them, had barbecued their flesh. The redskins had made the prettiest scaffold for cooking meat I ever saw. We found plenty of fire here, and the captain was sure we would have an Indian fight on the morrow.

From the trees the trail swung west again. The redskins were traveling slowly now, as they evidently thought they were out of danger. But the white men were on the *qui vive:*

"WE LIVE IN THE SADDLE, THE SKY IS OUR ROOF"

This photograph of Sergeant Gillett was made early in his career as a ranger.

Just before sundown the scout halted, and we were ordered not to let any smoke go up lest the band we were trailing should spot it and take alarm. As soon as we had cooked our supper Captain Roberts had the fires carefully extinguished. It had

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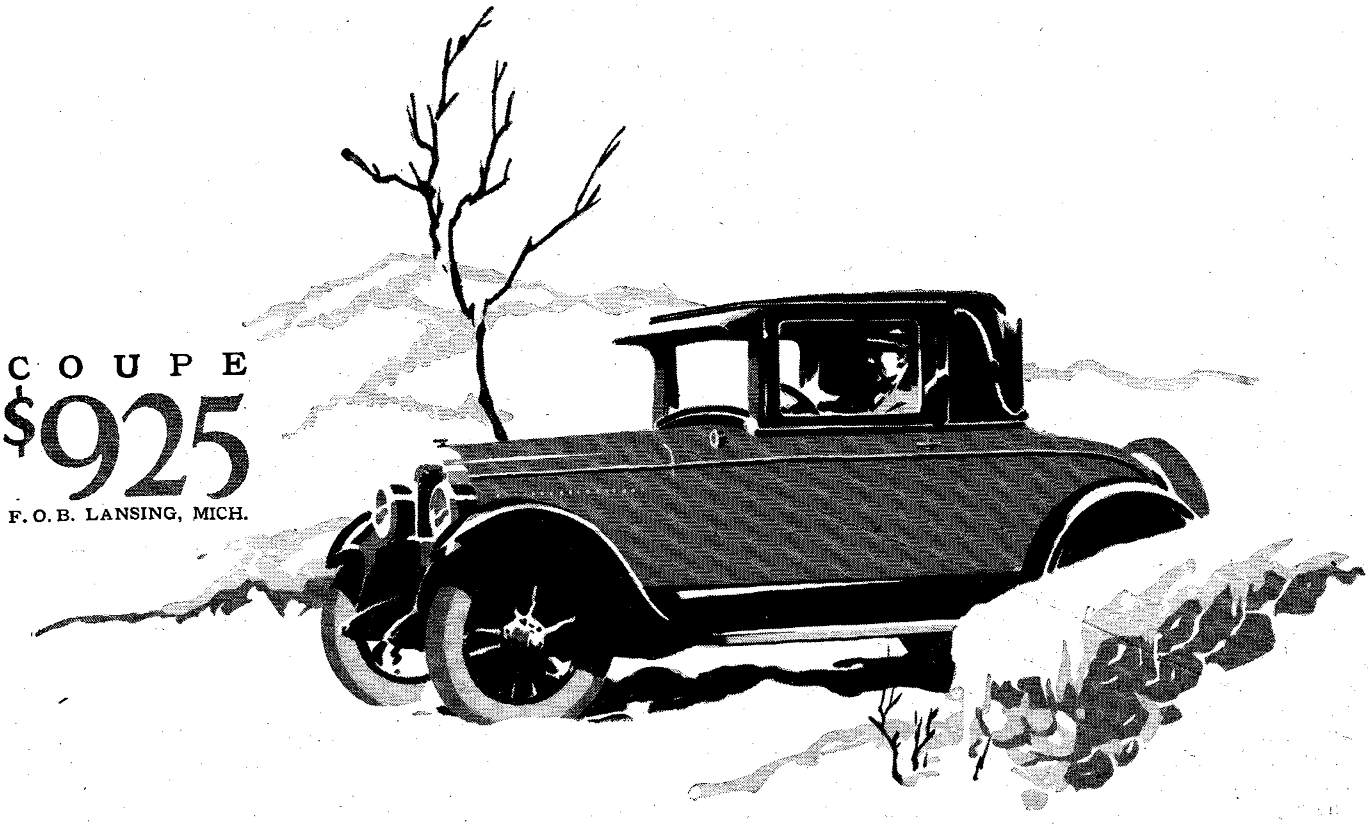

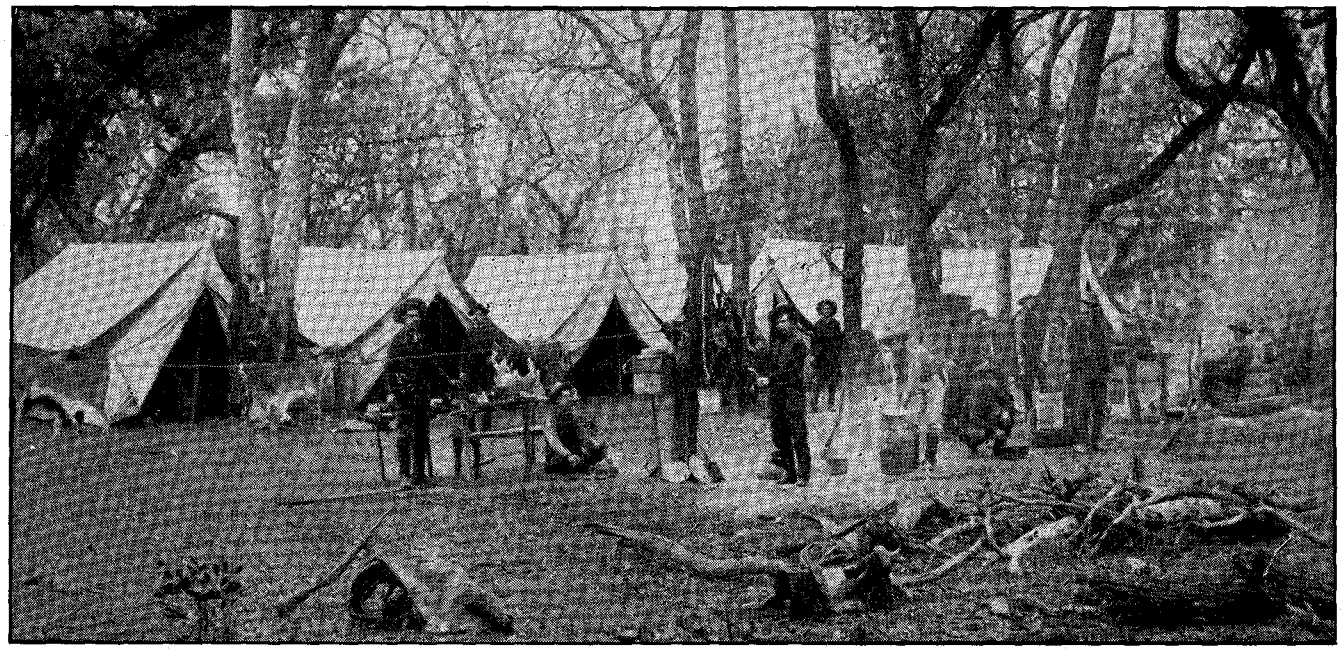

NO MAN COULD LEAVE THE CAMP WITHOUT THE CAPTAIN'S PERMISSION

There was always hunting and fishing, however, and sometimes pony-racing, when these diversions did not conflict with ranger duty. The photograph shows Company D at Fort Inge in 1884. Several of these men were afterward killed in action.

been a good season on the table-lands and there were many ponds filled with water, some of them one hundred yards wide. We camped on the edge of one of these big holes, and where the Indians had waded into it the water was still muddy. The boys were cautioned not to strike a match that night as we were certain the Indians were not far ahead of us. We had covered between forty and fifty miles that day.

Camp was called at daybreak. We dared not build a fire, so we had no breakfast. We saddled our horses and again took the trail. Old Jennie, the pack-mule, was packed for the last time on earth, for she was killed in the fight that shortly followed. As soon as it was light enough to see a pony track two of the boys traced it on foot and led their horses, the remainder of our party coming along slowly on horseback. By sunrise we were all riding and following the trail rapidly, eager to sight the marauding thieves. We had traveled some five or six miles when Paul Durham called Captain Roberts's attention to a dark object ahead that looked as if it were moving. The captain brought his field-glasses to bear on the object specified and exclaimed it was the Indians.

He ordered the boys to dismount at once, tighten their cinches, leave their coats and slickers, and make ready to fight. As we carried out this order a distressing stillness came over the men. Captain Roberts and Sergeant Hawkins were the only ones of our party who had ever been in an Indian fight, and I suppose the hearts of all of us green, unseasoned warriors beat a little more rapidly than usual at the prospect of soon smelling powder. Captain Roberts called out to us in positive tones not to leave him until he told us to go, and not to draw a gun or pistol until ordered, declaring that he wanted no mistake made on the eve of battle. He ordered the pack-mule caught and led until we went into the fight, when she was to be turned loose.

The Indians were on an open prairie dotted here and there with small groves of mesquite timber. The captain thought our only chance was to ride double file straight at them in the hope they would not look back and discover us. We moved forward briskly and got within four or five hundred yards of the redskins before they sighted us.

At once there was a terrible commotion. It was the custom of the plains Indians, when they had stolen a lot of horses, for each to select from the number the best pony he could pick out, and tying a rope around its neck, let the pony drag it along the ground. In case of discovery the braves would quickly leap from the pony they were riding, grab the rope of the fresh one, and mounting it bareback, escape from their pursuers. On catching sight of us they performed this maneuver almost in the twinkling of an eye; then, led by their old chief, they took positions on a little elevated ground some two hundred yards beyond the loose horses. They stationed themselves about fifteen or twenty feet apart, their battle line when formed being about one hundred yards long. As each warrior took his station he dismounted, stood behind his horse, and prepared to fire when given the signal.

The captain with a smile turned to us and said, "Boys, they are going to fight us. See how beautifully the old chief forms his line of battle." From a little boy I had longed to be a ranger and fight the Indians. At last I was up against the real thing and with not so much as an umbrella behind which to hide. I was nervous. I was awfully nervous.

We were now within one hundred steps of the redskins. Then came the order to dismount, shoot low, and kill as many horses as possible. The captain said as we came up that every time we got an Indian on foot in that country we were sure to kill him. With the first shot everybody, Indians and rangers, began firing and yelling.

In a minute we had killed two horses and one Indian was seen to be badly wounded. In another minute the redskins had mounted their horses and were fleeing in every direction. Captain Roberts now ordered us to mount and follow them. The roar of the guns greatly excited my pony, and he turned round and round. I lost a little time in mounting, but when I did get settled in the saddle I saw an Indian running on foot. He carried a Winchester in his hand, and waved to another Indian who was riding. The latter turned and took the one on foot up behind him. As they started away for a race I thought to myself that no grass-fed pony on earth could carry two men and get away from me and old Coley. The Indians had a good animal, but I gradually closed on them. The redskin riding behind would point his gun back and fire at me, holding it in one hand. I retaliated by firing at him every time I could get a cartridge in my old Sharps carbine. I looked back and saw Ed Seiker coming to my aid as fast as old Dixie would run. He waved encouragement to me.

Finally, the old brave ceased shooting, and as I drew a little closer he held out his gun at arm's-length and let it drop, probably thinking I would stop to get it. I gave it but a passing glance as I galloped by. He then held out what looked to be a fine rawhide rope and dropt that, but I never took the bait. I just kept closing in on him. He now strung his bow and began using his arrows pretty freely. Finally, he saw I was going to catch him, and turned quickly into a little grove of mesquite timber. I was considered a fairly good brush rider, and as we went in among the trees I drew up within twenty steps of the brave, jumped from my mount, and made a sort of random shot at the horse, Indian, and all. The big .50 caliber bullet struck the Indian pony just where its head coupled on its neck, passed through the head and came out over the left eye. It killed the horse, which fell forward twenty feet.

And now comes a surprize, with a suggestion of frontier romance:

The old warrior hit the ground running, but I jumped on my horse and ran after him. As I passed the dead horse I saw the front rider struggling to get from under it. To my surprize I saw he was a white boy between fifteen and sixteen years old, with long, bright, red hair,

By this time Ed Seiker had arrived and was dismounting.

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New Series Hupmobile Still Further Invades the Higher Priced Field

The tremendous success of this Hupmobile Eight has a deeper significance than you might grasp at first thought.

It means in the fewest words that Hupmobile has invaded the highest realms of motor car performance with an eight-cylinder performance so phenomenal that it overturns all the high-priced precedents which previously prevailed.

Eight-in-line cars have always been the goal of those who wanted the utmost, because they provided a power flow and riding ease attainable in no other type.

Hupmobile—always conceded by the entire industry a master in engine and chassis design which are responsible for its world-wide reputation for soundness and satisfaction—evolved a year ago a straight eight which was a revelation to those who had always before paid the high-price penalty for superior eights.

In the hands of 15,000 owners it has sought out and surpassed in brilliancy of action, oily smoothness and economy, every straight eight it encountered.

The new series renders this comparison even more emphatically favorable to Hupmobile.

There is nothing the costliest eights can do that is not matched and surpassed in Hupmobile behavior.

It has precisely that complete blending of power impulses one into another, which has made the straight eight stand alone and apart from all other cars in velvety action. The straight eight principle contains within itself the very highest possibilities in motoring—but straight eights, like sixes, or fours, can be brilliant, indifferent or commonplace in translating these principles into qualities of performance.

Hupmobile has translated that principle into the most brilliant possible performance.

There is not an eight power plant in existence more soundly engineered than this, nor a performance program which can surpass it.

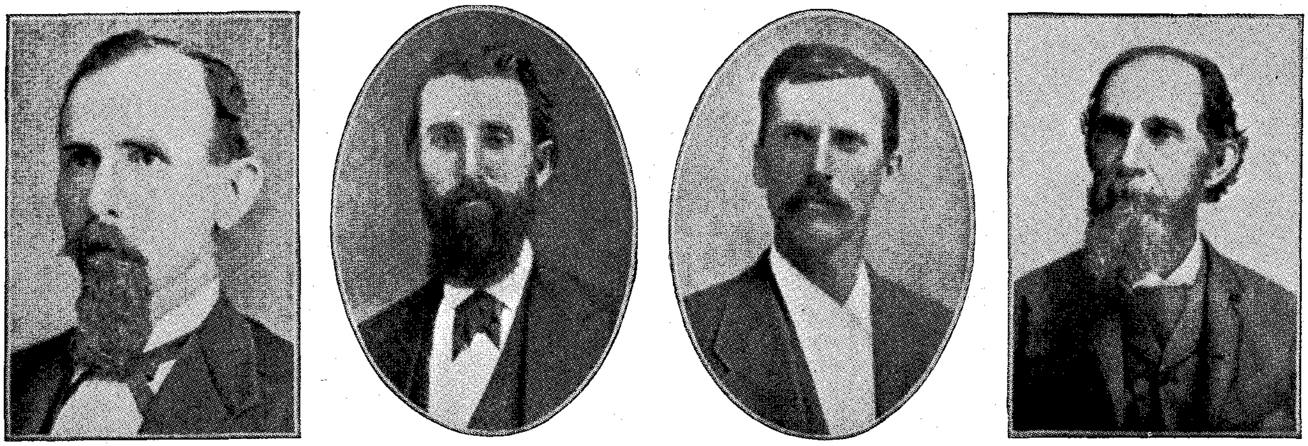
Ordinary eights dwindle into insignificance in comparison—extraordinary eights can do no more if they can do as much, in every essential of get-away, softness, silence, sustained power and speed, and economy of operation.

The new series Hupmobile Eight comes to you as the closest approach to perfection the eight chassis has attained—designed, bodied, finished and trimmed with a richness appropriate to its mechanical excellence.

It comes to you likewise with a reassurance of first cost and a modesty of daily outlay on gas and oil which constitutes it the engineering triumph of the year.

Every enthusiastic anticipation these strong statements may arouse will be brilliantly borne out by any demonstration or comparison you wish to make.

New Series
HUPMOBILE EIGHT



CAPT. NEAL COLDWELL CAPT. D. W. ROBERTS LIEUT. N. O. REYNOLDS CAPT. GEORGE W. BAYLOR

FOUR GREAT RANGER LEADERS

The fugitive warrior now peeped from behind a tree and I got a fine shot at his face, but overshot him six inches, cutting off a limb just over his head. He broke to run again, and as he came into view Ed placed a bullet between his shoulders. He was dead in a minute. When Ed and I walked up to the dead Indian we found he had also been shot in one ankle and his bow had been partly shot in two. In his quiver he had only three arrows left.

We hurried back to the dead horse to help the white boy, but he had extricated himself and disappeared. We then returned to the dead warrior and Seiker scalped him. We took his bow, shield, and a fine pair of moccasins. I also found a fine lance near where the horse fell, and I presume it was carried by the white boy. We found the redskin had no Winchester cartridges, and this was why he dropt the gun—he could not carry it and use his bow. We went back over the trail, but were unable to find the gun the brave had dropt as a bait.

By noon that day the boys had all returned to where the fight had begun and the Indian horses had been left. Jim Hawkins and Paul Durham captured a Mexican boy about fifteen years old. He looked like an Indian, had long plaited hair down his back, was bareheaded, and wore moccasins and a breech-clout. Had he been in front of me I would surely have killed him for a redskin. Captain Roberts spoke Spanish fluently, and from this boy he learned that the Indians were Apaches. He was taken back to our camp, and finally his uncle came and took him home. He had been captured while herding oxen near old Fort Clark, Texas, and an elder brother, who was with him at the time, had been killed.

The boys were then sent back by Captain Roberts to find the white lad who had been with the Indian Seiker had killed. Tho we searched carefully we could find no trace of the mysterious youngster. Forty-nine years later I met this boy, now an old man, at a reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association in San Antonio, and learned that his name was F. H. Lehman. He had been captured by the Indians in Mason County some years before our encounter, and had now become one of them. He had hidden in the grass while the rangers were hunting him, and after they gave up the search and disappeared he had followed on the trail of the Indians until he rejoined them.

When the rangers had all gathered after the fight our pack-mule, Jennie, was missing. We supposed that in the run she had followed the Indians off. Six months later Ed Seiker was detailed to pilot a body of United States soldiers over that same country to pick out a road to the Pecos River. He visited our old battle-field and found Jennie's carcass. She had a bullet hole in the center of her forehead. The Indians in shooting back at their attackers probably hit her with a chance shot. The pack-saddle was still strapt to her body, but wolves had eaten all the supplies. Five hundred rounds of ammunition were still with her, showing that no one had seen her since the day of her death.

Lacking Jennie's supplies, we had nothing to eat except the barbecued horse meat we had captured from the Indians. This had no salt on it, and I could not swallow it. In the fight we killed three horses and one Indian and captured the Mexican lad. At least two redskins were badly wounded, and as victors we captured fifty-eight head of horses and mules, several Indian saddles and bridles, and many native trinkets. Not a man or a horse of our party was hurt, the pack-mule being our only fatality. Captain Roberts said that but for the inability of our hard-ridden horses to overtake the fresh mounts of the Indians, not a soul of them would have escaped us.

We turned our faces homeward, hungry and tired, but highly elated over our success. The second day after the fight we reached Wash Delong's ranch on the headwaters of the South Concho River. Mr. Delong, a fine frontiersman, killed a beef for us and furnished us with flour and coffee without cost. Three days later we were back at our camp at Las Moras. The stolen animals were returned to their owners, and thus ended my first campaign against the Indians.

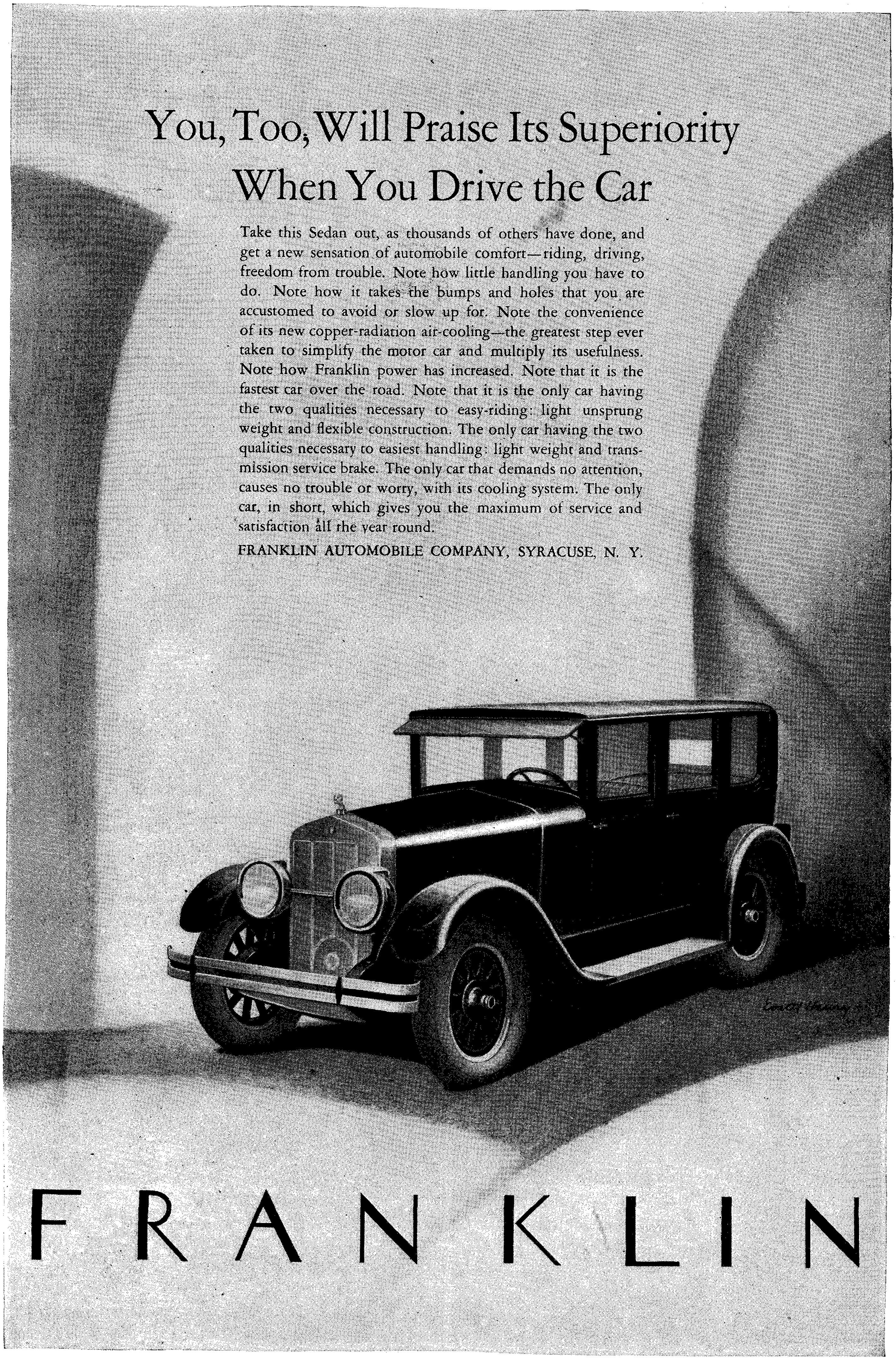
Gillett disclaims any idea of his own capacity to write an adequate history of the Texas Rangers. In an introduction by M. M. Quaife we are told:

To-day, as of old, the rangers maintain vigilant watch and ward over the peace and welfare of the commonwealth of Texas. Owing to fiscal considerations, the force has in recent months been reduced until it constitutes but little more than a skeleton organization, with a total force, for the five companies now existing, of less than thirty men. There is nothing particularly new in this, for Sergeant Gillett recounts in his narrative crises of like character almost half a century ago. To some extent the gas-chariot has replaced the mustang as a vehicle of transportation for the force. Despite these changes the rangers yet remain a powerful influence in the maintenance of peace and order; and still, as of old, their arrival brings a sense of relief and security to the lawabiding and a corresponding depression of spirit to the lawbreaker.

Some of Gillett's most stirring experiences came to him as a member of Company C, on duty in El Paso County under the command of Lieut. (afterward Capt.) George W. Baylor. Of that singular frontier character, the author gives interesting particulars, some of which seem in odd contrast to the benign personality pictured above (on the right). As we read:

Around our camp-fires at night Lieutenant Baylor entertained us with accounts of early days on the frontier. He was born August 24, 1832, at old Fort Gibson in the Cherokee nation, now the State of Oklahoma. His father, John Walker Baylor, was a surgeon in the United States Army. Lieutenant Baylor was a soldier by training and by inheritance. In 1879 he was in his forty-seventh year and stood six feet two inches tall, a perfect specimen of a hardy frontiersman. He was highly educated, wrote much for papers and magazines, was a fluent speaker, and a very interesting talker and story-teller. He was less reserved than any other captain under whom I ever served. He had taken part in many Indian fights on the frontier of Texas, and his descriptions of some of his experiences were thrilling. Lieutenant Baylor was a high-minded Christian gentleman, and had been a member of the Episcopal Church from childhood. In all the months I served with him I never heard him utter an oath or tell an idle yarn. He neither drank whisky nor used tobacco. Had he written a history of his operations on the frontier and a biography of himself it would have been one of the strangest and most interesting books ever written.

I have not the power of language to describe Lieutenant Baylor's bravery, because he was as brave as it is possible for man to be. He thought every one else should be the same, and did not see how a white man could be a coward. He was as tender-hearted as a child, and would listen to any tale of wo. He frequently took men into the service and stood good for their



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equipment, and often he had to pay the bill out of his own pocket. All men looked alike to him, and he would enlist any one when there was a vacancy in the company. The result was that some of the worst San Simon Valley rustlers got into the command and gave us no end of trouble, nearly causing one or two killings in our camp.

Baylor cared nothing for discipline in the company. A scout of ten or fifteen men would sometimes be strung out a mile or more on the march. To one who had commanded a regiment during the Civil War a detachment of Texas Rangers, doubtless, looked small and insignificant, so he let his men have pretty much their own way. To a man like myself, who had been schooled under such captains as Major Jones, Captain Coldwell, Captain Roberts, and Lieutenant Reynolds, commanders who were always careful of the disposition and conduct of their men, this method of Baylor's seemed suicidal. It seemed inevitable that we would some time be taken by surprize and shot to pieces.

LOOKING BACKWARD

The old frontiersman's eagle gaze seems to have lost little of its fire, altho he—Sergeant Gillett—is on the verge of seventy.

Another peculiarity of this wonderful man was his indifference to time. He would strike an Indian trail, take his time, and follow it to the jumping-off place. He would say, "There is no use to hurry, boys. We will catch them after a while."

In describing an expedition across the Mexican border (with the consent and cooperation of the Mexican authorities) in pursuit of a troop of murderous Apaches, Sergeant Gillett relates that when he exprest doubt of a report that the red warriors were lying in wait for their pursuers, his commander replied:

"You don't know the Apaches. They are very different from the plains Indians, the kind you have been used to following. These Apaches delight to get into the rocks and lay for their enemies."

And we read on:

At the conference the Mexicans suggested that Lieutenant Baylor should take nine of his men and ten of their volunteers and follow the trail up the canyon, but the lieutenant declared that this would never do, as the Apaches had no doubt anticipated such a move and hidden themselves in the cliffs where they could kill their attackers without exposing themselves in the least. He proposed scaling the mountains and following them down on top of the ridge in the Indians' rear, and this was the strategy finally adopted.

The Mexicans dismounted and started up the mountainside about one hundred yards to our left. Lieutenant Baylor and his eight rangers marched straight forward from our horses and began the ascent. As we went along, the lieutenant pulled some bunch grass and stuck it all around under his hatband so his head would look like a clump of grass and conceal his head and body if he should have to flatten himself on the ground. He counseled us to follow his example. I had taken some Mexican cheese out of my saddle pockets and was eating it as we marched carelessly up the mountain. Honestly, I did not believe there was an Indian within a hundred miles of us, but it was not long before I changed my mind. Suddenly there came a loud report of a gun and then another. I looked up to where the Mexicans had taken position behind a ledge of rocks and saw where a bullet had struck the stones a foot above their heads. I did not want any more cheese. I threw down what I had in my hand and spat out what I had in my mouth.

The Apache warriors, high in the cliffs above us, then turned their attention to our little band of rangers and fired twenty-five or thirty shots right into our midst. One of these big caliber bullets whizzed so close to my head that it made a noise like a wild duck flying down-stream at the rate of fifty to sixty miles an hour. Lieutenant Baylor ordered us to charge at once.

In running up the mountain I was somewhat in advance of the boys. We came to a rock ledge three or four feet high. I quickly scaled this, but before I could straighten up an Indian rose from behind a rock about fifteen to twenty yards ahead and fired point-blank at me. The bullet struck a small soap-weed three feet in front of me and knocked the leaves into my mouth and face. I felt as if I had been hit, but it was leaves and not blood that I wiped out of my mouth with my left hand. I turned my head and called to the boys to look out, but the warning was unnecessary—they had already taken shelter under the ledge of rock.

Just as I turned my head a second shot from the Apache carried away the entire front part of my hat-brim. I saw the warrior throw another cartridge into his gun and brought my Winchester quickly to bear upon him. When he saw that I was about to shoot he shifted his position and turned sideways to me. We both fired at the same instant. My bullet hit the redskin just above his hip and, passing straight through his body, broke the small of his back and killed him almost instantly. He was a big man, probably six feet tall, with his face painted in red and blue paint. He used an old octagon-barrel Winchester rifle, and he had with him an old shirtsleeve, tied at one end, in which were two hundred and fifty Winchester cartridges.

Some Indians fifty yards up the mountain now began to shell our position, so I took shelter behind the ledge of rock. Fifteen or twenty feet to our left and a little higher up the mountain, Lieutenant Baylor was sheltered behind some boulders. He raised his head slightly above his parapet for a peep at the Indians and those keen-sighted warriors saw him; a well-directed shot cut part of the grass out of his hat. Had the bullet been six inches lower it would have struck him full in the face.

"Darn that old Indian," exclaimed Baylor, ducking his head. "If I had a shotgun I would run up and jump right on top of him."

The lieutenant was mad now, and ordered a charge. The boys hesitated, and George Harold, an old scout, said, "Lieutenant, if we leave this shelter and start up the mountain the Indians hidden behind those rocks seventy-five yards above will kill us all."

"Yes, I suppose you are right; they would be hard to dislodge," replied Baylor.

The Apaches evidently had plenty of ammunition, for they kept up a desultory fire all day. Seeing we were not going to fall into their trap, they turned their attention to our horses. Altho the animals were four or five hundred yards from the foot of the mountain they killed Sergeant Swilling's horse, the bullet passing entirely through the body just behind the shoulders. When it staggered and tumbled over, Swilling began to mourn, for he had the horror of walking all Western men have. John Thomas, however, got the laugh on him by saying, "Sergeant, you had better wait and see if you are going back to camp." We could see the Indians' bullets knocking up dust all around the horses and the guard replying to the fire. Lieutenant Baylor now sent a man to the guard with an order to move the horses out of range.

During the afternoon the Apaches moved up higher toward the crest of the mountain, and in doing so one of the Indians exposed himself. The Mexicans to our left spotted him and killed him with a well-directed shot. The warrior fell in open ground where he was literally shot to pieces.

We had been without water all day, and when night came Lieutenant Baylor and Captain Garcia decided it was useless to continue the fight any longer, so we withdrew toward our horses. After reaching the animals we could still hear the Indians firing on our positions. We might have captured their horses by a charge, but we would have had to go down the side of the mountain and across a deep canyon where we would have been compelled to pick our way slowly under a constant cross-fire from the concealed riflemen, and neither Baylor nor Garcia thought the horses worth the sacrifice required to capture them.

As the nearest water was thirty miles away and our men and horses were weary and thirsty, we rode back to the ranch of our hospitable friend, Don Ramon Arranda, where our horses were fed and we ourselves supplied with fresh milk and cheese.

Gillett had some experiences on the trail of the Apache Chief Victorio, whom he credits with having been "a far better captain than old Geronimo ever was, and capable of commanding a much larger force of men." His second in command was Nana, "also a very able officer." Victorio had a disconcerting habit of breaking away from the reservation and raiding the countryside with a hundred or more warriors, attended by almost as many women

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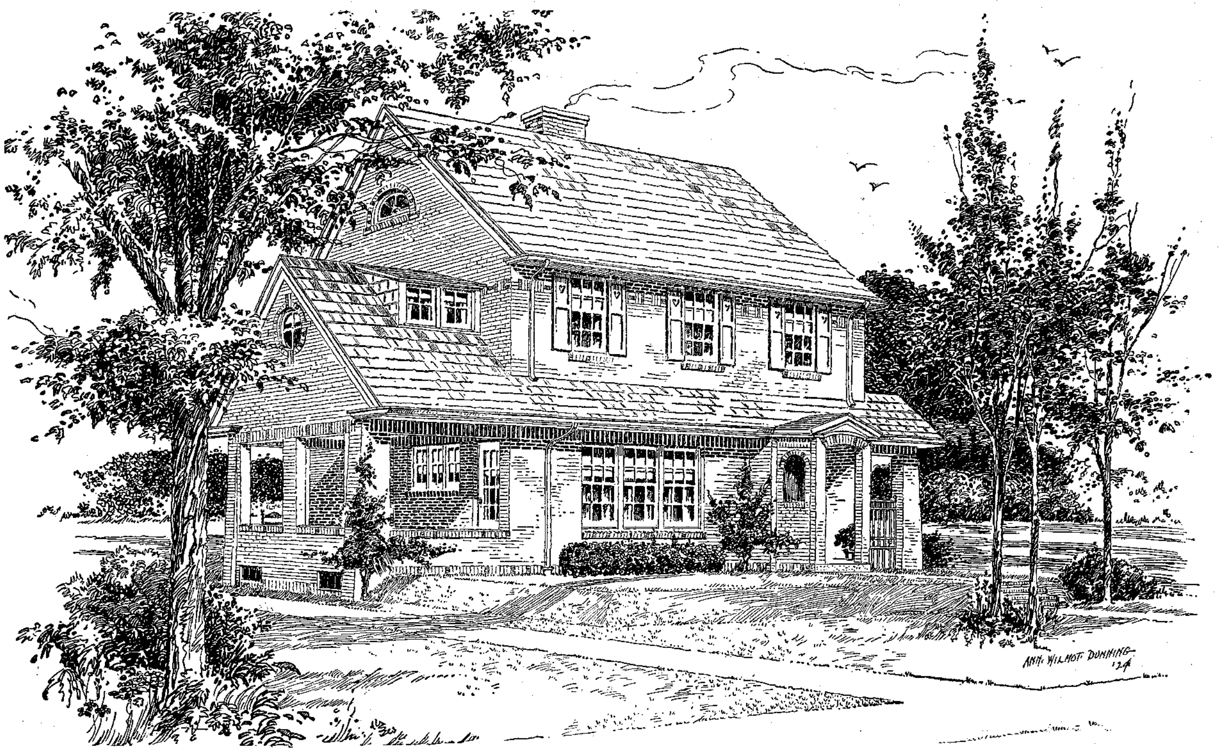
Ann. Wilmot Downing '24

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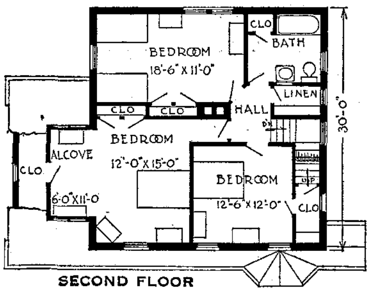
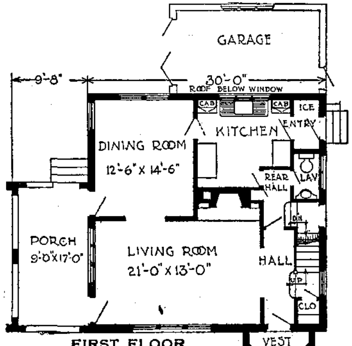

CLO
BATH
BEDROOM 18'-6" x 11'-0"
LINEN
HALL
CLO
CLO
BEDROOM 12'-0" x 15'-0"
ALCOVE
CLO
6'-0" x 11'-0"
BEDROOM 12'-6" x 12'-0"
CLO
30'-0"

SECOND FLOOR


GARAGE
9'-8"
30'-0"
ROOF BELOW WINDOW
CAB
CAB
ICE
ENTRY
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM 12'-6" x 14'-6"
REAR HALL
LAV
PORCH 9'-0" x 17'-0"
LIVING ROOM 21'-0" x 13'-0"
HALL
CLO
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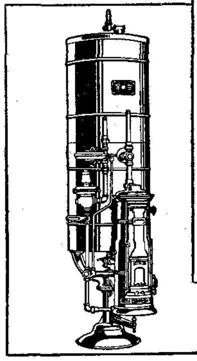

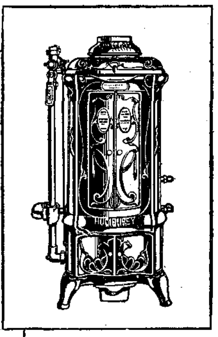

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and children. After one of these outbreaks the Rangers and United States troops pursued the marauders into Mexico, but turned homeward reluctantly, at the suggestion of General Terrazas, when it appeared that the trail had turned into the interior of the State of Chihuahua. Following which:

> The very next morning after the United States troops, the Apache scouts, and the Texas Rangers turned homeward General Terrazas's scouts reported to him that Victorio with his entire band of followers was encamped at Tres Castillos, a small group of hills about twenty-five miles southwest of the Los Pinos Mountains. General Terrazas at once set his column in motion for that place. Captives afterward declared that Victorio's spies reported the presence of the Mexican cavalry early in the day, and thereafter kept him informed hour by hour as to the movements of the approaching enemy.
>
> Victorio had just sent his war-chief, Nana, and fifty of his best young warriors away on a raid, so he had left in his camp an even hundred braves, some of them very old men. He also had ninety-seven women and children, and about five hundred head of horses and mules, yet the remarkable old Indian made no move to escape. By nightfall General Terrazas had drawn near the Apache camp, where he surrounded the three hills as best he could, and waited until morning before assaulting the enemy. During the night twelve of Victorio's warriors, with four women and four children, deserted the old chief and made their way back to the Eagle Mountains in Texas. Here they committed many depredations until they were exterminated three months later in the Diablo Mountains by Lieutenants Baylor and Nevill.
>
> Early the following morning Victorio mounted a white horse and, in making some disposition of his braves to meet the expected onset of the enemy, exposed himself unnecessarily. The Mexicans fired a volley at long range and two bullets pierced his body. He fell from his horse dead—a good Indian at last.
>
> The loss of Victorio and the absence of Nana demoralized the Apaches, and a vigorous assault by General Terrazas resulted in a complete victory for the Mexicans. Eighty-seven Indian warriors were killed and eighty-nine women and children were captured with a loss of only two men killed and a few wounded. The victory covered General Terrazas with glory. The Mexican Government never ceased to shower honors upon him and gave him many thousands of acres of land in the State of Chihuahua. The general was so elated over the outcome of the battle that he sent a courier on a fast horse to overtake Lieutenant Baylor and report the good news. The messenger caught us in camp near old Fort Quitman. Every ranger in the scout felt thoroughly disgusted and disappointed at missing the great fight by only two days after having been with General Terrazas nearly a month.
>
> The captured women and children were sent south of Mexico City into a climate wholly unnatural to them. Here they all died in a few years. When Nana heard of the death of Victorio and the capture of the squaws and children he fled with his fifty warriors to the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Sonora. There he joined forces with old Geronimo and massacred more people than any other small band of Indians in the world. To avenge himself on Terrazas for killing his friends and carrying away their wives and children, Nana and his band killed more than two hundred Mexicans before joining Geronimo. Nana, with his new chief, surrendered to General Lawton in 1886 and was carried away by our Government to Florida, where he at last died.

A WOMAN'S WOES AS EDITOR OF A COUNTRY WEEKLY

SHE appears to have done everything short of setting the type. She functioned as police reporter, society ditto, "contact man," political sharp, director of policy, editorial writer, copy boy, sporting editor, baseball reporter, prize-fight expert, information bureau, fashion authority, make-up man, and goodness knows what not. After the first day it became evident that the editor of the paper in that particular bailiwick was a person of some importance who should have been blest with infinite wisdom and speak at least seven languages fluently. Subscribers, the majority of them mill-hands, were constantly writing or phoning for information and guidance on all subjects, ranging from what was the best show in New York to what should be done with an erring son or daughter. Telling her story in the New York *World*, Elizabeth C. Nearing explains:

> Altho *The Times* in its entire history had never had a woman editor, I had not in my entire history ever edited anything. Various metropolitan newspapers had secured my valuable services without even suspecting me of hidden powers. One day a kindly soul who owned several daily and weekly newspapers in New Jersey asked me if I thought editing a small-city weekly was beyond my capacity.
>
> At that time nothing was beyond me, as I needed a job badly. Not even the fact that I was expected to gather daily news for a paper in a near-by city, write editorials for my own sheet, write all the copy, make up the layout, read proof, cover the Police Department, Board of Education and City Council, keep in touch with all social activities, run a question-and-answer column, report prize-fights and baseball . . . one and all were insignificant compared with the knowledge that I was a full-fledged editor with my name in caps at the head of the editorial column.

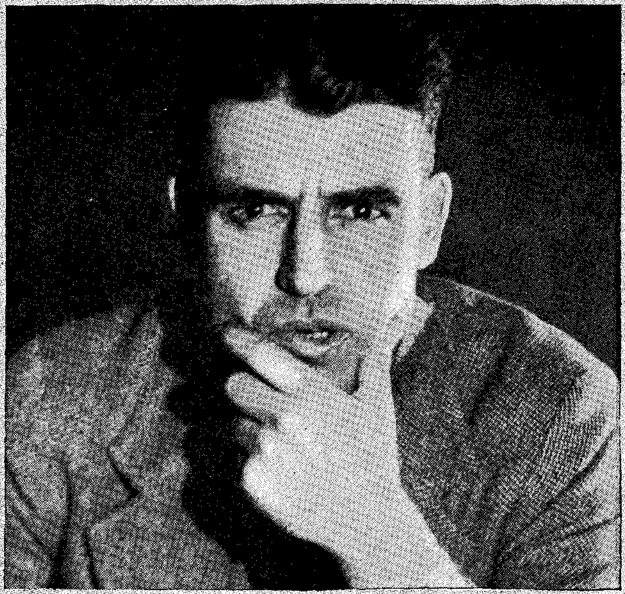
And now the music begins. Listen:

> The phone bell tinkles in the tiny office.
>
> A housewife, anxious to sell her sewing-machine, through the "want-ad" exchange? A member of the Ladies' Aid with an item about her cake-sale? Or Indignant Subscriber?
>
> It is none of these.
>
> "*The Times?* Mrs. Blank calling—yes, Mrs. Blank, of Main Avenue. I'm alone in the store; can you come over? My husband isn't much help; hasn't been for some time: the gas, you know. Can't you come? Some one has just passed a twenty-dollar bill here, and I'm sure it's a counterfeit. I haven't called the police. I

Your memory may be good . . . BUT

how about the other fellow's?

REYNOLDS: *"I told him May 6."*



McLEAN: *"What date did he say?"*

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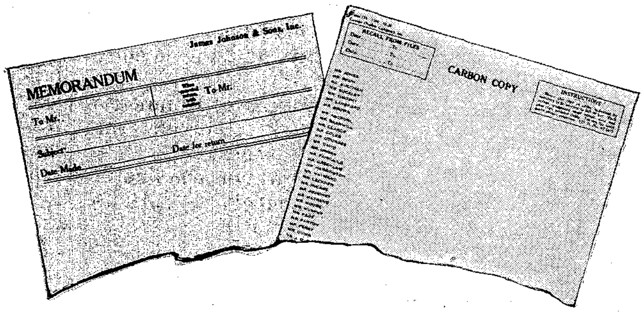
Write on your business letterhead and we shall be glad to mail you, without charge, our Working Kit of printed forms and samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

The Printed Form never forgets



HAMMERMILL
BOND

The Utility Business Paper

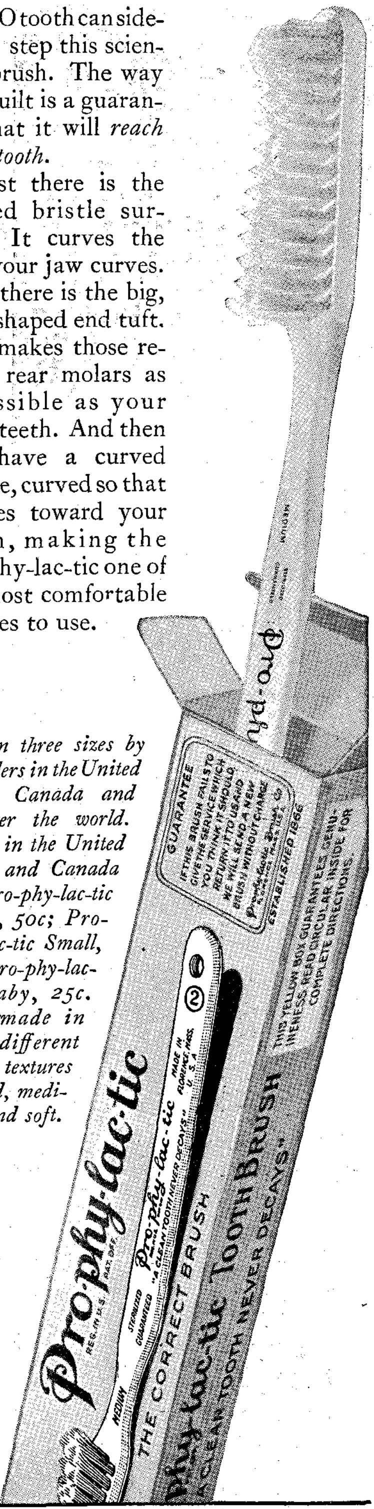
Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

Give *All* your teeth a square deal.
This brush does

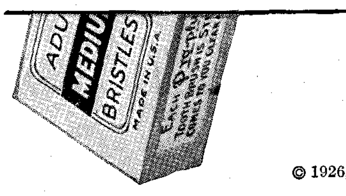
NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth.*

First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft. This makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth, making the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures —hard, medium, and soft.



Always sold in the yellow box. Look for the hyphenated, facsimile word Pro-phy-lac-tic. This denotes the genuine.



© 1926, P. B. Co.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

hate fuss. And I can't afford to lose the money, either. He asked for a pack of cigarets and gave me this bill. The light is so bad down there at the end of the counter. Please!"

And so one goes, of course.

And so one goes on many a similar errand, when one is editor-in-chief, star reporter and copy-boy of a newspaper fourteen miles northwest of Park Row, "somewhere over the Jersey meadows."

Names, not news, are the first consideration for your weekly newspaper. My work was to see that every guest at every function was mentioned. One woman whose name was mentioned as being a relative of a man who had met with a distressing accident, bought up all the extra copies of that issue and wrote me a note of thankful appreciation.

Nor was the hunger to see their names in the paper confined to the women. An item giving the full name of the policeman making an arrest brought a cheery smile and hand wave when the woman editor's "decrepit car" passed by. The storekeepers, the Councilmen and the most prominent of the townsmen were only too ready to stop on the street to gossip a while. And now for politics:

The city was having a great deal of trouble with the bus situation. New lines were bobbing up all the time, requesting permits to run on residential streets. Taxpayers protested and politicians were at odds. Votes were split in the City Council, and strikes were imminent among drivers on long-established lines, who resented competition. It seemed to me that the man to settle this business was Bus Inspector John DeVries. I interviewed him and published what I considered a very satisfactory account of the real cause of the agitation.

The Bus Inspector walked down Main Avenue in the manner of a balky horse. He shied at every news-stand and finally catapulted into the *Times* office.

"Well, Mr. DeVries, come in and sit down. I like your new vest!" Mr. DeVries remained rigid and extremely red in the face. His vanity had been wounded in a more vital spot than his vest. He waved the instrument of torture on high—a copy of *The Times*.

"Can't I tell you anything in confidence without having you stick it all over the front page, with my picture?"

"All this" is a three-column headline in the biggest type in stock. "LACKAWANNA BUS LINE PLAYS POLITICS, SAYS INSPECTOR J. DEVRIES."

In the midst of the wrangle that followed, my telephone rang.

"Hello—editor of *The Times*? City Clerk Miller speaking for the Mayor. Just wanted to tell you that the Lackawanna Line withdrew their application for bus permits on Lexington Avenue. Thought you'd like to know. That article in *The Times* did the work. Hard feelings? I should say not! People in this town don't want another line chasing up Lexington Avenue. Comfort Line gives good service, and Lackawanna Line had no business trying to run through the town anyway—just a short-cut to Newark. That's all right. Good-by."

Johnny and I shook hands rather sheepishly. I sold him twenty-five copies of that edition, then turned wearily to my typewriter to pound out an editorial for next week—"Lexington Avenue Residents Win Fight Against Bus Line."

A lot of little white lies appeared in the paper from time to time, we are told. The story of Miss Hettie Miller's reception for out-of-town Daughters of the Revolution was one of them. But only a hard-hearted person could blame the editress when she thus explains the touching circumstances:

A card on my desk informed me that the Busy-Bee Sewing Circle would hold a "Colonial Dames' Progressive Tea-Party" that afternoon at Miss Miller's home. Hettie herself had written the message. A "P. S." was attached: "Please be sure and attend, as we want this on Page 1."

Hettie lives in one of the biggest old houses in the town. In her younger days she had been very famous for her hospitality, but that was before the advent of the wife of the wealthiest mill-owner. Society shifted from the old-fashioned portals of the Miller homestead, and circled instead about the Doherty mansion, where Mrs. Henry Doherty determined who was in and who was out of society. Somehow in the shuffle Miss Hettie Miller's was in that limbo of lost invitations, and at last she was openly ignored.

It was my first visit. Hettie answered my knock. The dear lady had togged her two hundred and some odd pounds in flowered cretonne—yards of it that blossomed about her figure in crazy profusion, like a rose-garden on a rampage. She had powdered her hair and pasted a black patch on the third chin from the top. Her bright pink cheeks almost rolled right into her eyes when she laughed.

But Hettie stopt smiling and laughing after we had sat in the front parlor for half an hour. Not another soul came up those porch steps. Only Hettie and I shared the splendor of the patriotic decorations, the despair of a party to which nobody came.

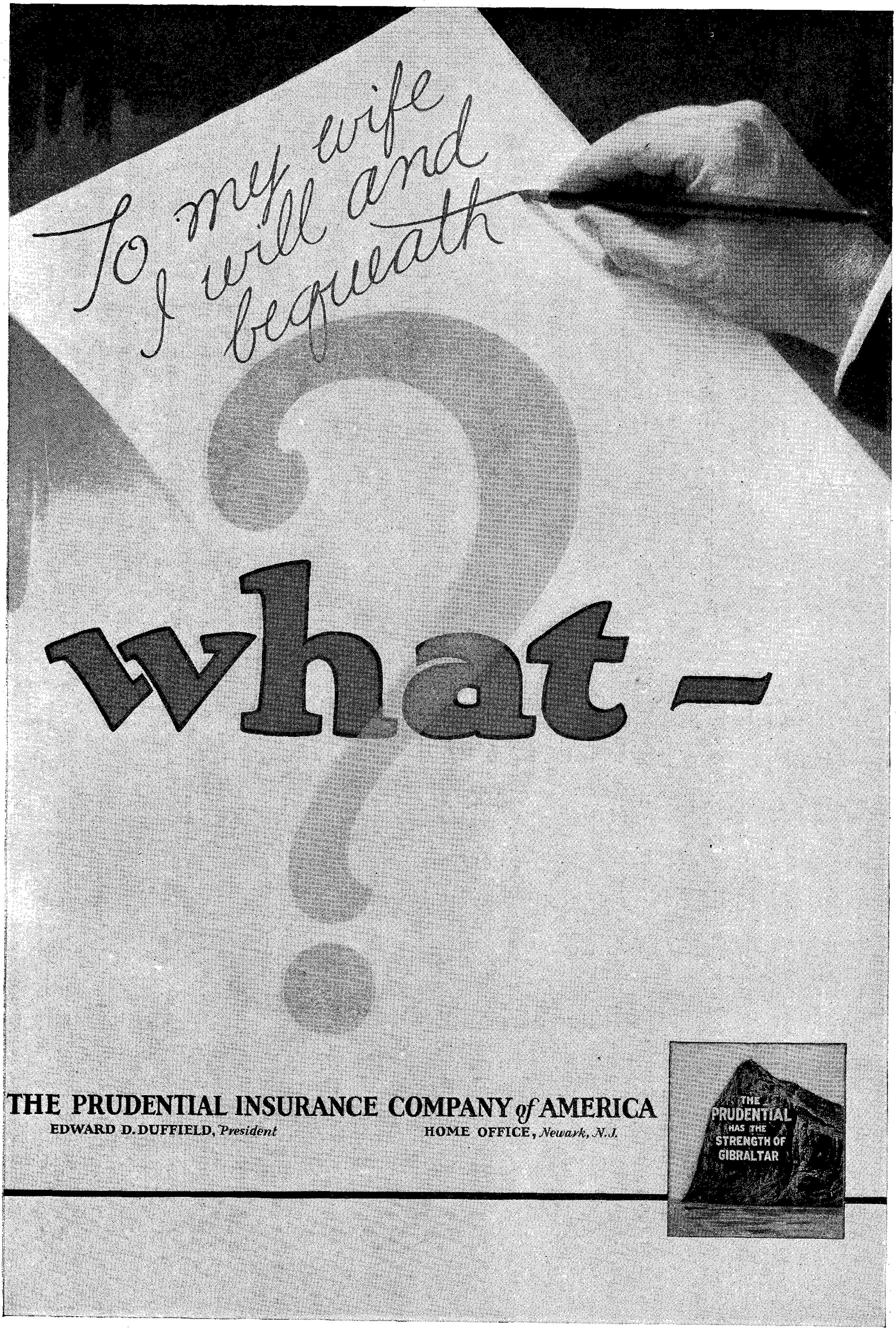
Hettie passed me cup-cakes with red, white and blue icing. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Don't tell in *The Times* about this party," she said between heart-rending heaves and gulps.

I sent Hettie a copy marked with red and blue penciling that week, telling of her out-of-town guests at a party whose gaiety rivaled any that had occurred throughout the year.

Making up the paper was perhaps the hardest part of the entire process. The writing and printing difficulties were monumental. My typewriter was an 1896 vintage, far beyond repairs, and we had a limited supply of type in the shop. I used to work long into the night the day before my paper went to press, sorting from a pile of cuts, making the front page symmetrical with prominent headlines and as many pictures as possible.

There is a lot more to editing a weekly newspaper, such as the wily ways of increasing the circulation, seeing that you carry at least 50 per cent. advertising to cover your running expenses, and meeting the demands of your subscribers. This, however, does not belong with that distinction you share with the doctor, the preacher and the undertaker in your town of being present during those most vital moments which will occur even in the least hectic of lives.


To my wife
I will and
bequeath
what—

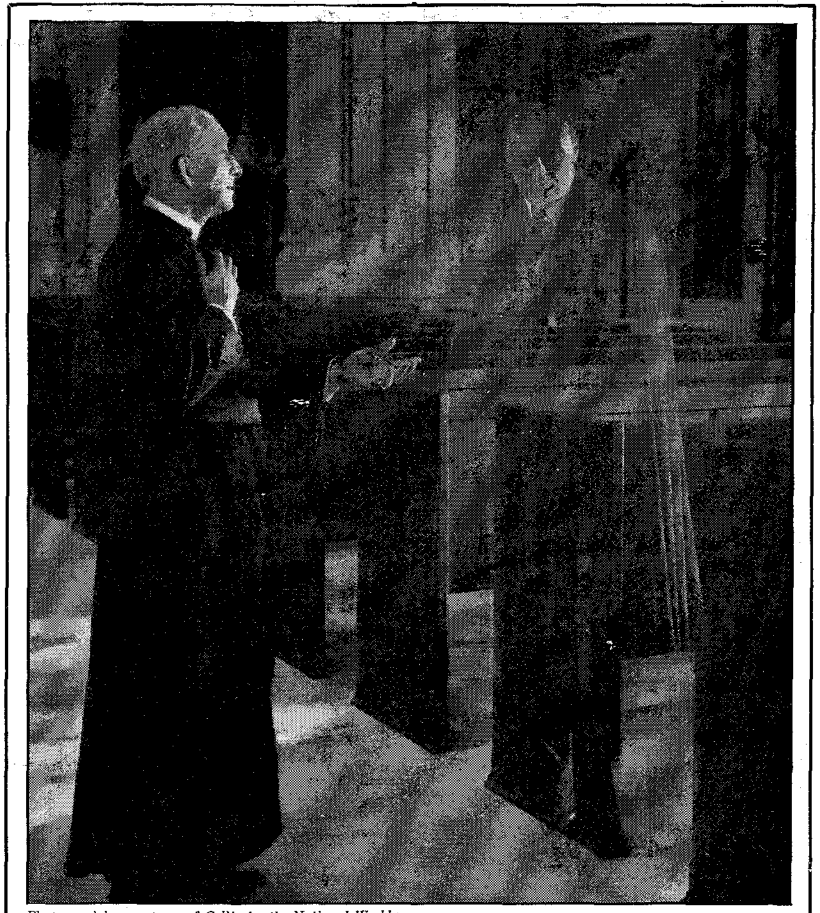
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE CAMERA CAN LIE LIKE A TROOPER

THE AUDIENCE HOLDS ITS BREATH as a child leads a movie dog across a movie room. Suddenly the animal halts, "hair bristling, body tense and shivering." Straining eyes in the audience see the ghost of the dog's dead master slowly forming out of nothing. The dog turns toward it and barks in wild excitement. Any spectator would be willing to swear that the dog had at least seen the actor impersonating the apparition. But no. The camera is lying. At the required moment for the dog's preliminary agitation, a cat and a goat had been brought near enough for it to see them. Hence his sudden bristling with doggy rage. Then, as they were whisked out of sight, an attendant in a certain spot, corresponding to that at which the ghost would appear in the finished film, mewed like a cat, causing doggums to wheel in that direction with wild barkings. And the rest? Mr. Sumner Smith describes it as "clever double-exposure work, carefully timed by metronome and with the route of the ghost across the set charted to correspond with the dog's movements."

Such is one of the effective illusions in "Earthbound," and we read of many other ingenious deceptions. Once a symbol of truth, the camera has been trained with a thousand clever subterfuges to represent the thing that is not. Poor M. Daguerre might well turn in his grave could he learn of the mendacious uses to which photography has been subverted by the movies. As this writer expresses it in *Collier's, the National Weekly:*



Photograph by courtesy of *Collier's, the National Weekly*

HOW DOUBLE EXPOSURE MADE THE GHOST WALK

An example from "Earthbound" of one of the many possibilities for using the camera to deceive the eye.

"The light that lies in the camera's eyes saves the motion-picture industry several million dollars a year."

By way of example he introduces us to an "indignant representative of an influential woman's club," who exclaims:

"I couldn't believe my eyes. I saw that poor goat being smothered in the quicksands—it was a terrible sight and I know that the camera does not lie."

The goat that was apparently being sucked down into the maw of the quicksand was only struggling because he could not eat all of the props fast enough. The motion-picture company explained that, while it did not usually divulge the secrets of the screen lest the tenets of realism in pictures might suffer, the truth of the matter was that the illusion of the goat in the quicksand was all a clever manipulation of the director. A large box, with several false bottoms, was filled with bran and water, which, by means of careful camera judgment, looked like a good, healthy quicksand. The goat was merely struggling to get his share of the bran and water before the shot was over. He was trying to maintain his equilibrium while the false bottoms were being taken out one by one. When his head went under the camera stopt. And there you are.

It takes ingenuity to produce these optical illusions, however. And the camera man must estimate distance and lighting effects carefully. In a melodramatic picture the movie fans are delightfully thrilled at a dramatic leap of a horse and rider over a startling chasm. The man, springing from the saddle in mid-air, grasps an overhanging branch above him and swings himself to safety, while the unfortunate horse goes plunging to his death on the rocks below.

But no lives were risked in that scene. It was all done by substitution. Small painted models of a horse and rider were attached to invisible wires across a miniature chasm. Photographs were taken in much the same manner as with cartoon comedies, when at least 10,000 drawings are necessary to make one reel. First a photograph is taken of the horse and rider leaving the bank. Successive photographs are taken as human hands move the horse forward and adjust the rider's position to show him straining toward his goal at the other side of the chasm. When the dummies have reached the proper point a wire lifts the rider as the dummy horse falls and the hands of the hero apparently clasp the overhanging bough. The illusion is complete when a close-up of the real actor chinning himself to safety is shown, and the audience is happy at the thought of having witnessed a daredevil leap.

Albert E. Smith of the Vitagraph Company developed trick photography beyond the commonplaceness of stop camera and double exposures, and his "Princess Nicotine" will long remain a standard of excellence along this line. Nothing like it has been done in recent years, with the possible exception of "The Lost World," which specializes in prehistoric monsters, achieved through the use of flexible miniatures and double exposures. It takes a long time, for one thing, to do trick photography of any magnitude—"The Lost World" was over eight years in the making.

It was Albert Smith who developed the camera trick, dubbed "bathtub" movies, during the Spanish-American War, of which we read:

News reels then were unknown. Pictures were largely in the experimental stage and facilities were extremely limited. Photographers, as a matter of fact, were not permitted on board the fleet off the coast of Cuba. There was a great demand for war stuff, however, and Vitagraph met this demand by making pictures in a tin tank set up in a Brooklyn back yard. The tank was backed by a painted scene. In the water with which it was filled floated blocks of wood covered with pictures of battle-ships clipt from newspapers and magazines. Little piles of gunpowder were hidden back of these profiles and touched off by a red-hot wire thrust through the back of the scene. They made a very realistic showing of a battle fleet in action.

Smith was so encouraged by his success that he photographed fires with much success. When the famous Windsor Hotel burned he soon reproduced it by having a cardboard model of the hotel painted and set afire. From behind the model he threw pinches of gunpowder on the flames to produce puffs of smoke that belched through the cardboard windows, making a realistic reproduction of the fire.

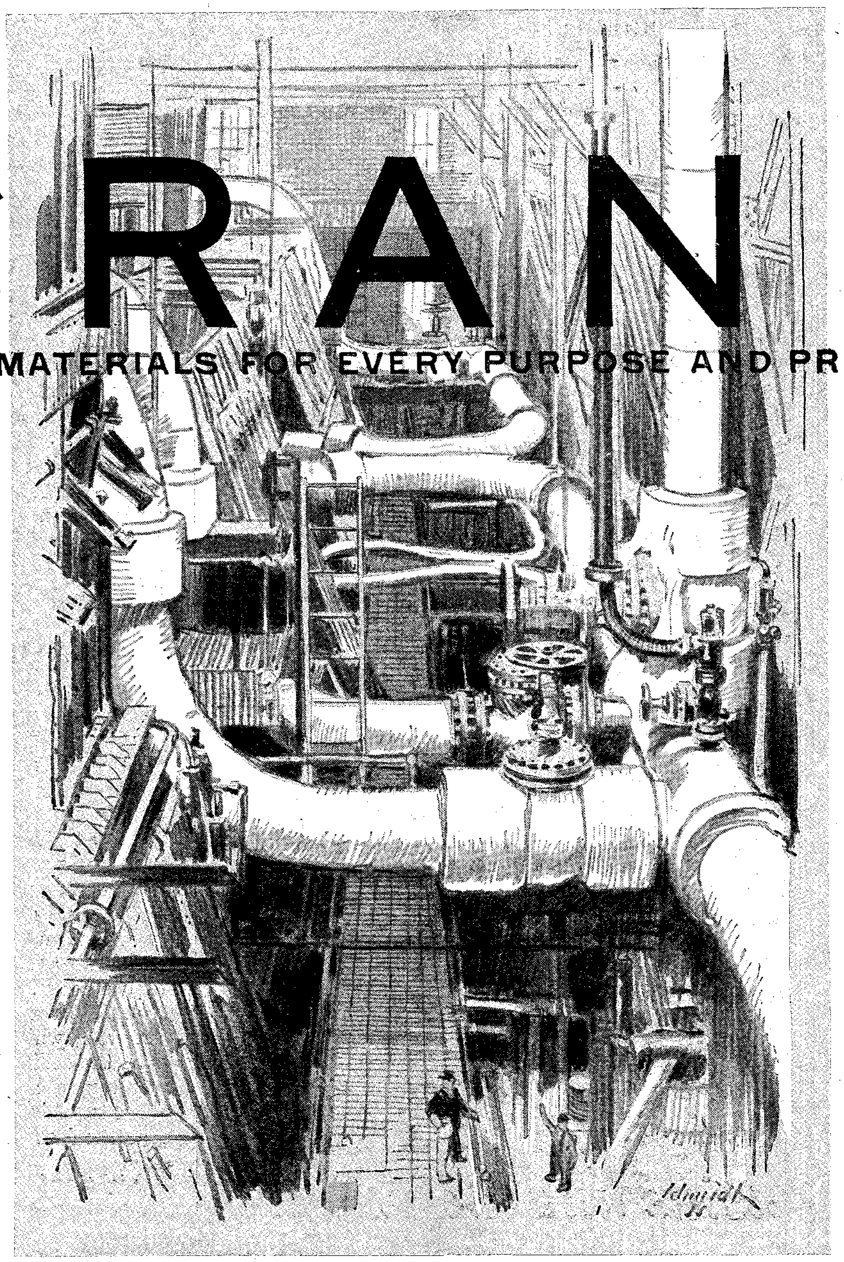
These stunts were child's play compared to the camera tricks of to-day.

There's the streak of lightning, for instance, which administers punishment to the villain at the psychological moment. It looks uncanny, but it is merely scratched or painted on the negative. And the buildings and people that turn into futuristic shapes right before your eyes. How come? The negative is heated

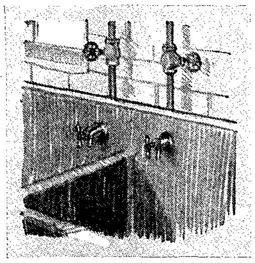
CRANE VALVES

CRANE

PIPING MATERIALS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND PRESSURE



High-pressure steam lines in the new Philo Station of the Ohio Power Company, Philo, O. Superheated steam is fed to two General Electric turbo-generators of 40,000 K.W. capacity at 600 pounds pressure and 725° temperature. Crane piping, fittings and valves are used. The motor-operated gate valves of electric cast steel with stems of forged monel metal, open or close in 40 seconds. Sargent & Lundy were engineers and architects.



Make certain of Crane quality for even the smallest valves.

Safeguarding human life while serving human needs

CALLING them "deadly", James Watt, father of the modern steam engine, petitioned Parliament in 1776 to forbid the use of steam pressures greater than 15 pounds to the square inch.

Today, superheated steam at 600 pounds is in use. 1200 pounds is commercially contemplated. Experiments are being made with even the full critical steam pressure of 3200 pounds to the inch.

How are life and property protected in present steam power practice? Or in piping carrying oil at temperatures as high as 1000°, how is fire hazard reduced? How is city water supply guarded? What makes your sink faucet reliable?

The answer is: as long ago as 1868, Crane Co. established a laboratory to chemically control raw materials. Later it determined systematically the behavior of metals and alloys at high temperatures. Both were pioneer efforts in this country.

Power development, oil production, manufacturing processes, rail and water transportation, road and bridge building, farming, home comfort: to the advance of all these, Crane valves, fittings and piping materials have made mighty contributions.

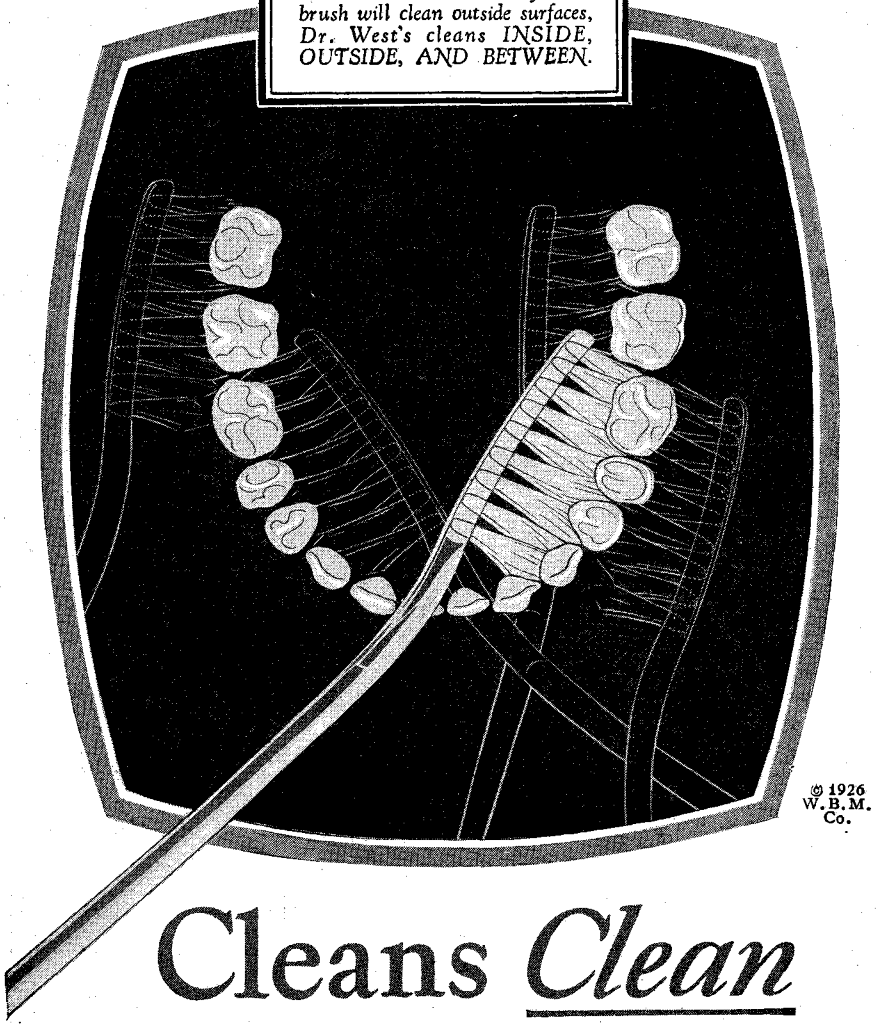
For even the smallest valves in your basement and the plumbing in your walls, specify Crane safety, dependability, economy.

WRITE CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal and St. Johns, Que.
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY, SHANGHAI
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, Ltd., LONDON
Cie CRANE: PARIS, BRUSSELS

It fits!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.



Cleans *Clean*

Inside—Outside and Between

This Brush is as *correct* as modern dentistry; a successful improvement based on present-day teaching. It is small, arch-conforming and crevice-fitting. Every pointed bristle tuft does its work with every brushing. The true diagram above shows clearly the *fitness* of Dr. West's. Its use and effect in your mouth is self-demonstrated proof that *this* brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them *clean*, inside—outside—and between.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

until the emulsion runs. When you see a conglomerate mass take shape and definite form you may know that the negative has been heated and the action of the film reversed. The actor who apparently rushes right through the fierce, devouring flames is in no danger, for lycopodium torches, that furnish red flames with little heat, are used. They blow the flames between the hero and the camera. The flowers that bloom while you draw an astounded breath are taken with automatic cameras that shoot the bursting bud at calculated intervals—say one photograph every three hours.

Very pretty effects are gained by reverse action. An example is in "The Thief of Bagdad," where Douglas Fairbanks is seen swimming to the bottom of the sea through a mass of seaweed. In reality he is hoisted by invisible wires, making all the motions of a swimmer, and the negative then reversed. The seaweed is made of strips of cotton covered with mucilage.

Here is a puzzler for you, tho. A comedian is dreaming. He suddenly finds that he can walk the floor, the walls and the ceiling of his room with equal facility. The audience sees him do this plainly—and wonders. This trick calls for considerable mechanics and careful timing. Also a level head on the part of the camera man. The strain comes on him. Machinery revolves the room on its axis, while the camera man and his machine are made fast to a corner of the room. The actor walks across the floor, the room turns and he walks across the wall, which has become the floor, and then the ceiling. It is the camera man who is hanging head down part of the time, cranking his camera; but, then, camera men are inured to hardship.

Lighting is a valuable adjunct to camera work, and many's the trick that can be pulled by proper lighting. Thus:

Laurette Taylor, for instance, looked as slender as a sixteen-year-old in the picture "Happiness." Trick photography and special lighting now enable the highly capable mature actresses to come to the screen, where formerly only very young and beautiful girls could be used.

One of the greatest discoveries in creating illusions lies in the employment of expert artists who paint backgrounds on glass. This cuts production costs by many thousands of dollars, for almost any scene or building may be reproduced without fear of detection.

The Film Booking Offices once needed a New Hampshire village scene with a background of New Hampshire hills. Transporting the actors and equipment to New England would run into money, so a village was built on the California lot. Artists painted the hills in miniature on glass, copying photographs, and matched the glass backgrounds exactly on a line with the roofs of the studio village. Superimposition of two negatives did the trick so beautifully that the New Hampshire audiences accepted the hills without question.

This method has obviated the rental of gorgeous tapestries and other accessories of a mansion, which had to be guarded with great care until returned. One set in a Barrie picture had antiques worth more than fifty thousand dollars.

TENTING TO-NIGHT IN THE LAND OF PROMISE

AT Lemon City, a typical city of tents in Florida, there are fifty families to one shower-bath, we read, and twenty-five families to one wash-tub, while "blazing sun beats down on a saw-dust-littered piece of earth, sodden with thrown-out wash-water," and "mothers shrilly shriek to babies to get out of the soap-sud puddles." Why are those families there? One real-estate man, talking with a newspaper correspondent the other day, explained the phenomenon thus:

> "Folks got tired of the incessant drive for the dollar. The common man got the idea that life was all a matter of up at five o'clock, grabbing a dinner-pail, off to the job, home after dark, too tired to play, the children asleep, no chance to get acquainted with his family, no light to dig a garden. He grew surly. He noticed that the rich man had daylight to play in. He heard of his fishing, his swimming, his migration to a winter playground where the skies were blue and the air was mild. He wanted some of it, too."

Allen Sumner in the Detroit *News* cites this human document:

> Mrs. A. E. McCullough once lived in Canton, Illinois. Her husband was a carpenter. Life grew dull. Nothing but work, and lots of it, and little to save!
>
> She talked about it in her tent home in Lemon City, four or five miles out of Miami, while three or four youngsters played in the sawdust puddles.
>
> "It was just like a boil—this Florida business," said Mrs. McCullough, once of Illinois. "It's something you just have to get out of your system!
>
> "He had his trade and he had his tool-kit, and we figured he could make a living anyway, and it would be a change. We'd see something different and do something different—the sort of thing that folks don't usually do."
>
> And there you have it—"the sort of thing that folks don't usually do."
>
> "It's a shiftless way to live," said Mrs. McCullough, making two of the kids wash together in the basin before the tent door and apologizing. "It's so far to carry water for all of them!"

Such communities as Lemon City have "sprung up like the proverbial mushroom all over Florida," we are told, and—

> Most of these myriad tent cities are run by women. It's a simple matter to become such a proprietress. Merely a matter of renting the land so far out from town, where rents aren't so high, and then to get a license from the health department.
>
> When the landlady begins, she has nothing but bare, treeless land and one bath-house each for men and women; perhaps a wash-tub or so on a rickety bench in the center of the lot.
>
> Most of the shack-builders leave sooner than they had planned. The landlady rents their shacks for $60 a month.
>
> "Just try to get anything else for that!" one shack-dweller challenged me when I gasped at the rental!
>
> Sometimes a big tourist car rolls into the tent city, paying its $6 a week for parking privileges. And they live in the car!
>
> "But we're going back. We want to live right," said most of the Lemon City tent dwellers.

Avoid pain by seeing your dentist in time

Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

Pyorrhea seizes

FOUR out of FIVE

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

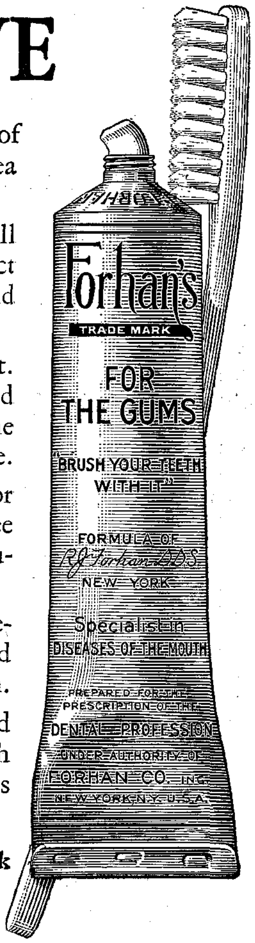
Pyorrhea steals upon you like a thief in the night. First come tender bleeding gums. Then gums recede and teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism or worse.

If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York


Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
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Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY OF
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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

A lovely Valentine is Jane Cowl

JANE COWL, beloved actress, receives hundreds of Greeting Cards on St. Valentine's Day from her admirers.

From all over America they come, these Valentines—proving that Romance is not dead, in this hustling commercial age, and that deep down in our hearts there is just as much sentiment, and just as much desire to express it, as in the good old days when every gallant picked some lovely lady for his Valentine, and paid homage to her on the merry Saint's day.

What a delightful custom! And how fitting that we should send Valentines—not only to our friends and relatives, and of course to the children—but to those we admire—the writers, the artists, the actors, the singers, the musicians, all who have given us happiness and inspiration through their artistry, and to whom we surely owe some debt of gratitude.

In fact, it has become an accepted social custom to use Greeting Cards regularly in the countless little amenities of life.

We have prepared a book which gives authoritative information on these points of etiquette, and which, in addition, includes fifteen pages for lists, arranged most conveniently. It is sponsored by Anne Rittenhouse, the well-known social arbiter. Send 25c for a copy. The Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

The Greeting Card Association
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "The Etiquette of Greeting Cards."

NAME..................................

ADDRESS..................................

CITY.................. STATE.........

GERTRUDE STEIN IN CRITICAL FRENCH EYES

SHE has been a conundrum to the literary world for a quarter of a century. Are her novels childish babble or works of genius? The answers are conflicting. And now Gertrude Stein has published in Paris a book called "The Making of Americans"—a book seven and one-half inches wide, nine and one-half inches long, and four and one-half inches thick! And the contents are as original as the format. Willis Steell, who lives in Paris, discusses this novel in the February *International Book Review*, and tells of an interesting talk with the author. Instead of beginning "The Making of Americans" in the time-worn manner of "Listen, my children, and you shall hear," he says, Miss Stein introduces her novel with a page of which the following is a part:

> This that I write down a little each day here on my scraps of paper for you is not just an ordinary kind of novel with a plot and conversations to amuse you, but a record of a decent family progress respectably lived by us and our fathers and our mothers and our grandfathers and grandmothers and this is by me carefully a little each day to be written down here; and so my reader arm yourself in every kind of way to be patient and to be eager for you must always have it now before you to hear much more of these many kinds of decent ordinary people, of old grown grandfathers and grandmothers, of growing old fathers and growing old mothers, of ourselves who are always to be young grown men and women for us and then there are still to be others and we must wait and see the younger fathers and young mothers bear them for us, these younger fathers and young mothers who always are ourselves inside us who are to be always young men, young grown men and women to us. And so listen while I tell you all about us and wait while I hasten slowly forward and love, please, this history of this decent family's progress.

Nothing is easier than to make fun of Gertrude Stein. "Ridicule or something worse," says Mr. Steell, "has been her bitter portion for thirty years. She has borne it imperturbably; at least, there is no indication that the laughter of the groundlings has affected her any more than a distant echo might. Her method remains what it was when she first set down disconnected words of one syllable, eliding all 'ifs' and 'ands,' and offered the result as poetry." But her mind has progressed. The reviewer finds proof of it in this thousand-page novel about the author's own family.

> Monotonous as a whole, and crude in detail, there is yet life in the book, a kind of dim, smoke-obscured life that a curious critic watches as he might a fire in a stove, uncertain whether it is going out or will suddenly burst into a blaze. Gertrude's book does neither; it yields no more heat at the close than it did at the beginning; it never flames and it never wholly crumbles into ash.

Mr. Steell, greatly daring, couples Gertrude Stein's name with that of Marcel Proust, but only by way of contrast:

> Both Marcel and Gertrude find their material in personal recollection; but while the Frenchman is delicately subjective, idealizing even the evil spirits he calls up from the depths of memory, no bull in a china shop could be so destructive as Gertrude is of artistic ideals in her clumsy, objective way.

"The Making of Americans" is a history of the wanderings of three generations of a prosperous middle-class family over the face of America, with diffuse accounts of the mental and soul growth of each person, and digressions to include every individual that any one of them ever met. "But now, to make again a beginning," is a constantly recurring phrase throughout the first hundred pages; but one can never feel sure that a start has actually been made. "David Hersland was a big man." So the author describes the first of the family, as far back as her own knowledge goes. He had a "little unimportant wife" and three "big resentful children." On page 49 we feel that we have really pushed off and may sit down without rocking the boat. Miss Stein continues:

> As I was saying, the father was a big man. He liked eating, he liked strange ways of educating his children, and he was always changing, and sometimes he was very generous to them, and then he would change toward them and it would be hard for them to get little things that they needed in the position that was given to them by their father's fortune and large way of living.

But we are not really off, for on page 50 we read:

> And then as I was saying he was a big man and he was very fond of eating, he had had a brother who had died a glutton, and he liked to buy things that looked good to him, and it would always be a very big one, he never liked to undertake anything that was not large in its beginning.

And again on page 120:

> As I was saying, David Hersland was a big man and he liked different ways of eating, he liked to think what was good for him in eating, he liked to think about what was good for every one around him in their eating, and he was always changing, he was always beginning and often he was full up with impatient feeling; this could be in him about the way of eating as it was about everything in his living.

Lest the reader of his article should likewise grow "full up with impatient feeling," Mr. Steell here takes it for granted that Miss Stein's mode of progress, "one step forward and half a dozen backward," has been sufficiently indicated; but he adds that "it is always like this in the maze of a thousand pages." Like Marcel Proust, who could stop in the midst of a tale of passion to recall his grandmother's deathbed, so Gertrude Stein mixes up generations in a maddening way; but, also like the French genius, she never loses the clue which enables her to retrace her steps.

Mr. Steell visited Miss Stein in her old-fashioned Parisian apartment, where she

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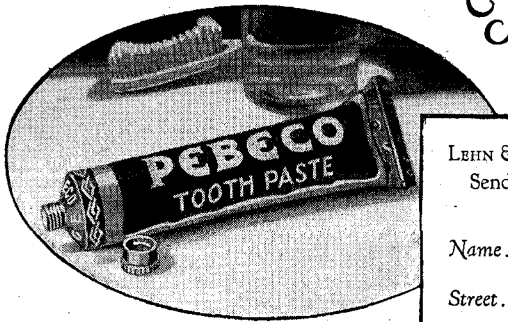

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

has lived for a quarter of a century, and heard what she had to say about her literary method. One gathers that it is a method somewhat akin to that of the ultramodern "stream of consciousness" school, but with even less self-restraint than James Joyce or Dorothy Richardson or Virginia Woolf employ. Speaking of her early novel, "Three Lives," Miss Stein admitted to the interviewer that she had been at fault in permitting that book "to write itself resistlessly." She now makes a sort of scenario or plan of a book before beginning to write, but she still chooses words for their sound rather than for their sense. As she told Mr. Steell:

> "I was always tremendously interested in the volume and rhythm of words, and in my early work I wrote in long and complicated sentences which kept on until I had completely freed myself of whatever conception was in my head. Gradually I found I could create the same intensity of conception by making the sentences enormously short. Thus the sentence falls in my 'Americans': 'Resisting being is one way of being,' wherein in seven simple words I have cast a thought which formerly might have seemed to me to require a long paragraph."

But, then, she read aloud a single sentence of nearly three hundred words from page 521 of the same novel, a sentence that would confuse a German philosopher and drive a grammarian mad, adding this comment of her own:

> "A serious conclusion like this, drawn from recollections that fill more than five hundred pages of my book, involving a myriad of personal recollections, comprehending innumerable little sights, sounds, acts, feelings—these could not be summed up in a sentence of seven words. It is impossible. . . . When I was younger and determined to write, I knew nothing of the ancient Greek curse on us all, heredity; now I have seen, I have weighed, I have reflected, I know, and my 'Americans' is the outcome."

In other words, Gertrude Stein has discovered heredity and written a big book about it. And here are the last words of her thousand pages, in which she sums it all up:

> Any family living can be existing when not every one has come to be a dead one. . . . Some being living and being in a family living can come then to be dead ones. Any one can be certain that some can remember such a thing. Any family living can be one being existing and some can remember something of some such thing.

As Mr. Steell says, it is easy to laugh at Gertrude Stein. But how, then, shall we explain such praise as Jean Cocteau, that many-sided genius whom French critics are still trying to place, has bestowed upon her? With childlike pleasure Miss Stein read aloud Cocteau's comment:

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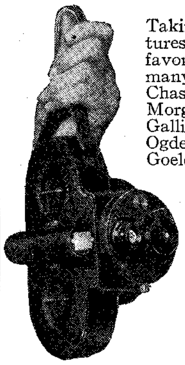

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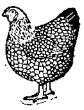

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I can sense her rhythm even in translation; she possesses the *métier poétique.* Her "Portrait of Picasso" is like a bas-relief; I seem to run my fingers over it, as tho it were a piece of plastic art. Hers was the first writing which struck me as being a new thing in the English language.

If that short piece is a bas-relief, asks the *International Book Review* writer, what shall we call "The Making of Americans"? He concedes that it is a canvas as vastly stretched as that of the Sistine Chapel's "Last Judgment," and containing perhaps as many figures, but . . . "but with the kindest spirit imaginable for the author one couldn't call it in any sense a work of art."

In spite of her twenty-five years of erratic output, which has always excited curiosity, if nothing stronger, Miss Stein remains to many literary persons what the hippopotamus was to the farmer, "no such animal." It may not be amiss, therefore, to reproduce Mr. Steell's brief record of her life:

She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, about fifty years ago. When she was still very young, her family went to Europe and lived three years in Vienna and one year in Paris. The elder children learned to speak German and French. On returning to America, the family settled in San Francisco, which is still the home of the author's brothers. Gertrude spent a year in London studying Elizabethan prose (in 1903), and then resumed her studies at Radcliffe, graduating from that college and going thence to study medicine at Johns Hopkins. But ambitious to write, she gave up the idea of medicine and went to Paris to try. She was then twenty-eight. Her first book was "Three Lives."

"I found the money to publish it myself," says Miss Stein; "no publisher would look at it. But that did not discourage me; I was not the first author who paid his own admission."

Among her earliest friends in Paris was Picasso, the artist whose canvases, long ridiculed, now fetch enormous prices. Will Gertrude Stein's novels, likewise ridiculed, some day attain a similar fortune as pioneer works in a new literary method? If so, the hard road which "The Making of Americans" has thus far traveled gives no indication of it. It took Miss Stein two years to write the novel, and she finished it in 1908. Since then it has been languishing for a publisher. "Nobody wanted to publish the book," she frankly explains, "and I had no money to do so myself; finally a friend, young and enthusiastic, pushed it through."

Speaking of her famous friendship with Picasso, Miss Stein said:

"Nobody had ever heard of either of us, and we worked harmoniously together, each on his own. I started to write portraits of everybody who came to the house—Picasso, Matisse, Carl Van Vechten, all who wrote or composed or painted. I called this collection 'Geography and Plays.' I am doing another series now, spasmodically and as a sort of rest from other work; it will be called, 'Portraits and Prayers.' Just now I am writing a novel which I call 'A Novel,' and another manuscript I can not class, which I call 'Natural Phenomena.' Both of these will be long, but there is no limit set on the latter, since I am the only one to decide what are and what are not natural

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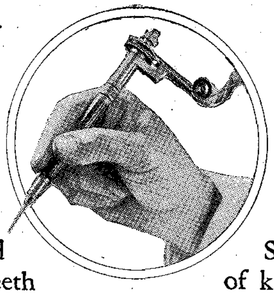

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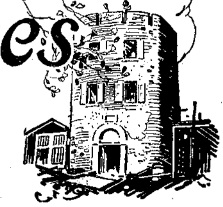

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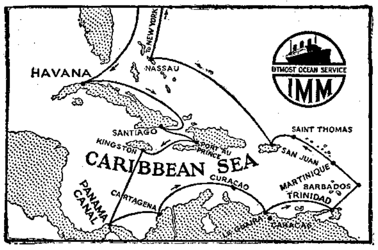

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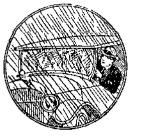

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

phenomena. I particularly like doing this last book."

The February *International Book Review* is in part a travel number. The special articles in it include these:

"Seeing the World in Many Moods," by Blair Niles; "Vagabonding in the Far East," by Thornton A. W. Delehanty; "Laying the Mencken Myth to Rest," by G. D. Eaton; "New Picture Books of the Playhouse," by Brander Matthews; "Concerning the Vulgar Habit of Laughing," by Thomas L. Masson; "Johnny Weaver's New Book," by Ring Lardner; "Mr. Dreiser Writes an American Tragedy," by Jim Tully; "A Champion of the Romantic Nineties," by Julian Hawthorne; "What Scientists Say of Evolution," by Joseph Collins; "An American Novel That Paris Is Talking About," by Willis Steell; Editorial: "Learning to Write"; "Arrows in the Air—XIV," by Mr. Smith; "The World Court Seen from Two View-points," by Edwin L. Shuman; "A Guide to the Art of Healthy Living," by James A. Tobey; "The Invincible Maid—and Her Biographers," by Katherine Brégy; "The Sentimental Mr. Sterne Gets His Due," by Richard Le Gallienne; "Aaron Burr—Wizard of Mystery," by Archibald Henderson; "Four Ways of Solving the Riddle of Africa," by Llewelyn Powys; "Carl Sandburg Interprets Young Lincoln," by Wayne Gard; "A Crook Who Was Bored by His Own Exploits," by Harry Salpeter; "Fannie Hurst Relates a Girl's Pilgrimage," by Donald Douglas; "James Lane Allen Tells His Last Tales," by Stanton A. Coblentz; "Old New York Society as Mirrored in Fiction," by James L. Ford; "The Fiction That New England Feeds On," by N. Bryllion Fagin; "Why Canada Has No National Literature," by Thomas B. Roberton; "New Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner.

THE RED JOAN OF ARC

THE American aviators who fought against General Budenny in the Ukraine must sometimes have seen the General's wife, Nadezhda. In baggy breeches, high-polished boots, and a Cossack coat, she rode always at his side. Several times she was wounded. "Some day," says George R. Witte in a copyrighted article, "somebody will write the whole history of this intrepid woman, who was a real amazon, but who cared little for fame and public recognition. She wanted action, and she got it, even after peace had been established in the Ukraine and the only enemy were bands of robbers and highwaymen." Her career came mysteriously to a close, the other day, and Mr. Witte's article, published by the New York *Evening World*, begins:

Red Russia has lost her Joan of Arc.

The woman who, five years ago, swept through the villages and farm-lands of the Ukraine on a steaming horse and with a tattered red flag in her hands, shouting "Proletarians! to horse, the Whites are coming!" like a feminine Paul Revere, has died suddenly. Her death was due, one Russian newspaper declares, to "a tragic incident." But no further explanation has been forthcoming so far.

The Communist Joan of Arc was Capt. Nadezhda Budennaya, wife of General Budenny, the famous Russian cavalry leader, with whom she campaigned against the White Russians in South Russia during the early days of the Soviet Republic.

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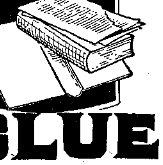

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IRON GLUE

Captain Budennaya, like her husband, was a Cossack, and as such raised on horseback. The steppes of the Ukraine and the Donetz Basin, where there are no conventions and mighty few schools, were her playground when she was a child and young girl, and these she roamed with her menfolk on the shaggy backs of the short Russian ponies.

In early youth she learned to use a pistol and rifle and her wits, for the Russian steppes in those days were, and, as a matter of fact, still are, as lawless as the Wild West of three generations ago. Gangs of highwaymen and marauders haunted the lonely farmhouses and unpoliced villages and settlements, spreading terror with fire and sword.

But little is known of the childhood and early womanhood of this wild creature of the plains, who eventually married an obscure Cossack and shared with him the solitude of a small farm. Then came the war, and her husband was drafted into one of the Czar's Cossack regiments. He rose to the highest rank an uneducated Cossack could rise to under the old Russian régime: that of a Sergeant-Major.

Inactivity was a bore to Nadezhda, and Captain Budenny "longed for bigger and bolder action than just little raids with only a few men at his disposal," for he had genius and knew it. Mr. Witte continues:

Then came the Red revolution, and Budenny's opportunity. He was no politician; he was a cavalry leader, and as such he grasped the opportunity. He organized bands of Cossacks with whose help he tried to stem the advance of General Denikin's White Army. His bands became a Red regiment, and his regiment a legion.

His wife, who had not been able to go to the front with her husband under the Czarist rule, suddenly appeared at his side. His mild remonstrations availed him nothing. And so they became almost inseparable.

Deniken had taken Orel, to the south of Moscow, which Trotzky used to call the "Red Verdun." The Whites were aiming a supreme effort to reach the Red capital when Budenny and his wild hordes arrived on the scene. Orel had to be abandoned. With bulldog tenacity the ex-Cossack Sergeant-Major continued to strike at the enemy's crumbling front. Back went the forces of Denikin in uninterrupted retreat, with Budenny harassing them day and night. Airplanes, tanks, heavy artillery all counted for naught against the dauntless riders of the steppes.

Nadezhda, now a sergeant, commanded raiders of her own. Reading on:

After Denikin had been driven back to the Black Sea the Budenny cavalry returned to the Ukraine, where organized armies of rebels under Petlura and unorganized bands of marauders were pillaging the towns and had even invaded Kiev. Budenny cleaned up in short order, only to find that in his absence General Wrangel had started another campaign against the Bolshevists in the Crimea and was menacing the Donetz coal basin.

It was a case of Cossack against Cossack, each side knowing the other side's tactics and methods. It was perhaps the most dangerous fighting Budenny had to do with the odds in the shape of several squadrons of airplanes against him.

In one of the battles with Wrangel's forces, Nadezhda was wounded twice.

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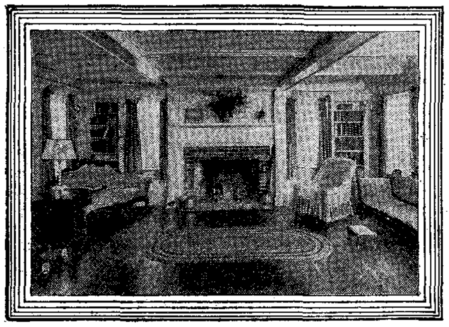

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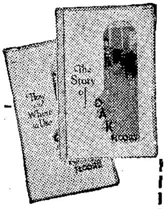

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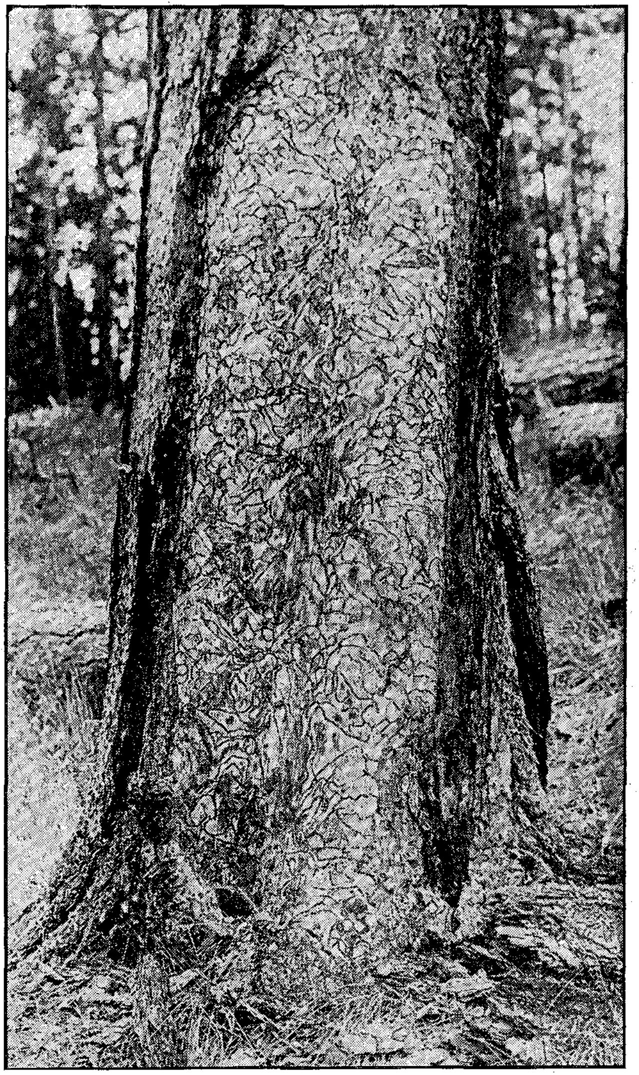
BEASTS ▾ BIRDS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

HOW THE FOREST HARBORS ITS WORST ENEMIES

PICTURE a magnificent tree, with its canopy of leafy branches and its armor of rough bark. Now picture a feeble little white grub, less than one-hundredth of the size of a medium caterpillar. The idea of that soft and pallid morsel of life being a formidable menace to the mighty tree seems absurd. Until we come to consider the possibility of the attack upon the tree being made in some very vital spot. And we learn that there are two vital spots at which the trees of the forest fall victims before the assaults of the most insignificant enemies. First, the tippity-tips of the branches, "where the most active growth is going on, and where the bark over the living tissue is very thin." Second, in vulnerability—and this is where the little white grub gets in his deadly work—is the inner bark. This is described by R. D. Forbes, in *American Forests and Forest Life*, as a thin sheath of rather pulpy material which in every tree covers the wood of root and trunk and branch, and is itself covered by the outer or true bark. And this sheath, we are told, is partly living tissue and partly "dead" tissue used by the tree to carry food from the leaves to other parts in need of nourishment. When a log is peeled it is this tissue of inner bark which gives away and allows the outer bark to come free of the wood within.



Photographs by courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington, D. C.)

THE FATAL EMBROIDERY

These intricate patterns engraved by the hungry larvæ of the bark beetle "cost American timber owners millions of dollars annually."

Well, our little white grub, which is the larva of the bark beetle—one of its 67 varieties!—lives in the inner bark, and there he writes his fantastic signature, which spells the death-warrant of the tree. As we read:

> The parent insects are even tinier than the grubs. They are chubby little black beetles that alight in swarms upon a living tree of pine or other needle-bearing species. The female beetle bores a neat, round hole, about as large as would be made by fine bird-shot, from the surface of the outer bark straight to the inner bark. As soon as she reaches that her troubles begin. Stimulated by the wound which the beetle makes when she stops boring inward and turns to explore the pulpy inner bark, the tree pours resin into the wound cavity. If there are but few beetles, the flow of antiseptic, sticky resin is vigorous enough to overwhelm and drown out the pigmies which threaten the giant's life. But if thousands of the beetles have attacked the tree all at once, the flow of resin is perhaps not enough to overwhelm them all. For as fast as the resin enters the beetle's burrow she sets to work to get rid of it. Working it and the sawdust from her boring into a more or less compact mass with her hind legs, she backs out along the burrow, pushing the mass in advance of her, and finally pushes it out of the burrow altogether. Being sticky, the resin clings to the bark outside, and as more and more of it is brought out by hard-working Mrs. Beetle, it forms a little lump on the bark

of the tree. This lump is pierced by the constantly lengthening burrow of the insect, and is called a "pitch tube." The pitch tubes are often as big as the end of one's little finger, and represent an enormous amount of labor on the part of the beetles. They are the first sign to the forester or entomologist that the insects have attacked a tree.

Overcoming the resin that threatens to drown out her future family, the mother beetle eats out a vertical burrow two or three inches long in the inner bark of the tree. At quite even intervals along it she lays her eggs. In a week's time these eggs hatch out into the grubs which, unless dug out by a woodpecker, proceed to burrow about in the inner bark. Finally, after a few weeks' work, the grubs change into the mature form of winged beetles, bore their way to the surface of the outer bark, and escape into the great round world.

TO THE RESCUE!

Little Willie Woodpecker will save the tree if he can—and also get a good dinner.

Now meanwhile, what has happened to the tree? Just this: owing to the large number of grubs which have been at work, the burrows have completely encircled the tree at many points, and girdled it just as effectively as if you or I had taken an ax and chopped out a ring all around the trunk! We all know that a tree girdled with an ax, or "deadened," as some people call it, can not live very long if the job was thoroughly done. In the case of a tree with a narrow sapwood the ax has bitten through all of the outer tissues, and has cut off both the upward and the downward flow of liquids. These I have earlier described as vital to the tree's life, the upward flow being necessary for food manufacture in the leaves, and the downward flow for its transfer to the trunk and roots. In the case of trees with wide sapwood ordinary shallow girdling is not so promptly fatal. In general, it is only the thin inner bark which carries the downward flow of liquids, while the entire sapwood is available for the upward flow. (The inner core of heartwood allows no circulation.) Even the most shallow wounding with the ax cuts off the downward movement, but unless the girdling is very deep there is plenty of uncut wood which may yet carry the upward movement. When the grubs of the bark beetle eat their way in the inner bark

"The Worst Birthday in a Man's Life"

"What we need at fifty is a little more common sense, a realization of the facts; then no excuse for self deception, but an honest admission and a readjustment...The span of life is lengthening and it is very largely in our own hands to determine how long we shall live and enjoy life!"

EDWARD W. BOK
in the Atlantic Monthly

An inspiring message from an outstanding man who has turned fifty . . . "the worst birthday in a man's life!"

There are a lot of important things in this world—education, and money, and friendship, and home life. But when he discusses the worst birthday in a man's life, Mr. Bok talks chiefly in terms of health.

It is true that the span of life is lengthening. The *contagious* diseases are on the run! That is the bright side of the picture.

The dark side is this: Many of the diseases that threaten people of middle age are definitely on the increase.

They are not the diseases that we "catch" from others, but that we give to ourselves. By wrong living. Worst of all, perhaps, we unthinkingly load our bodies with artificial stimulants, meal after meal.

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"Or, if you wish to begin today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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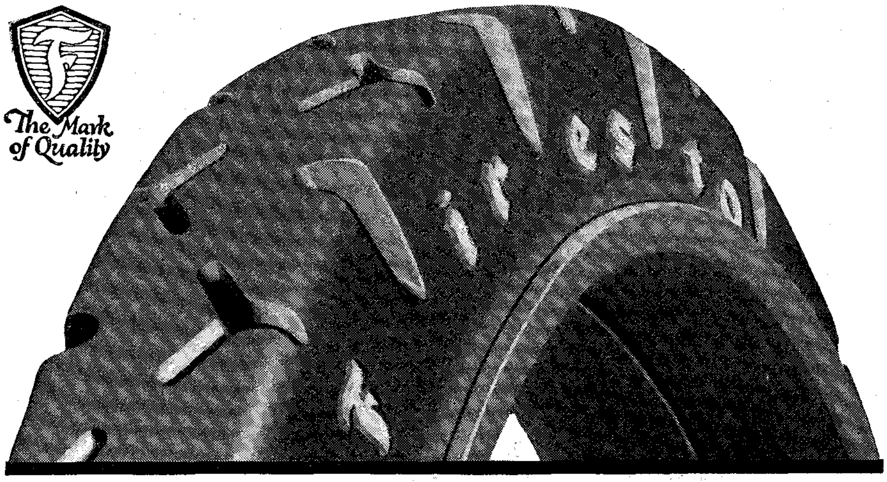

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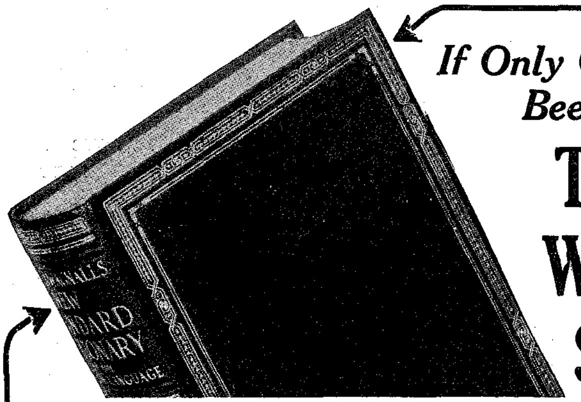

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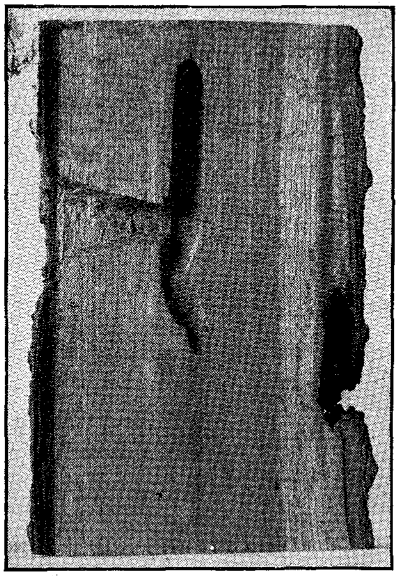
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

right and left around the trunk, their burrows have the same effect as a shallow girdling. Cut off from nourishment, the trunk and roots below them gradually starve, and the tree dies.

And this gives ground for the statement that a forest's worst enemies—after man—are those of its own household. Mr. Forbes remarks as a curious fact that in general the tiniest creatures are the worst enemies of large trees, and:



THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY

A sizable grub was tunneling down through the center of this young hickory, when a woodpecker drilled through the wood and gobbled Mr. Grub.

> Except for a sizable "critter" that walks on two legs, pays an income tax, and calls himself Man, the six-legged enemies of trees are the most destructive.
>
> Among the animals proper, few (other than man) greatly affect large trees.
>
> Browsing and grazing animals, however, often deeply influence the future of the forest by feeding and trampling on young growth. The buds and tender shoots of probably a wide variety of trees is the natural food of deer. Just why the most valuable species of tree in the woods, from the standpoint of mankind, should be beset, as it would seem most of them are, with the most numerous enemies, has long taxed my professional lore.

On many an overgrazed range sheep have wrought an enormous destruction of seedlings of certain Western trees—yellow pine, for example—and the writer remarks:

> Any one who has seen a band of several hundred sheep moving billowlike over hill and mesa, the leaders snatching a mouthful of herbage here and there and then moving eagerly forward, can understand how bare the range may be stript of all green things by these woolly hordes. After years of careful study the foresters of the Southwest have reclutantly con-

cluded that on certain areas it is hopeless to attempt to bring back a new forest of Western yellow pine on sheep range. Unless the young trees are over three feet in height they will be so bitten back by sheep as never to make proper growth, or they may be killed outright.

Certain furry dwellers in the forest no doubt accomplish at least a little good there by planting the seeds of many kinds of trees. After watching a squirrel bury an acorn or chestnut in the ground, did you ever go to the spot and try to find it? If your experience is like my own, you never succeeded. No doubt a good active squirrel buries a great many more nuts every season than he himself finds later. Maybe he just forgets where he put them. Or maybe he never tries to remember, but trusts to his nose to reclaim his buried treasure for him. In either case an occasional nut is sure to escape him, and his descendants are destined to frisk through the branches of many a towering oak and hickory that sprang as a result of his forgetfulness. Besides the squirrels a host of other rodents, such as the chipmunks, gophers, and the shy rats and mice of forest and cut-over land, plant tree seed of one kind or another.

On the whole, however, the rat family does more harm than good in the forest. Just how many tree seeds a full-grown squirrel or field-mouse will eat in a year, probably no one can say. We do know that certain kinds of rodents gather and store up immense quantities of tree-fruit. As many as forty bushels of Western white pine cones have been found stored in a single spot, presumably by one squirrel. In hollow stumps, between down logs, in brush piles, or in a little pit in the ground the cones are carefully hoarded up against the needs of the coming winter. Since the squirrels know their business only too well, and select, while still green and on the tree, cones which are plumpest and most full of seed, the removal of these cones from the tree greatly reduces the seed crop in all localities where squirrels are numerous. Under some circumstances the ravages of the squirrels may cause the failure of a heavy seed crop to produce more than a tithe of the seedlings that would otherwise be expected to spring from it. If such a seed crop occurs not yearly, but only at long intervals, its destruction in this way may be a very serious menace to the continuance of the forest.

When one considers the mischief done by hungry rodents, he will take a more charitable view of the foresters' occasional raids on the squirrels' granaries, says the writer, for:

In the work of artificially replacing the forest on thousands of acres of burned land in the West, the foresters have found that they are practically forced to rob some of the squirrel hoards in near-by timber. As I have said, the squirrels gather the very best of the crop, and it is just this seed we need in the almost herculean task of replanting the great fire-desolated areas.

A hue and cry has been raised more than once by soft-hearted people against the robbing of squirrel hoards, and against the practise, very necessary at times, of deliberately poisoning the rodents on certain areas of devastated land which are to be sown to forest-tree seed. The foresters do not rob or kill any creature of the wild needlessly or without regret. It is only when the furry folk prevent us from perpetuating or reestablishing the forest, which will later be the home of a new

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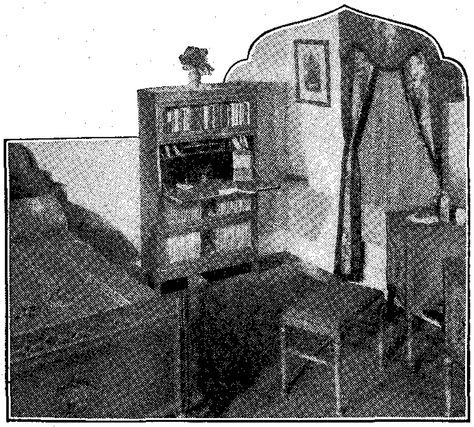

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

animal population, that we must rob or kill. When fires have desolated the land, or when man has ravaged the forest beyond all possibility of natural regrowth, it is the foresters' task to restore the trees by artificial means. Better far that a few squirrels, gophers, and mice should go on half rations or die of poisoned bait to-day, than that thousands of acres should lie waste for decades and centuries!

BOYS WHO BEFRIEND THE FOREST

NOT with their little hatchets, of course. The combination of boy and hatchet has a mythical potency which is anything but reassuring to trees, especially those of the cherry family. But when you take the boy without the hatchet—or with a hatchet which he has been taught to use with discrimination—and when you foster his love of nature and train him in the ways of conservation, then you turn him into a valuable force of friendship and helpfulness toward the vanishing forests. And this is what has happened to the Boy Scouts, according to the Boy Scout *Weekly Bulletin*. As we read:

> Forestation work in many States calls attention to the public spirit of Boy Scout troops. In New York 85,000 trees were planted last year through their efforts. Forty-five thousand of these, Alexander MacDonald, Conservation Commissioner, reports to the National Scout office, were planted in Scout forests. The remaining 40,000 were placed elsewhere, in cooperation with the New York State Forestry Association.
>
> Thirty thousand registered Boy Scout forest guides are cooperating with Pennsylvania's Department of Forests and Waters, according to R. Y. Stuart, Secretary. They post fire warnings, patrol the woods and fight fires as far as permitted by the legal sixteen-year-age limitation. Ten troops in Pennsylvania planted 44,200 trees last year. Considerable other work was done by Scouts of which the department had no record, it was said.
>
> From Massachusetts comes acknowledgment of the planting last year of 6,500 trees by Scouts. The boys also assisted in extinguishing forest fires and in fighting the blister rust.

And another chronicle tells us that birds as well as trees are "the special wards of scoutdom," and that "a building boom in birdtown" each spring is one of the happy consequences of the boys' tree-planting activities. Moreover:

> In every part of the country Boy Scouts have tree-planting and reforestation projects under way. Two of the largest programs are reaching completion at Macon, Georgia, and Memphis, Tennessee. Camp sites of several hundred acres are being planted.
>
> Queens Council, Long Island, is also active in the work. Good results are expected from its troops, which are making the following resolution:
>
> "Whereas God gave us trees as an assurance of awakening life in the springtime; for comforting shade in the summer;

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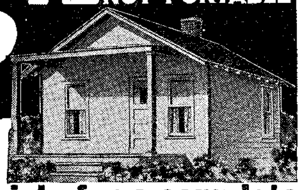

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for beauty in the fall; for warmth in winter's chill; for shelter from the inclemency of weather; for ordinary necessities of life; for more than we can now or ever hope to account for, and,

"Whereas, we feel that all of this has been placed in our hands in trust—to love, to guard, to conserve; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, members of Troop ——, of ——— Queen's Council, Boy Scouts of America, pledge ourselves not to use our axes on living trees while on hikes, either individually or collectively; that we will extinguish, in approved scout manner, our fires before leaving them; that we will constitute ourselves protectors and conservators of this form of life and use our influence in having all others do likewise."

Flowers, shrubs and vines have special rôles in the planting project of Logan, Utah. Scouts have pledged their help in every phase of this campaign. Thousands of poplars, the tree that Utah made famous, are to be put in Logan Canyon. In the town, all yards are to be cleaned. The boys will clean up their own gardens and help widows, sick people, or other persons, who have difficulty in managing alone the work on their premises.

GERMS THAT FIDO BRINGS HOME

THE lover of animals frequently fails to appreciate that his own pet may be responsible for an illness in his family. Minas Joannides and William A. Riley, in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), discuss "The Dog as a Carrier of Disease to Man." That the dog is a disease carrier has been recognized for many years, but insufficient attention has been given to the subject, save possibly in connection with rabies, says *American Medicine* (New York) in an abstract of their discussion:

> The dog may transmit disease directly or by serving as an intermediate host of various parasites, or by being the carrier of infectious material from one home to another. The dog is notably a carrier of intestinal parasites, including the tapeworm. He may be the bearer of fleas, lice or ticks, and the *acarus scabiei.* He has been known to convey ringworm, tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping-cough. His responsibility for transmission of rabies is acknowledged. It is obvious, therefore, that the dog is not necessarily a harmless animal. What is more common, however, than for dogs to lick children's faces and hands, to run forth from a home quarantined with an infectious disease, to play with children in the neighborhood, to be handled and fondled under a variety of circumstances and conditions scarcely to be regarded as hygienic?
>
> Joannides and Riley in a final line remark, "The dog should be treated as a dog and not as a human being." One might properly ask how a dog should be treated. Numerous house pets are treated better than human beings in some homes. Many children are said to be treated like dogs. It is obvious, however, that what was intended is the suggestion that the dog should be treated in such a manner as not to imperil human beings. Certainly, permitting dogs to go unquarantined is treating them with far greater liberality than is shown to children in a household containing infectious diseases. Communities are not anxious to have stray dogs,

for Instant Sleep

when you go to bed

20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

for Vigorous Days

Now from Switzerland—a new safe way to the restful nights that give you all-day vigor. See what 3 days will do

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way to overcome this (*a way without drugs*) to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, nursing mothers, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. Its truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and lack of ambition during the day. After I had used the sample I had more rest at night. During the day I had more ambition and felt 100% better.

(Signed)
Merlin Schoeller
Jefferson, Wisc.

I took Ovaltine and am well pleased with results, so that I am on my second 8-ounce can. Could not sleep at night: was more tired on arising than when I went to bed, but since taking Ovaltine can sleep all through the night and get up mornings feeling refreshed and "full of pep," as the saying goes. Will recommend Ovaltine to my friends.

(Signed)
George F. Du Bois.
17 Blake Street, Keene, N.H.

Send for 3-day test

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 826
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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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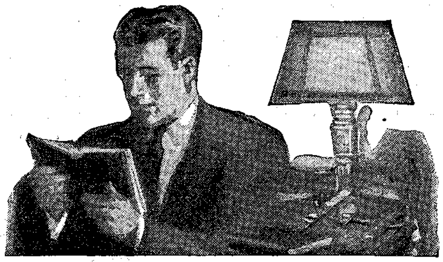
City..........*State*..........
(*One package to a person*)



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But the result is coffee all may drink without a thought of harm. Children may enjoy it. One may drink it at night and sleep. Someone in your home desires this coffee. It wins greatest favor with those hard to please. This coupon with a dime will bring a 10-cup package. Clip so you won't forget.

MAIL THIS TODAY TO:
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10 Cups for 10c
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Cleveland, Ohio
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Address..

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

and they are disposed of for a variety of reasons, even tho, at times, there is objection to their being utilized in scientific laboratories for the greater benefit of man, and even of their own kind.

There is considerable opposition to the muzzling of dogs, and numerous objections to dog licenses, and even such a simple ordinance as that they be kept on a leash. The dog and the pocketbook apparently are the major considerations. As an example of the efficacy of muzzling, one need only refer to the experience of England, which had a law requiring muzzling, following which rabies decreased. Public clamor secured the repeal of the law, and rabies rapidly increased. The muzzling law was reenacted. since which time rabies has practically disappeared from England. Great Britain quarantines for six months any new dog seeking admission. Dog freedom in this country is practically universal. The restrictions against importing them do not involve a reasonably protective quarantine.

Obviously, the dog is not responsible for the hazards that he bears to man. He can not be held accountable for his exposure to man's diseases, nor the part he plays in transmitting them. The owner of the dog is at fault because he does not adequately protect his animal, and because he fails to take such care of him as to lessen his potential danger to human beings.

A BIRD THAT KEEPS DRY IN A WATER-SOAKED NEST

A BOOK on architecture always begins gravely with this good advice, "First carefully choose the site for your home," and it often adds that a view is rather necessary, and it may be pleasant to build near the water, but it is not at all probable that the ouzel ever read one of those books, for he chooses his home site most strangely. Some people might feel that his home would be too damp, but the ouzel is not at all disturbed by the roaring and splashing of the great falls, and by the fact that his nest is hanging on the edge of the water where the spray is strongest. Carra E. Horsfall in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington) describes this peculiar builder:

> The mountain stream rushed and bubbled and tumbled on its way from the heights to the valley below. All along its sides ferns nodded and swayed in the breezes made by the draw of the air up its course and the downward whiz of the water. One leap of six hundred feet brought the stream into a great seething pool and lasht its body into spray on the way; spray which broke up the sunlight into myriad rainbows and collected them in a radiant arch near the base of the falls. On over pebbles washed round and smooth by the constant wear of waters, to a second drop of many feet.
>
> Just where the stream bent to tumble over this time, its sides were covered with moss, thick, luxuriant and water-soaked; and within one clump well over the edge, there nestled a cozy bird home. No commonplace sort of house was this. The walls were fully four inches thick, made of

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beautiful growing moss, full of water but not soggy, shaped like a ball; with the softest old leaf and moss lining inside and the doorway near the bottom away from the direct spray.

Thus the surplus water was drained away from the interior and the mother was safe and warm, and stranger still, dry.

Back and forth through the spray flew the owner, caring naught for the wetting, because her feathers were well waterproofed, and had she not chosen again the old home site clearly inaccessible to any possible enemy? Thus the water ouzel undoubtedly reasoned as she hunted along the floor of the stream far below; hunted for the larvæ of the shad-fly, dragon-fly, and caddis which make their homes in leaf or stone cases cemented together and held in place by the clever architectural ability of their owners, who provide the necessary fluids from their own bodies, and who will relinquish their holdings only after forceful argument with the evictor.

The water ouzel is not a swimmer, not having the traditional swimming feet, but better yet is able to walk on the bottom of the streams against the beat of a current which would unbalance many a strong man. Thus it is possible for him to procure his food; and he may be seen along any mountain stream at any time of year always seeking the water-dwelling creatures. Always? Well, no, for at times he seems to be only playing with the spray, dashing in through the white foam, running along a few feet, popping out on a rock to teeter up and down, or rather to dip in courtesy fashion until one would expect his frail little legs to snap from the exertion; then in again and on to a point further up the stream. Soon he slips out and quietly but swiftly flies down the stream to begin the performance all over again, ever and anon pouring forth a long, joyous, bubbling strain of bird music whose shrill piping is heard above the tear and grind of the rushing torrent.

But if the nest up under the falls has occupants, he tends strictly to business and hunts and feeds incessantly, for baby ouzels are very hungry creatures and constantly stretch their necks and poke their yellow mouths out of the door of the nest for food, which both father and mother ouzel supply often and regularly during the growing season.

Launching young water ouzels is sometimes ticklish business, but they seem to withstand the process as well as swallows and bluebirds when they take wing from the nest hole. One nestling when leaving home was forced down and under the stream by the weight and rush of the spray, yet came bobbing serenely up and out onto a log some distance down the stream, none the worse for the experience.

A Double-Barreled Business.—A man got stalled with his automobile in a mudhole near Bass Lake last week. While making a vain attempt to get out a small boy appeared with a team of horses.

"Want me to haul you out, Mister?"

"How much do you want?"

"Three dollars."

After the work had been done and the money paid the tourist asked:

"Do you pull out many cars here?"

"About twelve a day on the average," replied the boy.

"Do you work nights, too?" inquired the tourist.

"Yes, I haul water for the mudhole."—*North Judson (Ind.) News.*

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The Lincoln Memorial is but one of the many places of interest and fascination in Washington. There is the Capitol Building, where Congress meets. And the White House, the Library of Congress, the National Museum, the Treasury, the Lincoln Museum, the Corcoran and Freer Art Galleries, Mt. Vernon—each must be seen to be fully appreciated. Each offers every man and woman, every boy and girl, something to quicken the imagination and create a love and respect for American ideals and traditions.

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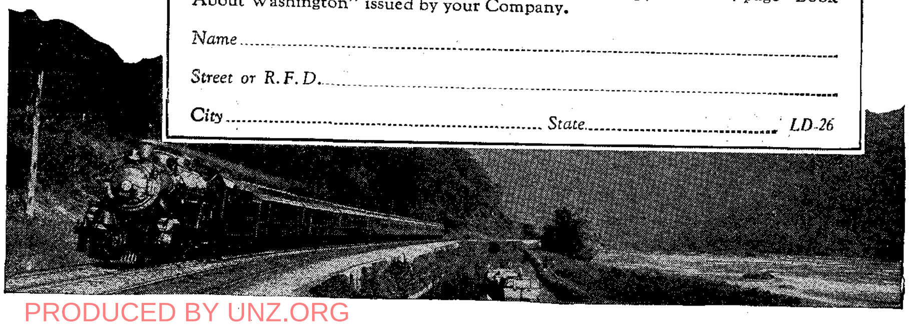

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

MORE PUBLICITY FOR WALL STREET LOANS

A NOTABLE INCREASE in what some one has called the "transparency" of finance was made when the Federal Reserve Board requested the Federal Reserve bank of New York to ask its members to report for publication all "time" and "call" to brokers in stocks and commodities, while at the same time the New York Stock Exchange decided to publish the outstanding loans of its members every month. Thus, observes the Boston *News Bureau*, "a new statistical picture may be added to our national economic gallery." The move seems most desirable to the New York *Sun*. The New York *Evening Post's* Wall Street commentator reports that most stock exchange members hail it as constructive. The New York *Journal of Commerce* is convinced that "nothing but good can come from the substitution of facts for surmises."

The new policy takes effect this month. The New York Federal Reserve's bank's statement includes this paragraph:

> It is believed that the collection and publication of these figures on the volume of these loans to brokers will assist in giving a better understanding of movements in the money market and of developments in the general credit situation. The addition of this item to the weekly statement is in accordance with the policy which the Federal Reserve System has pursued of extending from time to time the scope of the information currently made public on credit and business conditions.

At the same time the New York Stock Exchange announces that its members will hereafter report for publication the amount of their outstanding time and call loans at the end of each month. It is remarked that, "this step, which has been under careful consideration in the exchange for several years, is in line with its general policy of affording the American public the most complete and accurate information possible regarding its activities and operations." By the publication of the Reserve bank's figures as well as its own, continues the Stock Exchange statement, statistics will thus "be made available to the public on brokerage loans from the standpoint of lenders and borrowers both, altho the two sets of figures will differ somewhat as to their statistical basis. It is believed that these new reports will prove useful and interesting not only to technical economists and statisticians, but also to practically all students of American banking and finance."

The Reserve bank's announcement is regarded by *The American Banker* "as a milestone along the road of the policy of providing the public with the facts." And this banking journal continues:

> There probably was no other financial subject which lent itself so readily to guesswork and gossip as the question of the amount of brokers' loans outstanding. Whenever we had a period of prosperity and a good bull market immediately the guessing regarding the amount of brokers' loans began. People commenced talking about the public being in the market up to their necks and saying that, if we all knew the amount of the brokers' loans outstanding, it would be readily obvious that such was the fact. Again, often when money rates were advancing some of our solons from the great open spaces where men are men, with their preference for oratory rather than research, would announce to their constituents that the reason that they were paying higher rates for money was because Wall Street was employing the credit reservoirs of the country in loans on speculative stocks.
>
> As a result of Tuesday's announcement we certainly will pass into an era when all the gossipers, the hearsay-mongers and the bombastic sensationalists will find that no longer can they conjure up fantoms to scare people or to inflame their prejudices, because the public will know the facts. Any one with the necessary pennies to buy a newspaper and the intelligence to read it will be able hereafter to determine whether brokers' loans are absorbing an undue amount of credit or not. The whole thing will cease to be a mystery.

At the start, *The Wall Street News* informs us, "the survey will be limited to the member banks in the New York district, but eventually it will be extended to the entire country." Looking back this daily finds its chief cause of wonder to be why the action was not taken before:

> The money market in New York City in its relation to speculation in securities has been the subject of adverse criticism for years. Charges of manipulation, undue favoritism to large speculators and pools, uneconomic shifting of balances from interior points to Wall Street at the expense of local business, and a host of other complaints have been made, and all the while there has been no systematic attempt to muster the facts which would serve as a basis of refuting the charges or remedying the evils complained of.

After noting that the announcement caused a temporary unsettlement of the stock market, *The Wall Street News* continues:

> In its long-range aspects it is not so difficult to see a real stock market significance in the brokers' loan figures themselves, for in time they will establish their own standard, and current totals will be compared with those of the past, for better or worse, according as one happens at the moment to be a bull or a bear. Possibly they will become in time the most important of the so-called stock market "barometers," to be watched as closely as are the crop reports by the speculators in grain and cotton.

These reports, says *The Financial World*, "will tend to even out speculation; they will help in curbing excesses, which is just exactly what is desired." Quite obviously, it adds:

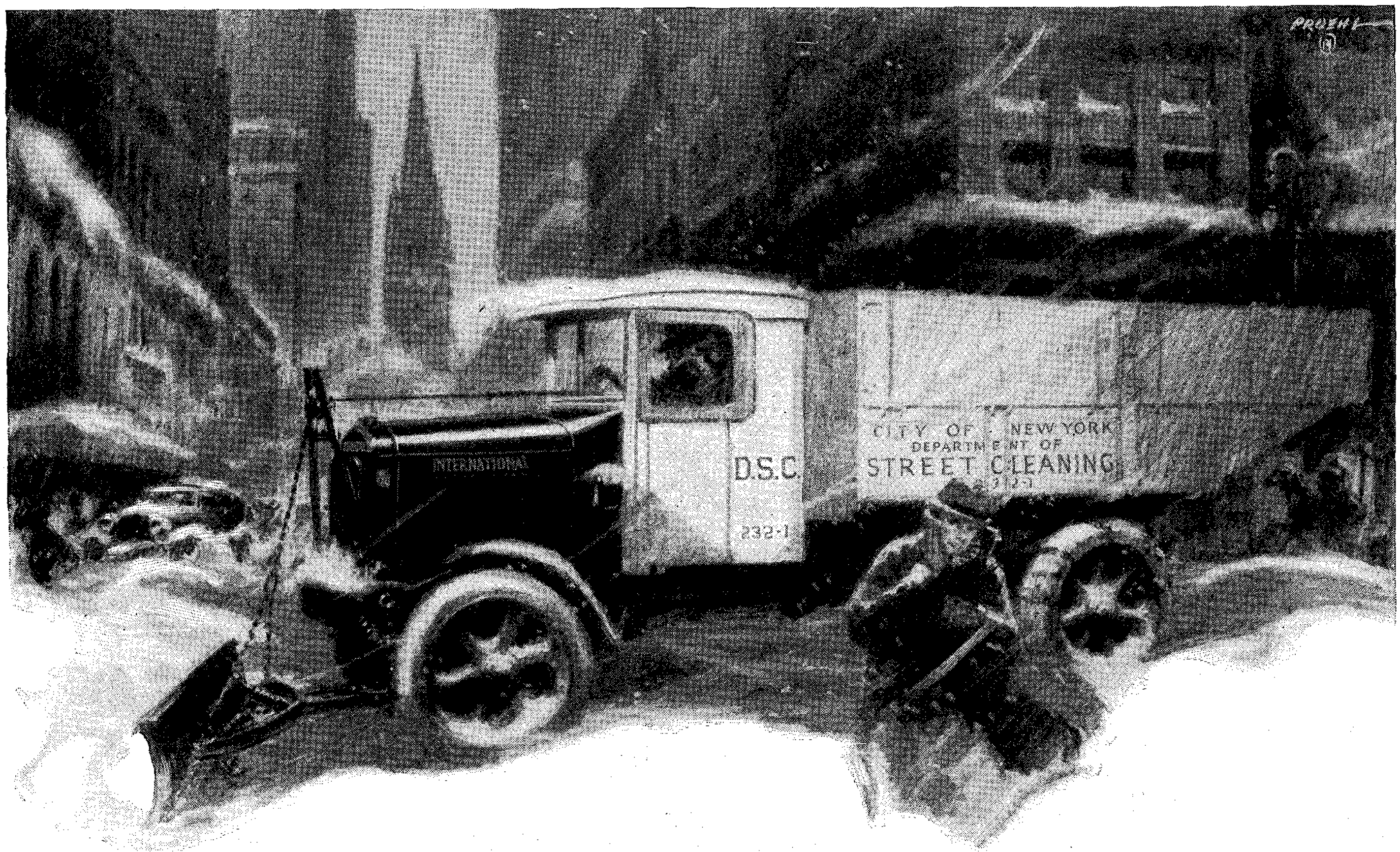
> The information on the size of brokers' loans will not aid the short-term speculator very much, as the condition may have been temporarily righted by the time the figures are made public. These figures will, however, serve well as one of the guides the long-term investor studies. They will give a good line on the psychology of the public, a very important factor when the market moves to either extreme bearishness or bullishness.

ORIENTAL DEMAND FOR OUR MANUFACTURES—The greatest growth in foreign markets for American manufactures for the 1914-1924 decade has been in the Far East, writes F. R. Eldridge in *Commerce Reports*. It seems that for a special study twenty-two leading manufactured exports were chosen, including petroleum products, machinery, iron and steel, automotive equipment, cotton manufactures, canned goods, flour and chemicals and fourteen other commodities.

> Our total exports of these twenty-two commodities in 1924 amounted to $1,762,245,000, or 38 per cent. of our total exports for that year. In 1914 (fiscal year) the value of our exports of these same items was $726,042,000, or 31 per cent. of our total exports for that year. In the ten-year interval our exports of these commodities to the Far East increased from 18 per cent. to 24 per cent. of the total for the twenty-two classes of merchandise. Our exports to Latin America increased from 25 to 28 per cent. Our exports to Africa remained stationary at 3 per cent. We lost, relatively, in our Canadian shipments, the percentage declining from 18 to 12 per cent., while our sales of these commodities to Europe declined from 36 to 33 per cent.

Obviously, concludes Mr. Eldridge, the growing markets for the products of our factories are in the undeveloped areas to the South and in the Orient:

> So low is the present per capita consumption of these products in the Far East that only the slightest increase in the purchasing power of Oriental peoples is reflected with intensified magnitude in our exports of the manufactured goods they need. With growing participation by the Oriental producer in the results of his endeavor, we may expect an even greater demand for those articles evidencing a higher standard of living, which make up the bulk of our manufactured exports.



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

THE PUBLIC-LAND LOANS TO THE STATES

THE action of a New Jersey county in repaying to the State treasury money advanced to it from the United States loan made to the States eighty-nine years ago brings to the mind of the New York *Sun* some details of that almost forgotten transaction. It grew out of the solution of one of the most difficult problems that confronted our continental Congress. It will be remembered that the royal grants given the American colonies extended their boundaries indefinitely westward. When it came to fixing western boundaries, the disposition of the western lands became a serious problem. Finally, in 1780, New York State offered to cede its western lands to the United States and the cession took place the next year. In 1784 Virginia followed suit, and later Massachusetts, Connecticut and South Carolina. North Carolina and Georgia fell in line after the adoption of the Constitution. The writer in *The Sun* proceeds with the story, showing how these land cessions finally resulted in the Federal Government's lending many millions to the States:

> These lands and others were sold as common property of the nation to settlers by whom new States were built. The feeling that the States were entitled to share in the proceeds of such sales was strong. After the War of 1812 the national debt was heavy, but the national income was large, and by 1830 the Treasury had its head above water. As a result of continued agitation the last session of the Twenty-second Congress passed in 1833 an act "to appropriate for a limited time the proceeds of the sales of the public lands of the United States and for granting lands to certain States." This Jackson killed by pocket veto, explaining in a special message to the Senate of the Twenty-third Congress his reasons for so doing. This is one of the strong papers of Old Hickory's Administration.
>
> By 1836 the United States had a surplus in its Treasury, largely the result of the sales of public lands. The States wanted money. In June of that year an act was passed providing that after January 1, 1837, any Federal surplus beyond $5,000,000 should be divided among the States as a loan subject to recall by Congress. The amount so lent was divided among twenty-six States, as follows:

Maine	$ 955,838.25
New Hampshire	669,086.79
Vermont	669,086.79
Massachusetts	1,338,173.58
Connecticut	764,670.60
Rhode Island	382,335.30
New York	4,014,520.71
Pennsylvania	2,867,514.78
New Jersey	764,670.60
Ohio	2,007,260.34
Indiana	860,254.44
Illinois	477,919.14
Michigan	286,751.49
Delaware	286,751.49
Maryland	955,838.25
Virginia	2,198,427.99
North Carolina	1,433,757.39
South Carolina	1,051,422.09

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Georgia	1,051,422.09
Alabama	669,086.79
Louisiana	477,919.14
Mississippi	382,335.30
Tennessee	1,433,757.39
Kentucky	1,433,757.39
Missouri	382,335.30
Arkansas	286,751.49

The States treated these demand loans in various ways. New Jersey distributed its share among its counties. New York State kept its portion as a United States deposit fund, using the interest. Several years ago a curious person made inquiry of some of the States as to whether they were prepared to pay it back. They were not. No demand has ever been made for it, but Uncle Sam may call for it at any time. When he does it will be because he needs it.

MORTGAGE VALUES AND CHEAPER DOLLARS

IT is easy enough for any one to "understand that there has been virtual cancellation of mortgages through depreciation of currency in Germany during the past five years," remarks the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*. "If a German corporation borrowed ten million marks in 1910 and paid off the mortgage in 1922 when the value of the mark had declined from 24 cents to less than 1 cent, over 95 per cent. of the mortgage was virtually cancelled. The stockholders paid off the mortgage and gained an equity in the entire property. Nominally the mortgage was paid in full, but virtually the stockholder paid back less than 5 per cent. of the pre-war loan." But, we are told, it is not so easy for investors to understand that "American corporations are doing the same thing," as prices have been rising in recent years and the dollar has been growing less valuable. As this statement is explained:

> If a railway company or a real-estate owner pays off a mortgage of $100,000 contracted for in 1910, nominally he is paying the full face value of the mortgage, but actually he is paying only about 65 per cent., because $100,000 in 1925 is equal to only $65,000 in terms of the 1910 value of the dollar.
>
> The value of the dollar has decreased by one-third. Consequently, railroads are paying only about two-thirds of the interest on the bonds they sold before the war. The remaining third becomes an equity for the stockholder. Nominally the interest is paid in full, but virtually one-third is not paid.
>
> That explains a part of the increase in stock-market values during the past five years. The equity in stocks has increased because the bondholders have been short-changed. The selling prices of goods and the service rates charged by public utilities have increased 50 per cent. on the average but the rate of interest received by the bondholder has not been increased 50 per cent.
>
> This advantage of the stockholder over the bondholder will continue while commodity prices remain inflated.
>
> Ultimately, taking a long-range view, when commodity prices decline and the public begin to clamor for lower freight rates, the advantage will begin to shift to the bondholder.

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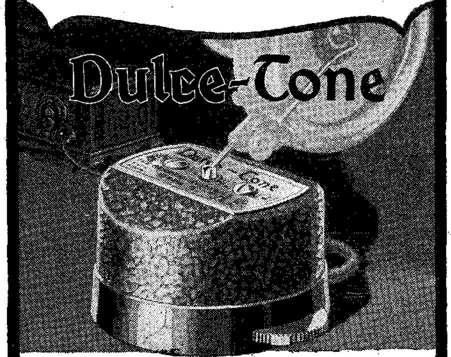

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 20.—Former Premier Lloyd George, in a public address, repudiates the suggestion that the Liberal and Labor parties form an alliance or coalition.

January 21.—Following the discovery of an alleged Communist plot to overthrow the government of Jugo-Slavia, 200 men are arrested, and the Minister of the Interior issues an order declaring that all trade-unions are illegal and must be disbanded.

The Hungarian Assembly elects a parliamentary committee of inquiry into the franc forgery. The proceedings are to be kept secret, it is announced, but the findings will be published in an official communiqué.

January 22.—The four Spanish flyers who are attempting a hydroplane flight from Spain to Buenos Aires hop off from Palos and reach Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, 817 miles distant, in eight hours.

Sixty Mexican insurrectionists have been executed, it is estimated, since January 3, when the anti-government movement broke out at Aguascalientes and Guadalajara, says a dispatch from Mexico City.

January 23.—Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, whose defiance of the Germans during the war made him a world figure, dies in Brussels, in his seventy-fifth year.

January 24.—The Greek Government proclaims a forced internal loan of $237,500,000 by reducing the nominal value of bank-notes in circulation by 25 per cent.

January 26.—The Spanish flyers who are attempting a flight from Spain to Buenos Aires finish the second leg of their journey by flying from the Canary Islands to the Cape Verde Islands, a distance of 1,056 miles.

DOMESTIC

January 20.—Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reports the tax bill, as modified by the Committee, to the Senate. As the bill now stands, it provides for a tax-reduction of $352,661,000.

Secretary of State Kellogg reiterates the United States Government's opposition to the Mexican land law and petroleum act in a brief statement replying to the explanation of the new Mexican legislation issued by Foreign Minister Saenz.

January 21.—E. J. Lynett, a publisher of Scranton, Pennsylvania, submits a coal peace plan to the anthracite operators and miners which provides for an immediate return to work of the miners, a five-year contract and the old wage scale, unless changes are made by agreement at a conference, which may be called sixty days before two years have elapsed from the signing of the contract, the miners to remain at work until the end of the five-year term, regardless of whether the conciliators agree upon a change in the wage scale.

January 23.—A petition for cloture on the debate on the World Court resolution, signed by forty-eight Senators, is filed by Senator Lenroot.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, accepts the coal-peace plan submitted by E. J. Lynett as a

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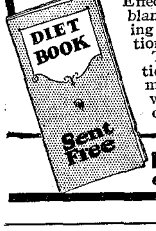

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basis of negotiations, and requests another conference. The mine operators agree to another conference, but warn Mr. Lewis that they consider the Lynett plan unsound.

January 24.—Petitions for the rehearing of the cases of Col. Charles R. Forbes, former head of the United States Veterans' Bureau, and John W. Thompson, St. Louis contractor, convicted of making fraudulent hospital contracts and sentenced to imprisonment, have been filed in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago, says a dispatch from that city.

Accidental automobile deaths in 1925 totaled 21,000, an increase of 5 per cent. over the number for 1924, announces the National Safety Council, basing its figures on reports received from more than ninety cities.

January 25.—President Coolidge approves the court-martial sentence against Col. William Mitchell, of suspension from the Army for five years, but modifies that part of the sentence suspending the pay and allowances of the air officer by accepting the recommendation of Secretary of War Davis that Colonel Mitchell should have one-half of his base pay and all of his allowances during his suspension.

By a vote of 68 to 26, the Senate votes for cloture on the World Court debate.

The House passes the naval appropriation bill after eliminating $9,100,000 for the procurement and construction of aircraft, leaving the appropriation at $311,900,000.

Secretary of State Kellogg informs Minister Castrillo that this Government can not recognize Gen. Emiliano Chamorro as President of Nicaragua, because he seized power by a *coup d'état.*

January 26.—The Senate adopts the five reservations proposed by Senator Swanson as conditions under which the United States will enter the World Court, among which is that the United States shall assume no obligations under the League of Nations.

William V. Dwyer and sixty others, including nine members of the Coast Guard and four former members of that service, are indicted in New York on a charge of conspiring to violate the Prohibition law.

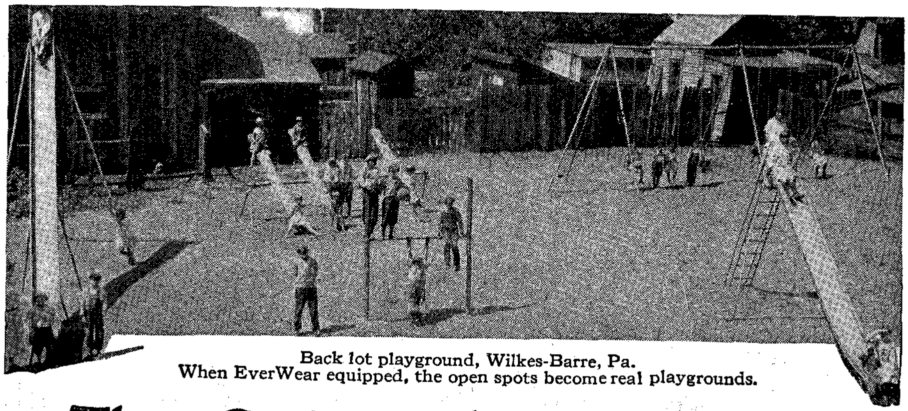
An organization to be known as the Thomas Jefferson League, sponsored by Democratic leaders of the country, and said to be anti-Ku Klux Klan, is incorporated in Washington.

William C. Cavalier, the fifteen-year-old boy of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, who was sentenced to death for the murder of his grandmother, receives a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment.

Committees of anthracite operators and miners meet at Philadelphia to resume negotiations for a strike settlement.

Back to the Coop.—So thickly did the sightseers mass about the mansion, however, that many of the 600 guests bidden to the reception were unable to penetrate through the ranks of democracy and had to return to their heated limousines in high dungeon.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

At Leisure.—
1924 Chevrolet Sedan, tires, paint, and motor good, has bumpers, front and rear, heater and spare time, $450.
—*From an ad in an Indiana paper.*



Back lot playground, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
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TOM SAWYER, Mark Tidd, Mickey McGuire, Tomboy Taylor — turn 'em all loose on EverWear Playground Equipment. Let them have their fun — wild, reckless, and destructive fun!

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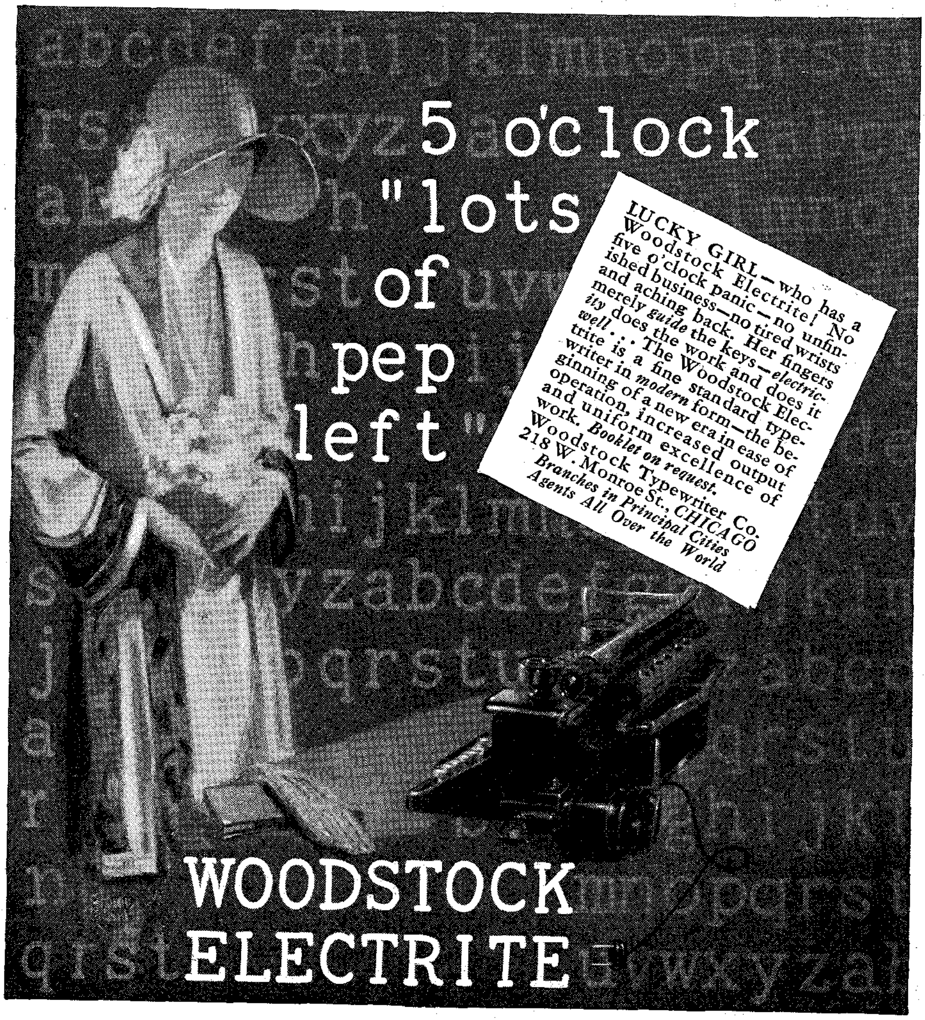

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

In the Limelight.—"How modestly she dresses, and how sensibly!"

"Yes, that woman will do anything to attract attention."—*Columbia Jester.*

Good Roads Item.—Wagner—St. Luke's—Owing to the good condition of the roads in this locality, our regular weekly worship of Almighty God has been discontinued.—*South Dakota Churchman.*

Shelf News.—Mrs. Cora May Walker has recently been placed on the shelves of Chelsea Public library. These include 17 books of fiction, 10 non-fiction and 11 juvenile books. — *Local item in a Vermont paper.*

His Unlucky Day.—Rubenstein was found dying on the pavement with his skull crusht and his throat cut by a passer-by a few moments after the accident. — *Washington Star.*

Artillery Tactics.—At the halfback jobs will be two of the best running backs developed below the Smith and Wesson line.—*From a New Orleans dispatch on the sporting page of the Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

Forget It.—On page 7 is a sale bill for H. L. Shepherd. On account of inclement weather Mr. Shepherd feels that he should call this sale off temporarily, so pay no attention to this advertisement. — *Notice in a Missouri paper.*

Kindness to a Tree.—Boise, Idaho—Fred Call, a national forest fire guard, recently saved a giant tree by crawling into the hollow part, which was aflame, and cutting away the burning wood. First he chopped the tree down.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.*

Some Time Soon.—Miss Marion C. Harding of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, formerly of Detroit, Maine, who is assistant hairdresser for her aunt at the Norton Beauty Parlor, wishes to announce her engagement in the near future.—*Personal item in a Maine paper.*

Not Before.—Washington, Jan. 11.—(AP)—Helen Keller, born deaf, dumb and blind, called on President Coolidge to-day and carried on a brief conversation with him by reading his lips with her finger-tips. She has acquired the faculty of speech since birth.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Plucking Up Courage.—(The Girl's Parents have agreed that they must remonstrate with her on some minor backsliding.)

Mother—"I can't speak to her—you must do it."

Father—"No, you must. Dash it, she isn't the cook!"—*Punch.*

The Idaho Sandow.—

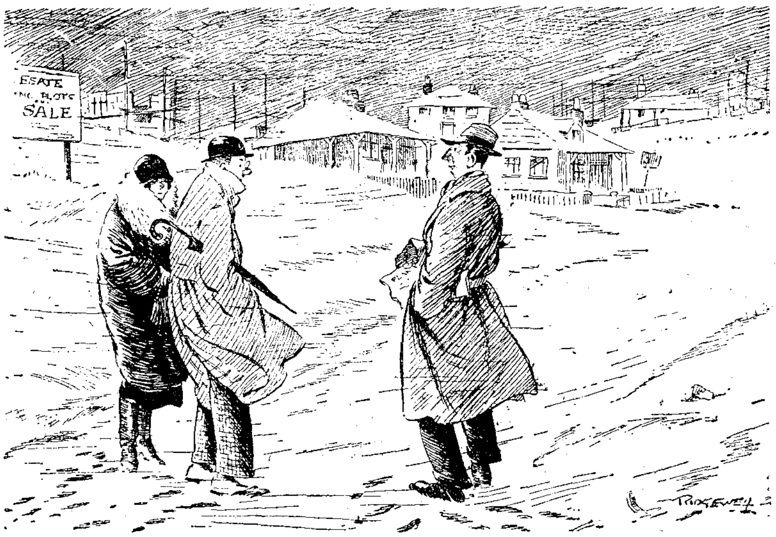
BORAH TO SUPPORT
COOLIDGE ON ARMS

—*Headlines in the New York Times.*

Is Zat So?—Since the inaction of probihition the $70,000 jail in Merrimac, New Hampshire, has been converted into a public school.—*Providence (R. I.) Bulletin.*

Much to Learn.—He—"Do you play golf?"

She—"Oh, dear no; I don't even know how to hold the caddie."—*Vancouver (Wash.) Columbian.*



Agent (for particularly new and bleak building estate, doing his best): "Are they selling? My dear sir, they're selling like hot cakes!" —*The Humorist* (London).

A Connoisseur.—Liza—"My man's a lazy fellow; he's got about the softest job in town."

Jane—"Why, what does he do?"

Liza—"He's the tester in the mattress factory."—*California Pelican.*

Aviation Note.—Norfolk, Neb., Oct. 27.—Christ Lutheran church of this place has installed aeroplanes in all of the pews for the benefit of persons who are hard of hearing. A sensitive transmitter is attached to the preaching desk, and this picks up the voice of the speaker and also the music.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

What Price Keats?—Mark Delano read a poem out of a priceless edition of Shelley that was unlocked and lifted out of a glass case by the Judge.

A thing of beauty is a joy
forever;
Its loveliness increases——

—*From Fannie Hurst's* $50,000 *prize serial in Liberty.*

Tale of a Tub.—George Clelland is suffering from a severe catch in his back which he sustained while lifting a tub of water. George had the tub lifted up in midair when a catch in his back would permit him to neither put the tub down or raise it higher and ever since he has not been able to straighten up.—*Personal item in a California paper.*

The New Boss.—Since December 6, a little daughter has frightened the home of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Righter at Visalia.—*Campbell (Cal.) Press.*

Grammatical Note.—Publisher—"In your story I notice you make the owl hoot 'to whom' instead of 'to whoo.'"

Author—"Yes, this is a Boston Owl."—*Bison.*

Before Breakfast.—Florida. Wanted, some one to drive a car to Florida to-morrow morning at six o'clock. Will pay gas and oil and room for two persons free. Phone 7779-J.—*Ad in the Schenectady Union-Star.*

A Radical Remedy.—Linn county is getting ready to eradicate its cattle and thereby insure good, safe, clean milk and pure beef.—*From an editorial in a Cedar Rapids paper.*

He Took His Time.—New Orleans, Jan. 12.—(AP)—Martin Behrman, 61, mayor of New Orleans for his fifth term, died to-day, after an extended illness. Behrman was born here when he was one year old.—*Hartford Times.*

Plundered Treasures.—On the day after Hallowe'en last year gates, parts of picket fences, tires, dead cats and other household articles were found draped over telephone crossarms, in the branches of trees and on chimneys.—*Galveston Daily News.*

Paradise Lost—

HOLY INNOCENTS
LEAD SODALITY BY
BEATING ANGELS

—*Headlines in a Missouri paper.*

Henry's Alibi.—Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing time)—"Henry, why are you not writing?"

Henry—"I ain't got no pen."

Teacher—"Where's your grammar?"

Henry—"She's dead."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

A Long Shot.—

NEW YEAR OPENS WITH REVELRY
THROUGHOUT NATION
Three Burn to Death in Road-House
Fire at Peoria; Stray Bullet Kills
One in Chicago and Wounds Five
in Philadelphia.

—*Greeley (Colo.) Daily Tribune.*

Business as Usual.—Nurses coming from her room said she smiled at them and once remarked:

FOR RENT—Three rooms for light housekeeping. Bath, electricity and gas, telephone. Mrs. Dauber, 484 Dravo Avenue, Beaver. Tel. 2164-J.—*From a news item in the Beaver (Pa.) Daily Times.*